

# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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## WOODROW WILSON, PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITY

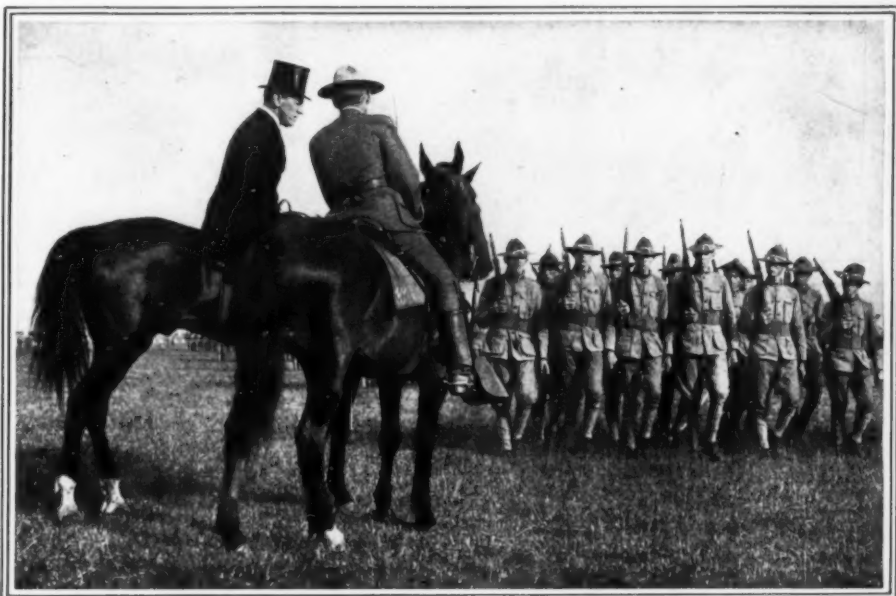
THE GOVERNOR OF NEW JERSEY AND HIS VIEWS ON THE  
PRESSING PROBLEMS OF THE DAY

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

LESS than two years ago, Woodrow Wilson was president of Princeton University, where, bulwarked by books, he fitted into an aloof and scholarly atmosphere. To-day he is Governor of New Jersey, boss wrecker of corrupt machines, and militant master of his party. To-morrow he may be the Democratic candidate for the

Presidency of the United States. Here is a spectacle which any American, regardless of party affiliations, must view with interest and with a certain satisfaction that he lives in a country which can produce such a development within so brief a period.

Whatever may be the target of the political lightning that is now playing about



GOVERNOR WILSON REVIEWING NEW JERSEY TROOPS AT THE STATE CAMP, SEA GIRT, NEW JERSEY

*From a photograph by Brown, New York.*

Governor Wilson, the fact remains that for the purposes of interpretation he presents a vastly impressive figure. He might be said to incarnate the awakened administrative conscience of our times, which has found its expression in the public careers of men like Governor Bass, of New Hampshire; Governor Johnson, of California, and Governor

A decade ago they might not have achieved their results. Then the mood of the country was not attuned to the progressive idea. The "let us alone" feeling prevailed. Now, when the spirit of real popular government is rampant all the way from Oregon to New Jersey; when the average man on the street can talk intelligently of



GOVERNOR WILSON AND HIS FAMILY—FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, THE FIGURES ARE MISS ELEANOR RANDOLPH WILSON, MRS. WOODROW WILSON, MISS JESSIE WOODROW WILSON, THE GOVERNOR, AND MISS MARGARET WOODROW WILSON

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Hughes, of New York. Together with Governor Wilson, these men form a group of officials who have wiped out partizan lines in the onward sweep of their constructive policies, which affect all of the people in some way. Public service commissions which set up tribunals for the masses, and direct primaries which eliminate unscrupulous "middlemen," are concrete evidences of their faith and zeal.

the initiative and the referendum, the recall and the popular election of United States Senators; when more than one hundred American cities have consigned antiquated methods of municipal government to the political junk-heap and substituted the commission form; when the legislative and judicial branches of our national government bristle with investigations of the abuse of corporate power—it is comparatively easy





WOODROW WILSON, GOVERNOR OF NEW JERSEY

"The face is long, the forehead high and smooth; the whole demeanor is that of some high-bred, well-controlled, but empathic organization."

*From a photograph—copyright, 1911, by Brown, New York*



GOVERNOR WILSON IN HIS OFFICE AT THE STATE HOUSE, TRENTON, NEW JERSEY—AT HIS RIGHT IS HIS SECRETARY, JOSEPH P. TUMULTY

*From a photograph—copyright, 1911, by Brown, New York*

to impress the doctrine of right thinking and right administration.

In brief, the whole nation presents a far-flung line of interrogation as to political power and policy.

Formerly, with the country trembling on the verge of a national campaign, certain rock-bound traditions obtained. Chief of them was the fact that the party was greater than the man. Nowadays, it is more a question of men than of party, and for this reason an early survey of the human side of the Presidential field of 1912 must of necessity produce some striking personalities.

So far as it is humanly possible to predict at this writing, Mr. Taft will be the candidate of the Republican party. His characteristics and points of view are familiar.

When you turn to the Democrats you find two leading candidates—Governor Har-

mon, of Ohio, who has been a well-known figure in big politics for many years; and Governor Wilson, who is still a newcomer in the political field.

The questions naturally arise, what manner of man is this college president who has fairly leaped from academic seclusion into the spot-light of national political leadership? What is his creed? Most important of all, what are the convictions which, should he be nominated next summer, will fly from the masthead of his candidacy?

#### THE GOVERNOR AT CLOSE RANGE

Because, figuratively speaking, he has worn a classic mantle for most of the years during which he has been conspicuously known to the public, you must not get the impression that Woodrow Wilson has the shy and sensitive soul of the student. A man who could step from a college office

into a capitol where privilege, favor, and graft were so deeply rooted as to become part and parcel of the very structure, and could clean it out with a broom that fairly bristled with a scorching flame, is the personification of dramatic action.

Within six months from the time when he became Governor, he had prevented his party from sending a wealthy machine politician to the United States Senate; he had ordered the State chairman of his party, who had accused him of abuse of patronage, out of his office, never to return; he had forced through a Democratic Assembly and a Republican Senate a direct primary and election law which takes the organization of both parties in New Jersey out of the hands of the bosses; he had galvanized what had been a tottering attempt at executive power into an authoritative, discreet, and open-minded State rule. In a word, he woke the whole commonwealth. He has proved that he bears to politics the same relation that a "fighting parson" bears to a war for liberty. His ethics are sound, but his courage, vigor, and pugnacity are sounder.

Ask Governor Wilson how this seemingly miraculous transformation has been achieved, and he will tell you that he was born a political animal.

"From my boyhood," he said to me, "I have aimed at political life. The reason I studied law was because, when I was a boy in the South, the law furnished the shortest path to public life. I gave it up, later, because I found I could not be an honest lawyer and a politician at the same time. At least, I did not know how to then. I tried the next best thing, which was studying politics. I went back to school, where I undertook to learn something of the facts of government. People think I was born a scholar; as a matter of fact, I was born a man of affairs."

There is an air of quiet and determined conviction about this spare, well-formed, gray-eyed man in whom the thinker and the doer meet so admirably. The face is long, the forehead high and smooth; the whole demeanor is that of some high-bred, well-controlled, but emphatic organization. The face shifts quickly from grave to gay, but there is always behind the bright, winning smile some evidence of hidden strength, latent determination, steadfast purpose. Governor Wilson's voice is clear, resonant, and distinct. Without effort he can reach

the remote ends of a large auditorium. Keep in mind, however, the fact that he had been addressing audiences for twenty years before he began to arouse the Jersey voter from his lethargy in a stirring campaign that set a new mark for strenuousness.

#### THE GOVERNOR IN HIS OFFICE

When you go to see Governor Wilson at the State House in Trenton, two things impress you very strongly. One is the striking and convincing personality of the man; the other is the fact that the door of his office is wide open, so that "all who would might enter, and no one was denied." You can almost see him from the moment you step into the long conference-room hung with portraits of former Governors.

As you look across its stately stretch of space, you see a small chamber simply furnished in oak. Here, with ranks of law books behind him, this militant Governor sits at a real bar of the people. From the mantel on his left a bronze Washington in a sort of Roman toga and a metal Lincoln in a nondescript attire look down upon him. Through the windows in front of him he can see the tide of Trenton traffic moving up and down State Street. He has only to turn in his swivel chair to the left to see the shining Delaware fringed with green.

There is no "gum-shoeing" about Governor Wilson's office; no whispered and suspicious talk. Men who come there must speak their minds frankly and in the open. This is why the sound of the old order of things has ceased in the State House of New Jersey. Tuesday is "Governor's Day," when the executive office is a sort of forum for everybody. There is neither color line nor political bar to free speech with the head of the State.

I walked with Governor Wilson down State Street to a modest hotel, where we had luncheon. The humblest citizen of Trenton could not have been more unassuming. When people recognized him, he acknowledged their greeting with a dignified courtesy. At the restaurant he took a side table, and throughout the meal any special attention almost embarrassed him. I cite this instance merely to show one phase of the man, because a genuine sense of modesty seems to be ingrained in him.

His attitude on this occasion made me think of another luncheon that I once had with a certain Governor of Kansas. He also took me down the main street of his

capital city to a restaurant frequented by the general public. Instead of seeking a quiet table, as Governor Wilson did, he chose one near the street, where he kept up a running fire of conversation and greeting with passers-by. In short, he capitalized his democracy.

Later, I rode with Governor Wilson in his automobile from Trenton to Sea Girt, where the State troops were camped, and where the Governor's cottage—the New Jersey White House—is located. As we whirled through the country—and few parts of New Jersey are more beautiful than this—here and there a word of greeting was shouted at the Governor. In response there was always the same dignified courtesy—never anything of the “hale and hearty” manner which is so often affected by the politician.

On this trip we talked of the great problems that press down upon the mind of the country, and thus, as we sped toward the sea, there developed the interview which now follows.

#### “A TARIFF FOR REVENUE ONLY”

No issue in the next Presidential campaign will be more important than the tariff. I asked Governor Wilson to define his position, and he replied:

“I believe in a tariff for revenue only, but I recognize the fact that our existing economic system has been built on the opposite theory. Any change in our scale of duties ought to be brought about by prudent and well-considered steps, and with statesmanlike regard for every legitimate interest involved. We ought not to impair our industries or imperil the employment of our working people.

“Everybody will agree that if our tariff policy is indeed to be protective, and to seek the objects which it has always pretended to seek, it is perfectly legitimate that it should pay a very careful regard to the business interests of the country taken as a whole. But that is a very different matter from paying regard to the individual interests of particular undertakings and of particular groups of men. The long and short of the whole experience, as we now see it, is that our whole tariff legislation has degenerated from a policy of protection into a policy of patronage.

“The party which has stood most consistently for the so-called system of protection has derived not a little of its power from the support of the great business inter-

ests of the country. I do not mean the moral support merely. I mean that it has been supplied with immense sums of money for the conduct of its campaigns and the maintenance of its organization, and that, whether consciously or unconsciously, it has established a partnership with the manufacturing interests which has deprived it of its liberty of action in matters touching the tariff. It is bound by obligations, both tacit and explicit, to protect those interests which have been its most stalwart backers and supporters.

“It has again and again happened, therefore, to the scandal of the whole country, that items and clauses have been inserted into our tariff laws which were not even explained to the members of Congress, which were a matter of private arrangement between the representatives of certain great business interests and the members of the Ways and Means Committee of the House and the Finance Committee of the Senate. The Finance Committee of the Senate, in particular, during many years, was the stronghold of these special interests.

“I am not intimating direct corruption of any kind. I am speaking now only of that subtle corruption of the will to which I have already referred. The will dominant in the Finance Committee of the Senate has for many decades together been subservient to the dictates and to the interests of particular groups of men. Their interests have been served constantly, and often in defiance of the well-known opinions and purposes not only of the national administration, but of the members of the House as well, who struggled in vain against the dictates of the omnipotent leaders of the Senate. Here, displayed in its grossest form, was the intimate power of business over politics.”

“What do you think about Canadian reciprocity?” I asked.

“I welcome reciprocity with Canada,” replied Governor Wilson, “as a breach in the tariff wall.”

#### GOVERNMENT BY THE PEOPLE

Closely akin to the tariff is the great problem of real popular government, for today, as never before, the people are beginning to take the control of public office into their own hands. Oregon's precedent of drastic reform in this respect is spreading to other commonwealths, and the question of direct primaries, the initiative, the referendum, and the recall have a nation-wide in-

terest and importance. Concerning them, Governor Wilson said:

"I believe emphatically in the direct primary. Every State in the Union should have it.

"I believe in direct and popular election of United States Senators. Such a law enforced in every State would prevent legislative control by special influence, and thus one of the greatest menaces to representative government would be removed.

"I believe, too, in the initiative and referendum, but I don't think it may be regarded as a general blanket remedy to apply with equal effect to every State. Each community has its own problems, and I believe that the initiative should be introduced in one State at a time to meet its peculiar needs and emergencies.

"If we felt that we had genuine representative government in our State Legislatures, no one would propose the initiative or referendum in America. They are being proposed now as a means of bringing our representatives back to the consciousness that what they are bound in duty and in mere policy to do is to represent the sovereign people whom they profess to serve, and not the private interests which creep into their counsels by way of machine orders and committee conferences. The most ardent and successful advocates of the initiative and referendum regard them as a sobering means of obtaining genuine representative action on the part of legislative bodies."

#### NO RECALL FOR JUDGES

In the matter of the recall, the Governor makes some reservations, for he exempts the judiciary. Here are his views, which closely agree with those of President Taft, but which were expressed before the President wrote his forcible message vetoing the admission of Arizona to the Union because the judicial recall was embodied in the new State's constitution:

"The recall is a means of administrative control. If properly regulated and devised, it is a means of restoring to administrative officials what the initiative and referendum would restore to legislators—namely, a sense of direct responsibility to the people who choose them. The recall is going to be used—I feel safe in the prediction—against those who wilfully and dishonestly do the things which are contrary to the interests of their communities.

"The recall of judges is another matter.

Judges are not lawmakers. They are not administrators. Their duty is not to determine what the law shall be, but to determine what the law is. Their independence, their sense of dignity and of freedom, are of the first consequence to the stability of the State. To apply to them the principle of the recall is to set up the idea that determinations of what the law is must respond to popular impulse.

"It is sufficient that the people should have the power to change the law when they will. It is not necessary that they should directly influence, by threat of recall, those who merely interpret the law already established. The importance and desirability of the recall as a means of administrative control ought not to be obscured by drawing it into this other and very different field."

#### THE SHERMAN ACT AND BIG BUSINESS

So far, we had discussed politics. Now we turned for the moment to a problem which lies very close to the whole American people—a problem which really should have no politics, and yet which has been closely identified with the policies of both of the great parties. I refer, of course, to the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, around which a fierce strife has raged for years.

I asked Governor Wilson to tell me his opinion of the Sherman Act, and he replied:

"I believe in the policy of the Sherman Act. At the same time, I believe that some combinations in the field of business and industry make for efficiency and economy, and stimulate rather than destroy competition. So soon as the object and the operation of the combination come to be a restraint, it is illegitimate, because it is opposed to the common interest."

"But what about the big corporations and their alliance with politics?" I asked the Governor.

"I am not hostile to corporations," he answered, "if corporations will prove that they are as much interested in the general welfare as we are. I am not opposed to anybody who is serving the public—who is giving them honest service, and at a reasonable rate, not with the primary idea of squeezing and exploiting them, but with the primary idea of serving them.

"America is willing to give abundant largess to anybody who will serve her, but she is very chary, if she can have her own way, of giving fortunes to anybody who imposes upon her.



"For example, there have been two kinds of railway promoters in this country. There have been those who, by special genius for organization, and by far-sighted vision of the things that were going to happen, have built up great transportation systems. You have never heard their names maligned. The names that you have heard traduced are the names of men who did not build up anything, but manipulated everything—the men who ran railroads from the stock-market, who manipulated prices, who made fortunes out of the changes in the quotations in stocks. Such men, by well-known processes, run up to a high price the securities of roads that they know are about to become insolvent, and sell out before the crash comes; or they buy in things they know to be valuable, which they have cheapened by misrepresentation. They have had more to do with embarrassing the development of this country than any other set of men. They are the panic-producers.

"In order to do these things they must have the protection of silence, of private understandings cemented by money, or in any other way that it is possible to cement such arrangements. They must be secure against inquiry, shielded against change. They must have a free hand to do what they please.

"The alliance of these men with politics is the most demoralizing thing that could possibly descend upon any country. And it has descended upon us."

#### GUILT IS PERSONAL

"Corporations do not do wrong," continued the Governor. "Individuals do wrong—the individuals who direct and use them for selfish and illegitimate purposes, to the injury of society and the serious curtailment of private rights. Guilt, as has been very truly said, is always personal. You cannot punish corporations. Fines fall upon the wrong persons, more heavily upon the innocent than upon the guilty, as much upon those who know nothing whatever of the transactions for which the fine is imposed as upon those who originated and carried them through—upon the stockholders and the customers rather than upon the men who direct the policy of the business.

"If you dissolve the offending corporations, you throw great undertakings out of gear. You merely drive what you are seeking to check into other forms, or temporarily disorganize some important business, to the

infinite loss of thousands of entirely innocent persons and to the great inconvenience of society as a whole. Law can never accomplish its objects in that way. It can never bring peace or command respect by such futilities.

"I regard the corporation as indispensable to modern business enterprise. I am not jealous of its size or might, if you will abandon the fatuous, antiquated, and unnecessary fiction which treats it as a legal person, as a responsible individual. Such fictions were innocent and convenient enough so long as corporations were comparatively small; but it is another matter now. The modern corporation is an economic society, a little economic state—and not always little, even as compared with states. Many of our modern corporations yield revenues and command resources which no ancient state possessed, and which some present-day bodies politic do not approach.

"To sum it all up in one sentence, the big evil to be corrected is the control of politics and of our life by great combinations of wealth. Men sometimes talk as if it were wealth we were afraid of, as if we were jealous of the accumulation of great fortunes. Nothing of the kind is true. America has not the slightest jealousy of the legitimate accumulation of wealth. Everybody knows that there are hundreds and thousands of men of large means and large economic power who have come by it legitimately, and in a way that deserves the thanks and admiration of the communities they have served and developed. But everybody knows, also, that some of the men who control the wealth and have built up the industry of the country seek to control politics, and to dominate the life of common men, as no man should be permitted to do."

"What is the remedy?" I asked.

"Simply this," answered the Governor, with certainty and decision. "The men who exert the wrong kind of control must change their point of view. They are trustees, not masters, of private property, not only because their power is derived from a multitude of men, but also because, in its investments, it affects a multitude of men. It determines the development or decay of communities. It is the means of lifting or depressing the life of the whole country. They must regard themselves as representatives of a public power.

"There can be no reasonable jealousy of public regulation in such matters, because

the opportunities of all men are affected. Their property is everywhere touched, their savings are everywhere absorbed, their employment is everywhere determined, by these great agencies. What we need, therefore, is to come to a common view which will not bring antagonisms but accommodation."

#### WHAT IS A DEMOCRAT?

I asked Governor Wilson to define his Democracy, whereupon he answered:

"I am two kinds of a Democrat—first, a born Democrat; second, a convinced Democrat."

"I can best define what I mean by being a Democrat, perhaps, by first telling what a Republican is. As I see him, he believes in a government *for* and not *by* the people. The Republican party looks upon itself as a trustee, and it believes in the trustee principle. This is the very essence of the protective policy. It is not taking care of the people, but it is being taken care of."

"By a convinced Democrat I mean that I dissent from the Republican party's theory of government. The people as a whole should direct and control our affairs."

"What is your formula for good government?" I asked the Governor.

"It is summed up in two single words—'common counsel,'" he said.

"How does this express itself?" I asked.

"In a free, frank legislation, expressive of the wishes of the people, as opposed to private understandings arrived at by hidden influences. As a matter of fact, the American people are waiting to have their politics simplified, because they realize that at the present time their politics are full of private arrangements, and they do not understand what it all means."

"This reminds me of an experience I had out in Oregon. That State is the center of real popular government, and the people have made discriminating choice of their officials. One of the reform leaders in Oregon is William S. U'Ren. It has been said that the State of Oregon has two capitals—one at Salem and the other under Mr. U'Ren's hat. I made the remark, when I was out there, that I would rather have the government under the hat of one man whom I knew and could follow, than in the hands of a legislature guided and controlled by nobody knows whom."

"This was misconstrued as a statement on my part in favor of 'one-man power.'

What I had in mind was simply this—if I had the choice, I would rather live under a legislature dominated by one man whom I could trust than a legislature dominated by secret influences."

"In the main, nobody knows where most legislative bills come from. When you can identify the real source of legislation, you will get a long way toward genuine popular government."

"The only way to defend yourself against improper legislation in America is to let Americans know that it is improper, and it will stop. The great antiseptic in America is public information and public opinion. You can clarify and purify the worst things in our life by simply letting the eyes of honest Americans have access to them."

#### THE POLITICAL MACHINE

Governor Wilson's views on the subject of political machines are interesting—particularly in viewing his swift and successful fight against them in New Jersey.

"Political machines," he says, "as distinguished from the necessary and legitimate party organization, are not organized to accomplish any political purpose. A Democratic political machine is no more Democratic than a Republican machine is Republican. The Democratic machines that I have had to do with hold no principles that you would recognize as party principles at all. They are in close cooperation and collusion with the Republican machine. The minute you attack either, you excite the animosity of both; the minute you smash one, you smash both. The reason why this is true is that political machines are organizations that forget what they are organized for."

"It reminds me of the mule who made the trip on the Mississippi River steamboat with a tag tied about its neck to indicate its destination. But the string of the tag was too long, and the mule, becoming inquisitive, ate up the label. Whereupon one of the negro deck-hands, rushing up to the captain, said:

"'Marse captain, dat mule done et up whar he's gwine to!'"

"The political machine has forgotten its purpose—has 'et up whar it's gwine to.'"

#### THE DEMOCRATIC PROGRAM

"What is the Democratic program as you see it?" was the next question.

"It is not difficult to answer that ques-

tion," was the ready response. "The first item of that program is that the machinery of political control must be put into the hands of the people. That means, translated into concrete terms, direct primaries, a short ballot, and, wherever necessary, the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. These things are being desired and obtained, not by way of revolution, not even with a desire to effect such changes as will alter any fundamental thing in our governmental system, but for the purpose of recovering what seems to have been lost—the people's control of their own instruments, their right to exercise a free and constant choice in the management of their own affairs.

"Back of all reform lie the means of getting it. Back of the question what we want is the question how we are going to get it. The immediate thing we must do is to resume popular government."

#### THE NEW RADICALISM

We had sped swiftly across the country. Already the tang of the sea was in the air; our journey was near its end.

"One more question. What of the so-called 'new radicalism' of which you are the accredited leader?" I asked.

The Governor's face relaxed into a smile.

"All the people are radical," he said. "That is to say, the people are ready for any reasonable program that will get them the goods—the goods not being anybody's scalp, not anybody's ruin, not any damage to the honest business of the country, but the proper control of their own affairs. I will not permit without challenge the men who are holding back, the men who are afraid of the people, to appropriate to themselves the handsome word 'conservative.'"

"I maintain that those of us who believe in the so-called radical program are intelligent conservatives. The distinction which I make is that time-old distinction between Liberals and Tories—between men who can move and men who are such Bourbons that they cannot forget anything and cannot learn anything.

"The so-called standpatter is a man who is fooling himself to the top of his bent. I suppose that a man on an ice-floe in the Arctic Ocean thinks he is standing still, but he is not. There is a great drift of the water under him. I suppose the so-called conservatives claim to be standing where their fathers stood. They are doing nothing

of the kind, because the country is not where their fathers were. There is a great drift historically, a glacial movement, of which they are not aware.

"In a word, the so-called radicalism of our time is nothing else than the effort to release the powerful constructive energies of our time."

#### A LEADER OF MEN

Most men—even the most astute politician trained to glib reply—would have quailed under such a continuous cross-examination; but Governor Wilson met every query with precise and ready response. Here was reflected his habit of thought. His mind thinks in one measure at a time, and he wants these measures to follow in sequence. He leaves nothing in the air, permits no doubt as to where he stands. Artistic finish marks his performances. Thus his political career has been a steady march of completed achievement.

One of his replies will give you an index to his mental procedure. I asked him for an expression of opinion about currency reform, and he said:

"My mind is to let on that subject."

In other words, he had not studied the subject sufficiently, and did not care to pronounce half-baked conclusions.

His sense of conviction is deep-rooted. It was manifested away back in his college days. As a senior at Princeton he qualified for the Lynde prize debate, a much-coveted distinction. When he was assigned to the negative side of the subject to be discussed, he refused to take part, because he did not believe in that side.

His power of persuasion is equally strong. It is said of him that during his professional days he made political economy so fascinating that one of his students remarked:

"Why, Dr. Wilson, I never before realized what a pleasure it is to use my mind!"

Ask any one of his classmates—the men of '79, who range in variety of occupation from Cyrus McCormick, the harvester magnate, to Robert Bridges, the poet-editor—what sort of man he was as a student, and they will tell you that they always believed he would be a personage; that while not spectacular, he was always sure of himself, certain to do the thing expected, and to do it well. He had mastered the technique of politics long before he played the game practically.

I can give you no better evidence of his

thoroughness than the fact that he learned shorthand as a young lawyer down in Georgia, in order to make notes in court, and to-day he writes it as well as his French. His "History of the American People" was first written out in shorthand.

You leave Woodrow Wilson with the feeling that you have rubbed up against the new kind of leadership in our public life. It is more than the mere domination of faction or party; it is the authority of high culture and the realization of a solemn responsibility.

Just as the programs of parties must henceforth be programs of enlightenment

and readjustment, so must the processes of political change be processes of thought. The men to bring them about, whether Democrats or Republicans, must be men of broad mentality and large vision. To this task Governor Wilson brings a peculiar degree of fitness. He is still a teacher, only his school is the forum of a State; his textbooks are legislative bills; his pupils are the people who want good government.

Whatever may be the outcome of the approaching struggle that projects him before the whole nation as Presidential possibility, one thing is certain—the country is all the better for his participation in its politics.

### THE BECKONING YEARS

THE beckoning years are calling to me;  
They've beckoned and beckoned since infancy,  
And they seemed to say  
In that childhood day,  
"Come hither and play, come play!"  
And I played with them, and I romped along,  
With a joyous heart full of heedless song;  
And the years flew by  
With never a sigh,  
Until youth, dear youth, drew nigh.  
"Come hither and learn!" was their new refrain;  
And I followed them over the road again  
That heroes galore  
In history's lore  
Had travailed and struggled o'er.  
Then the urgent seasons, once fresh and green,  
Took on a graver, more serious mien,  
And one after one  
Commanded: "My son,  
Let labor be now begun!"  
And I ceased my play and turned to toil,  
And I labored for fame and strove for spoil;  
But the beckoning crew  
Still further drew  
Me on to a love that's true.  
And the years flew by and they beckoned still,  
They beckoned to good and they summoned to ill—  
Like the autumn leaf,  
Or the withered sheaf,  
They whispered of joy and grief.  
And I grieved and grieved till my heart was sore,  
And I joyed with a joy that was brimming o'er,  
All at their behest,  
And now, as time's guest,  
They beckon me on to rest!  
The peace of the childhood day was rare,  
The joys of the labor and love were fair—  
For my smiles and tears,  
For my hopes and fears,  
I bless the beckoning years!

*John Kendrick Bangs*

# THE NEW ERA IN OUR RELATIONS WITH LATIN AMERICA

## AFTER THE MONROE DOCTRINE—WHAT?

BY JUDSON C. WELLIVER

THE American republics have about outgrown the Monroe Doctrine. Developing wealth, power, and stability have brought them to the threshold of a new era, in which the guardianship of the big brother of the north will be neither needed nor desired.

What will hereafter be the relationship among these members of the New World family? Are they gradually to grow farther apart, or will they be drawn together in some new association based on common interest, common fealty to democratic ideals, common pride in the institutions they have developed?

The statesman who can correctly answer these questions will possess a divining-rod to locate currents and tendencies that assuredly will influence the whole course of world events.

For the present, it is enough to realize that the Monroe Doctrine, as we understand it, has about finished its work. The soil of the Americas is not to be made a field for colonial exploitation by the powers of the Old World. That much is so plain that he who runs may read it in all the signs of the times. Canada and the three little Guianas notched out of the northeast coast of South America represent all that is left of foothold for European power. Canada is more democratic by far than most democracies, more American than European. For the rest there need be no concern.

A brief survey of the steps by which American superiority to European influence was established, within very recent times, will suggest how fast this process of outgrowing the Monroe Doctrine has been going on. It was at best a bold adventure when

President Monroe launched his famous declaration, just following the era of revolutionary movements that had cast Spain out of South America; but if it looks venturesome, as we recur to it, we must also recognize that there never was a later time when the chance was better worth taking, or when there was more need to take it.

Every year the doctrine stood increased our ability to enforce it with arms, if need be; and every year decreased the probability of putting it to that test. Every year gave the doctrine more of substance and less of bluff, till now the proportions of these two ingredients have been reversed, and Monroeism is all substance and no bluff at all!

The steps by which the Monroe Doctrine grew into acceptance as practically a part of the body of international law, could only be traced in a history. They may be suggested by an instance or two.

Soon after the doctrine was promulgated, the United States was compelled to take uncompromising ground in favor of its maintenance, for the Holy Alliance threatened a united move of the Continental powers to restore the revolted colonies to the crowns of Spain and Portugal. Only the firm stand of our government prevented this effort taking serious form. At several other times during the first half of the nineteenth century a protest from Washington prevented European interference with the struggling and unstable republics of South America.

During our Civil War period, despite its tremendous engrossment at home, this government warned Spain to desist from occupation of Santo Domingo, and Spain took



the hint. But later she did seize the Chin-chas Islands, on the Peruvian coast, and Washington made such strong representations that the matter was submitted to arbitration—Peru, of course, winning the case.

From 1850 to 1860, during the struggle between the national and the pro-foreign parties in Mexico, our government stood firmly by the national party. The outbreak of the Civil War enabled the pro-foreign element to call in aid from Europe; the reign of Maximilian followed, and closed only when, our internal strife having ended, France was notified that longer effort to maintain a footing in Mexico would bring the United States into the field with military and naval force. It is a contemplation, by the way, which American pride cannot but relish, that at that moment, with the first iron navy ever built and its magnificent veteran army, the United States stood forth as the foremost military power in the world, and none cared to attempt conclusions with it.

#### AN INCIDENT OF THE SPANISH WAR

There is a passage of diplomacy which has never been officially disclosed, but which is highly illuminative of the very recent attitude of Europe toward our pretensions as sponsors of Monroeism. It is a fact that on the eve of the clash of arms in the Spanish-American War of 1898, the ambassadors of several Continental powers in Washington met, under the direction of their various foreign offices, and formulated a "comminatory note" to the United States government. It was actually drafted, and the Continental powers were united in it. It vigorously suggested displeasure at our attitude toward Spain, and threatened that if we took Cuba we must pay for it, or be prepared for consequences which were not defined, but which it was indicated would follow.

That note was never despatched to the State Department, because the British ambassador, in turn acting under instructions from his government, declined to join the list of signers.

There is the simple, straightforward fact about the part Britain had in keeping European hands off the Spanish-American quarrel. It would have been the world's biggest news for several days during that crisis. To-day it serves merely to point a moral and adorn an illustration. It suggests how far we have traveled in thirteen years. In

the spring of 1898, Europe was ready to fly to arms to keep us out of Cuba; but in the spring of 1911, not a chancellor even asked a suggestive question when the world saw us massing our army on Mexico's border with apparent purpose of occupation!

The last possibility of European intervention in the Americas ended with that dramatic Spanish War incident. The late Mexican revolution might easily have been made a pretext, for hundreds of millions, perhaps billions, of Old World capital is invested in Mexico. Many thousands of European citizens live there as administrators of this great investment. Last spring, conditions were of the most menacing character. Anti-foreign feeling was bitter; and for months, both the lives and the financial interests of foreigners were in imminent peril. Toward the last, the government was stripped of all real power throughout most of the republic, and there were repeated incidents which, a generation or two ago, might have been made pretexts for landing troops, seizing ports, or otherwise interfering by force.

Yet from beginning to end, not a soldier of any European power landed on Mexican soil, except when a few marines were put ashore for a few hours by a British warship to keep order at a western port. They were almost immediately recalled, and no demonstration was made that could become the subject of significant diplomatic representations.

The Madero revolution succeeds. Diaz is forced from the country he so long ruled with iron hand. True, the new government is not yet firmly established. It may require years before a new régime of order and security is evolved. It may be that the disorders and the perils to life and property of the last two years will be repeated. But there will be no European intervention. Mexico will be left to work out her own salvation, secure at least in the assurance that national independence and territorial autonomy will not be sacrificed.

Mexico's reassurance on this important point is likewise the assurance of every other Latin-American State. There can be none of them now so weak or so rich, so forbidding or so tempting, that it will fear such European or North American interference as to imperil national existence.

That is why I have suggested that the Monroe Doctrine has been outgrown. There is no longer need for it. The time is past

when it need contain the potentialities of either European opposition or permanent Latin-American resentment. It has threatened the first occasionally; it has aroused the second much more often.

Indeed, the Monroe Doctrine, because it has been misunderstood by us as well as by the Latin-Americans, has been responsible for no small measure of anti-American feeling in the lesser republics. Our own people have been wont to bluster a bit, and have given rise to the notion that we were hedging in the whole New World from European exploitation, in order to save it as our own exclusive preserve. Naturally, the countries to the south have taken this more seriously than was justified, and it has made them distrustful. It has been as much our fault as theirs; too often the tone of our diplomacy has been patronizing and offensive; almost universally the attitude of press and publicists has been objectionable to the proud, reserved, and sensitive people of the other countries.

Thus the very policy which our government sincerely designed to maintain as a benefit and boon to the less powerful countries of the New World has by misunderstanding and perversion been distorted into offense. What should have served, if rightly understood on both sides, as a cement to the fraternal sentiments of the Three Americas, has been more a distraction than a harmonizer.

But the era of misunderstandings is reaching its end. That is the big, important, present-day fact which affords my excuse for writing at this time of Pan-American relations and their probable future. It is a fact of transcendent significance to us, to all the Americas, if we can be brought to realize it right now.

#### WHAT OF THE PANAMA CANAL?

In three years, the routes of world trade will suddenly be revolutionized, in large part, by the opening of the Panama Canal. Is the canal to be made a sign and token of American unity and fraternity, or is it to be merely a monumental ditch through a bad hill of slippery earth?

We have gone gaily ahead appropriating our money by the hundreds of millions for its construction; but what have we done to guarantee that it will serve us effectively for the unification of American sentiment and the expansion of our commerce? It is not a question merely of getting shipping to

pass through the canal, and to make the great ditch a commercial justification for its own existence. The commerce will be there in time; but whose will it be?

Theodore Roosevelt, with the eye of his great imagination, foresaw the time that we have now so nearly reached. He recognized that our era of opportunity in South America was dawning. It was no part of his design that the canal should be merely the gift of this nation to the world's commerce. It is bound to be that, but Roosevelt had an intelligent purpose of reasonable selfishness about it. He wanted it to benefit the Americas primarily. He wanted his own country to share its advantages in generous proportion. By the same giant stroke that should sever two continents, he hoped to bind them more closely together in interests, sympathies, and understanding.

#### ELIHU ROOT IN SOUTH AMERICA

This was the motive behind the visit of Secretary Root to South America in July, August, and September, 1906, when he attended the third Pan-American Congress in Rio Janeiro. During that tour Mr. Root visited nearly every South American capital; and the index of his whole attitude was given in the opening of his first important, formal speech, when he said:

"The newer civilization of the north greets the older civilization of the south."

Never a suggestion of superiority or of patronage; always the note of fraternity, of desire for friendship and cooperation. The South Americans received Mr. Root in the spirit in which he came, and the courtesies and felicitations which marked that trip did much to establish a better understanding on both sides.

Mr. Root and the chief who had sent him understood more of the Latin-American character than most of us do. They knew that the Latin-American is willing enough that the imperfections of his own country shall be criticized—but he prefers to do it himself. Mr. Root and Mr. Roosevelt wanted the South Americans to understand that South America had much for the people of the United States to admire and approve; they emphasized these things. Mr. Root visited the schools, the universities, the libraries, the monuments of real and permanent culture. He was the first American to receive an honorary degree from the oldest American university, that of San Marcos in Lima, Peru, which was founded in 1551,

nearly a century before Harvard came into existence.

It was this attitude of Secretary Root that did so much to command the kindly sentiments of the South American people. They feel that we too commonly regard them as inferiors; that we doubt the stability of their institutions; that we think of their rich and well-established governments as momentary creatures of revolutionary activities. They estimate—and with too much reason—that sordid commercialism is the basis of our interest in them; and because we have succeeded but poorly in what seems our chief quest among them, they naturally incline to regard us lightly.

South Americans are ready to meet us half-way, and more. If we will but accumulate enough intelligence to understand that South America is a good deal more than a continent of tropic jungles, alluvial morasses, and perpetual revolutions, the intelligent South Americans will gladly concede that we are something better than "American hogs."

Secretary Root's trip was followed by the tour of the American battle fleet around South America during the year following; and this visit was also received as a well-mannered compliment, and as a token of real friendship.

#### CONSULS AS HERALDS OF COMMERCE

Very real and tangible, too, was the service which Mr. Root rendered to our relations with South America when he reorganized the consular service and put it on a basis of merit and efficiency.

Before that, our consular representation there had been a pathetic plaything of petty politics. Consuls who could not speak a word of Spanish or Portuguese, not to mention their ignorance of good English, were not uncommon. The man who controlled a Swedish ward in Minneapolis or a Polish precinct in Chicago, with no more conception of the big possibilities of his position than a Hottentot has of the scheme of the universe, was quite likely to be American consul in a South American port of the first class. Small wonder that the Germans and British outdistanced us in the effort to establish desirable relations with the republics to the south!

Secretary Root's reforms changed all this. The consular service and the lower grades of the diplomatic service were placed on a basis of merit and efficiency. Politics was

eliminated to the utmost possible degree. To-day, as a result, our consuls are a body of cultured, earnest, skilful, hard-working men—most of them young—who find their models in the work of such pioneers as John Barrett, William I. Buchanan, Thomas C. Dawson, and Wilbur J. Carr. So far as government agencies can be made useful to the establishment of mutual understanding and common interests, the work is already well in hand.

The efforts of these sincere young men are needed, if our commerce is to gain real footing in South America. The plain truth is that Europe has run away from us, and holds a long lead. Moreover, the situation may easily become worse before it is better. We sell to South America very largely non-competitive articles—like agricultural implements and machines which can be bought here but nowhere else—and others, like flour, because we still have a surplus to sell. Of some of these the surplus will not exist much longer; then our sales to South America will tend to diminish.

What we need is the development of a South American market for manufactures. We are making some progress, but it is not creditable. Think of the fact that in 1910 we bought \$103,716,000 worth of goods from Brazil—the lion's share, of course, being coffee and rubber—and sold that country only \$24,988,000 worth of all products! We bought \$20,381,000 from Chile, and sold her only \$9,991,000. From the ten significant South American countries we bought, that year, \$188,081,000 worth, while we sold them only \$97,714,000.

#### OUR POOR SHOWING IN COMMERCE

How bad is the showing of American commerce in South America is graphically suggested by these figures for 1910:

	Exports to Brazil	Imports from Brazil
United States.....	\$24,988,000	\$103,716,000
Germany .....	37,455,000	36,285,000
Great Britain.....	67,061,000	73,440,000
France .....	22,268,000	26,116,000
Argentina .....	20,133,000	11,618,000
Portugal .....	13,103,000	834,000
Belgium .....	10,655,000	5,611,000

There is not much here to justify the satisfaction of the most commercial of countries. The plain truth is that we have not gone intelligently about the business of cultivating South America. What efforts we have made have been managed in a pig-

headed, inconsiderate manner. We have refused to adapt our wares to the special demands of the market; the Germans have made every possible concession in this regard, and the figures tell the rest. We are South America's best customer, and she is, proportionately, our poorest.

What is the explanation? It is largely in the fact that we have not done ourselves justice. We have let others establish commercial bases, mercantile houses, steamship lines, community of interest and understanding, while we have done little. We have permitted ourselves to be misunderstood and misrepresented, without taking steps to put ourselves right. For illustration, let me quote from an article published this summer in the South American supplement of the *London Times*:

The Monroe Doctrine, elastic enough to meet all emergencies, has protected the South American nations from European intervention in their internal affairs, and has safeguarded them from conquest or reconquest by European powers, but it has not prevented the United States from intervention, and from conquest and seizure of territory, whenever "manifest destiny," or "the interests of civilization" or "humanity," writ large, have, in the opinion of the White House, so demanded.

Mexico's turn came first, when Texas and the vast regions west of the Mississippi were assimilated as American territory in 1848. Though Mexico still holds sway over an immense territory, this was a case of slicing the dog and leaving only the tail behind, to wag as it might.

The acquisitions in Porto Rico, Cuba, San Domingo, and Panama, with their varied aspects of tactics, diplomacy, and ruthless violation of existing treaties, are too recent to require recapitulation.

Honduras, Nicaragua, and Guatemala appear to be at present on the carving-table, so to speak, this time at the mercy of the golden knife of cosmopolitan finance, masquerading as Uncle Sam's hoardings.

"The golden knife of cosmopolitan finance" being wielded over Honduras with the purpose of cutting that unfortunate country loose from the incubus of a debt of one hundred and eighteen million dollars, which was imposed on the Honduran government by a gang of international sharpers! Such is the tremendous offense of dollar diplomacy that the *Times* writer rebukes!

That is the kind of prejudiced appeal which our competitors in South America indulge, and against which we have not armed ourselves. We have accomplished a great deal, especially in the last decade, in

the direction of making South America understand us better; but there is vastly more to be done.

#### OUR IGNORANCE OF LATIN AMERICA

In the first place, as a measure of national security, with the purpose of minimizing the possibility of untoward complications, we need to overcome prejudices fomented by constant dissemination of such appeals. We need to understand the South Americans, in order to get them to understand us. Their history should be taught to our children. Their great national heroes, Bolivar, Sucre, San Martin, O'Higgins, Lynch—there's a pair that any American policeman ought to recognize as true patriots!—Morazan, Artigas, Prat, Dom Pedro, and the rest of them, ought not to be unknown to us. I make bold to venture that few readers will recognize more than one or two of these names; yet in their own countries they stand for about what Washington means to us.

Are the South Americans ignorant of us, or we of them? I find answer in a copy of *El Mercurio*, the leading newspaper of Santiago, Chile, which lies before me. It contains more cabled news from the United States than I ever saw from all South America in one of our newspapers!

Our notion of South America is based on a fantastic composite of treasure-seeking plunderers, bloodthirsty pirates, unprincipled politicians, swashbuckling warriors, and ranting revolutionists; the whole rampant on a background of impassable mountains and impossible jungles.

We know more of the fabled piracies of Benito Bonito than we know or care to know about the heroism and the campaigns, the sacrifices and the sufferings, of Bolivar, Cochrane, Juarez, and O'Higgins.

We have read about the pirates' cache of stolen gold on the isle of Cocos, but who takes the trouble to learn about great empires of temperate plains and table-lands waiting only to be tilled in order to teem with riches?

We turn to New Zealand as the sociological testing-laboratory of radical creeds, all innocent of the fact that in little Uruguay the government is nationalizing all the insurance—life, fire, agricultural, maritime, health, accident—is nationalizing the telephone, the telegraph, and all municipal facilities; is creating a state monopoly in distilling; and is arranging to go into partnership with our American meat trust in



the establishment of a huge modern stock-marketing and meat-packing business such as you may see in Kansas City or Sioux City.

Just a suggestion of the interests that await the student of South American public men of to-day. Imagine a youth who at eighteen inherits one of the greatest fortunes in his country. At thirty-six he has been three times its minister of foreign affairs; he is its leading publisher, operating a string of its greatest daily newspapers; he has been the popular party's candidate for president, and, though defeated, put that party squarely on its feet; he has multiplied the fortune he inherited until to-day his annual revenue exceeds the principal he first received, and makes him one of the world's richest men. With all this, he is at the moment highly successful as his country's ambassador in London. There, in a sentence, is Augustine Edwards, of Chile.

Perhaps you prefer the career of Ruy Barbosa, of Brazil, widely accounted the foremost senatorial publicist living to-day. His greatest feat was his championship of the principle of equal representation for all nations in the proposed Hague arbitral court. He did not finally win, but he conclusively defeated the principle of unequal representation.

You will have heard of Carlos Calvo, author of the Calvo doctrine which proclaims the finality, in international affairs, of the judgments of local courts; compiler of the world's greatest array of diplomatic precedents. No foreign office could possibly get on without this work of an Argentine statesman.

Or turn to Rio Branco, another contemporaneous South American statesman; a baron of the old empire; now Brazilian minister of foreign affairs; widely estimated "the strongest man in South America."

Such are the men who ornament South American statecraft of to-day. For romantic careers of our own citizens in South America, contemplate Henry Meiggs. He fled from San Francisco to Chile, a defaulter; built the railroads of that country and Peru, made and lost four huge fortunes, and died in his exile, almost poor, because, though he had long since repaid his defalcation, the indictment was always held over his head. On one of the railroads he built, the Central of Peru, you may be whirled through a tunnel a thousand feet higher than the summit of Pike's Peak.

At Valparaiso is a statue of another American, William Wheelwright, revered as chief founder of modern Chile. Wheelwright went as a supercargo from California; spent ten years trying to get American capital to establish steam navigation from our ports to Chile; failed, financed his project with British money, and turned the courses of Chilean trade to Europe.

#### PIONEER WORKERS FOR WORLD PEACE

We read about President Taft leading the world toward the new era of arbitration, when war shall cease and the Parliament of Man shall rule; and we felicitate ourselves on our citizenship in a country so nobly inspired, so humane and altruistic. We might do well to study the history of South American devotion to the principles of arbitration; to know that nowhere else are so many and difficult questions settled by peaceful methods.

No other continent has ever come so near to establishing a family of nations in peaceful accord under the rule of justice, good sense, and mutual concession. Chile and Argentina, at the very time when their relations were most strained over a great boundary dispute, signed an agreement for the limitation of armaments, and proceeded to enforce it. Their dispute was settled by arbitration, and an American diplomat, William I. Buchanan, is to-day looked upon as a sort of patron saint in both countries because of the special skill and success with which he acted as mediator and brought the controversy to a determination completely satisfactory to both sides.

South America, indeed, will one day be recognized as having led the world in the direction of pacific settlement of international difficulties. The great Simon Bolivar, when President of Colombia, wrote arbitration provisions into his treaties with neighboring states. In 1826 he called a congress of all the Americas at Panama. The plan of general amity and arbitration seemed visionary to the practical statesmen of the United States, and this nation was not represented. Those that did attend joined in agreement to arbitrate all differences. The treaties based on this agreement were not ratified, but they are nevertheless a historic landmark on the road to general acceptance of peaceful methods of adjusting international disputes.

In 1848 the states of the west coast adopted an arbitration and mediation plan;



and various other congresses of Latin-America took related steps, clearly trending in the same direction, and far in advance of the program long afterward formulated at the Hague.

At the second Hague congress, in 1907, the nineteen American nations voted for a plan of obligation to arbitrate all questions in dispute. It was opposed by the votes of thirteen nations, while thirty-one supported it; but substantial unanimity being necessary, it failed.

The American nations made a splendid showing at this congress, supporting propositions based on the Calvo doctrine, to which Latin America is firmly committed. The convention agreed on a proposition that recourse should not be had to force in order to collect debts due to one nation from the subjects of another, and provided for a court of international arbitration. These efforts all commanded the strong support of the Latin-American states, whose delegates presented the case with such power as to command a recognition never before given them in the councils of the nations.

Since the beginning of the world movement for arbitration, sixty per cent of the settlements have been between American countries. The first case tried at the Hague court was between the United States and Mexico.

#### LATIN-AMERICAN PROGRESS

It does not lie in the mouth of our countrymen to take a light view of Latin-American progress. We think of Latin America as a continent of everlasting disturbance; but Europe thinks of us as a country where lynchings are so common, and court processes for the enforcement of justice are so uncertain, that neither human nor property rights are secure. Some attention, at least, should be given to the beam in our own eye before we criticize the minor republics of the western world.

Argentina and Chile are splendid, well-established nations, developing at a rate only to be compared with the strides we ourselves have made in the last three generations. Brazil is fast adapting itself to the methods of republican government, and is adopting the best modern scientific means of developing its vast country—bigger than the continental United States. Yellow fever, bubonic plague, and cholera, once the triple terrors of her tropic ports, are now unknown in Rio and Santos, and the work of cleaning

up the minor cities and making them secure against these devastations is being pushed under the direction of skilled and scientific sanitary authorities.

It is worth while to recall here that it was an American missionary, H. C. Tucker, agent of the American Bible Society in Brazil, who instituted the movement that led to this work. Dr. Oswaldo Cruz had direct charge in introducing modern sanitary methods of wiping out tropical diseases. He is now working for the state governments of Para and Amazonas. In a very short time these enlightened methods will do for Brazil what they have done already for Cuba, Panama, and the Philippines.

There is no real reason why the tropics should not be a "white man's country." As the general pressure of population, and the need for their products, compel attention to their development, the lands under the equator will be made not only habitable, but the sources of a wealth which we can now only imagine from what we know of their wonderful fertility. Only a highly developed race of men will be able to subdue and manage the too profuse productivity of the tropics; but once that wondrous natural power is harnessed and directed, the world will see such returns as the meager soils and climatic rigors of the temperate zones have never suggested.

That is the problem of the tropics. As to sanitation, the suppression of plagues, and the possibility of living in comfort and security, medical and sanitary science have already given us the proof in many regions. No country has contributed so much to these demonstrations as the United States, with its work in Cuba, the Canal Zone, and the Philippine and Hawaiian Islands. That work is being carried forward by the tropical countries of South America more effectively than in any other part of the world's central belt.

#### THE FUTURE OF SOUTH AMERICA

When the tropics are understood, when it is realized that they can be tamed and handled, there will come a revolution, social and economic, that will be profoundly felt all over the world. Those rich southern lands will provide foreign markets and a foreign trade of proportions now suspected only by men with the vision that can see the world as a unity, and the imagination that can project itself into the wonders of coming centuries.

Most inviting of all the tropic regions is South America. It is not overcrowded, like India, but affords a field for immigration that will, at some day not far distant, attract a mighty stream of humanity. It has established, well-ordered governments, institutions, traditions. It is dedicated to the same political principles that we ourselves acclaim.

It has passed through the era of uncertainty. True, there is yet much of turbulence and disorganization in some of the smaller countries; but it is only a generation since we ourselves fought the greatest civil war that the world ever saw. We should not be unduly superior in our estimate of the institutional crudeness of our sister republics.

The ground plan is laid out in Latin America. The nations have been formed. Their fundamental devotion to republican principles cannot be doubted. The future will see them growing stronger, wiser, more stable—just as it will see the rest of us doing so.

There are only forty million people in South America, and there are fifty thousand miles of railroad—more, in proportion to population, than any other grand division can claim, save only North America and Australia. Besides this, there are the two most wonderful river systems that any continent can boast—those of the Amazon and the Plate. Without doubt the continent, once subdued and managed, can support a population as great as that of the whole world at present. The twentieth century is going to do wonders for South America.

What are we going to do about it? A few great statesmen have grasped this question in all its mighty significance, but only a few. While the nations of Europe have pushed for commercial footing and opportunity, we have done little. Every year we spend a vast surplus in South America; she receives it with her left hand, and with her right hand she passes it on to Europe to pay for necessities that we ought to be making and selling. We get only the worst of the transaction. South America is the switchboard through which we transfer to European markets an annual tribute of two hundred million dollars. Small wonder that our annual balance of trade dwindles at times to proportions which give statesmen and financiers no small fear lest it may vanish entirely.

Down to very recent years, this sort of

thing has not much impressed us; but latterly we have come to understand that agriculture cannot much longer be depended upon to keep the trade balance in our favor. We shall presently be eating all our meats, and perhaps importing those of Argentina, Brazil, the Caribbean countries, Canada, and Mexico. Aside from cotton, we have no agricultural staple on which we can rely for any considerable addition to our foreign balance ten years hence. We must find new markets in which to sell new commodities.

South America presents herself at once as the most promising of these. Whether we shall seize the opportunity there while it is yet open to us, or whether we shall continue to pass along the vast annual sum of our South American purchase-money to the more enterprising Britishers, Germans, Frenchmen, and Belgians, is for us to answer. We have need to decide our answer before it is too late.

This, let me interpolate here, is the real problem which some few of our statesmen and economists have been considering. They have devised means to promote better relations and larger commercial opportunities; and their project for bringing a favorable answer to our great inquiry is best known and least understood under the name of "dollar diplomacy."

#### WHAT "DOLLAR DIPLOMACY" IS

It is an unfortunate title, a cynical alliteration which suggests the sordid while it has in mind only the practical. Dollar diplomacy, as it is understood by the men who have formulated the policy, contemplates nothing sordid, mean, or grasping. Its last purpose is the expansion of territory, or the subjugation of national finances to our own money power.

Rather, as it is explained by men like Secretary Knox, Assistant Secretary Huntington Wilson, former Secretary Root, and former President Roosevelt, it has in contemplation the establishment of mutual good understanding; the obliteration of ancient prejudices grown out of misconception of our attitude; the use of our good offices and diplomatic influence, in the effort to readjust swollen national debts so that the way may be opened to prosperity and peace; and, finally, the cultivation of that great field of commercial opportunity whose possibilities I have tried to suggest, and whose fruits some one is going to reap. Shall we get our share, or shall we continue to forego

it in favor of the more acute business instinct of Europe?

The Monroe Doctrine means America for the Americans. The great Argentine statesman, Dr. Drago, referred to it as "the traditional policy of the United States," which "without accentuating superiority or seeking predominance, condemned the oppression of the nations of this part of the world and the control of their destinies by the powers of Europe."

President Roosevelt stated our view of it thus:

"If a nation knows how to act with reasonable efficiency and decency in social and political matters, keeps order and keeps obligations, it need fear no intervention from the United States. Chronic wrongdoing may force the exercise of an international police power."

Secretary Knox said that "if this government can help to upbuild its neighbors, and to promote the thought that the capital of the more advanced nations would be better employed in assisting the peaceful development of those more backward than in financing wars, it is such a deviation from traditions as the American people will approve."

Dollar diplomacy has both its altruistic and its selfish side. On the altruistic, it proposes to help the weaker nations to save themselves from financial ruin; to keep their custom-houses out of European control and administration for the sake of collecting debts; to give, in short, some practical assistance in avoiding the grasp of the pawnbroker.

Casting about for a simile, I have found none so good as that of the city which establishes a municipal loan bureau. Experience has proved that its people *will* borrow, *will* pay exorbitant interest, if they *must*. To keep them out of the clutches of sharks, the government goes into loaning small sums at reasonable terms.

That is what we have done with excellent results in Santo Domingo. That is what has been proposed in the cases of Nicaragua and Honduras—to let these governments get a few millions each to readjust ancient debts that have kept their people impoverished, their foreign relations constantly harrowed up, and their domestic affairs in turmoil. These countries are the immediate neighbors to our great interest in the Canal Zone. We have need to establish them in such stability and security as will end all pretext for Eu-

ropean intervention and seizure of custom-houses and ports.

#### A COMMERCIAL EMPIRE AT STAKE

When we think of this aspect of the matter, it will be particularly impressive to know that Agadir, the Moroccan port where Germany has recently made a naval demonstration, is nearer to the capital of Brazil than is Guantanamo, our West Indian naval base, and on a direct line with the front door to the canal. German West Africa is directly opposite the richest parts of southern Brazil, and many days nearer than any point under United States control.

Latitude, longitude, and distances present some queer things to the student. New York is almost exactly due north of Valparaiso and Santiago, Chile's chief cities; yet they are on the west coast of South America.

When the Panama Canal is opened, it will be possible to take train at Buenos Aires, on the Argentine coast, travel eight hundred miles across the continent to a Chilean port, take a steamship for New York, and reach that city, by way of the canal, three or four days sooner than if one took a steamship directly from Buenos Aires! Look at a globe, and see what the circuitous trip around the great curve of South America means.

On the western slope of that continent, almost isolated from us to-day, is an area of sixteen hundred thousand square miles, with sixteen millions of inhabitants, every foot of it directly tributary to the canal route. Are we to command its trade, or merely to provide the canal in order that Europe and Canada may the more easily strengthen their commercial hand there, where they already far excel us?

To all these questions of our future relation to South America, the answer lies very largely in our administration of the canal. We can easily make Latin America recognize it as the symbol of a new unity, a permanent fraternity, a true understanding. The easiest way to accomplish this is to make its tolls *free*. We are forbidden by treaty to discriminate in favor of our own foreign trade; the next best thing is to make the great ditch *free*.

American enterprise and energy should be ready to claim their fair position in the commercial empire which must develop when the canal shall at last realize the dream of a union between the blue Atlantic and the broad Pacific.

# BETWEEN ENEMIES

BY HENRY K. PENDLETON

ILLUSTRATED BY MODEST STEIN

YOUNG Silloughby was discovering that the situation contained the tang of a sporting proposition. For the twentieth time he reread his father's letter. It ran:

DEAR SON JAMES:

Sorry to have the district superintendent report that you are a failure in handling the Silloughby automatic condenser. I suppose I must find you a clerkship. Either that, or car burglary, or Congress, is all I can see in your future. When I was your age I was borrowing money and getting on in the world.

However, we will leave that for the present and take up my reasons for wiring you to hasten to Silloughby Lodge. The adjoining estate was purchased two months ago by Morrison Keeton, for twenty years my most determined business rival. Five years ago I took the Western trade away from him, and since then he has sought to harm and annoy me by every means in his power. He moved from Chicago and bought the Bower just because it joins my property. And the moment he took possession he began raising Cain with the Lodge. I've been fighting back for a month, but you must take the matter off my shoulders.

If you don't hit it off better than you did as a condenser man, goodness only knows how we can enjoy the Lodge this season. I haven't time to tell you what he has done to annoy me, but the foreman will inform you. Some of his schemes show a devilish ingenuity. If you score against him, I'll find a soft job for you. If Saturday breaks quiet, run in and tell what has happened. You can take me out to see the Cubs get walloped.

Yours very truly,

GEORGE P. SILLOUGHBY.

P. S.—I believe the devilish ingenuity back of old Keeton is a worthless son. The foreman writes that a "Mr. Harry" has recently arrived.

P. S.—I've got two bully seats for Saturday.

Young Silloughby smiled ruefully as he finished reading.

"Great old dad! It's too bad I couldn't make a go of the condenser!"

At this juncture the foreman approached and claimed attention.

"All finished, sir. What next?"

Young Silloughby critically viewed the odd structure for a few moments; then, as a broad grin of approval masked his features, he directed:

"This is all for to-day. Keep the men on tap. By the way, old Keeton has a band of willing workers ever ready to fall to and annoy, eh?"

"Oh, yes, sir. It makes it very nice for us in the village, sir. Busy, busy all the time. My cousin is Keeton's foreman. You can expect some surprises now that Mr. Harry is here to direct things!"

"He must have arrived just before I did," mused young Silloughby. "Well, I'm not scared. I may not be able to sell condensers, but when it comes to putting 'em over the plate, I guess I can trot the Keeton child a dead heat!"

He fell to studying the billboard-like structure. It was some fifty feet long and a score of feet high, and was covered with sheets of tin. It was erected to gather the full benefit of the afternoon sun and become a dazzling, unwholesome barrier to the gaze of any one facing it from the Keeton property. As the grounds across the line were used for lawn tennis, the young architect shrewdly foresaw that his eye-aching fence would seriously discourage that form of sport after the noonday hour.

He might not be able to sell condensers—and he was equally frank to admit that he could not understand why anybody should buy one—but, as commander in a campaign of annoyance, he believed his college life had not been lived in vain.

"Now, to invent a distemper that will send the golf-links staggering to the bench!" he muttered.

As he turned to go to the house, a flutter of color across the line caused him to halt and sink to the ground. The slender figure of a woman was approaching the court.

He joyously noted that she carried a racket, and was apparently bent on a bit of practise. Looking cool and prim in her white gown, she buoyantly gained the court before lifting her eyes. Instantly a flame of scarlet painted her face a hostile hue, and she raised a hand to shield her gaze.

The insurgency of her cheeks evidenced to young Silloughby's satisfaction that she was, at the least, in the incipient stages of anger. If he needed further proof, it was furnished when she suddenly raised the racket, and, with the abandon of one muscular swing, which disclosed a perfect arm to the elbow, sent a tennis-ball fiercely against the offending tin.

Accumulated ire now straightened the line of her mouth and accented the strength of her small chin.

The situation appealed amazingly to young Silloughby's liking.

"Your ball, I believe?" he gravely began, bowing low.

He had intended to proceed in mock gravity, but halted abruptly after the prefatory words. For as she dropped her hand, and turned upon him, he found himself staring into wonderful brown eyes, while the beauty of her indignation caused a curious thumping sensation under the watch-pocket of his flannel shirt.

She met the unconscious admiration of his eyes with a flash of resentment. As he stepped across the line and awkwardly proffered her property, she placed her hands behind her, and coldly reminded him:



"HAVE YOU ENTIRELY  
FINISHED?"—

"Do you realize that you are on Mr. Keeton's land and are trespassing?"

He reddened deeply at her rebuff. Retreating two feet to home soil, he stiffly replied:

"I did not intend to trespass, young lady."

"Your intentions are quite immaterial so long as you keep on your own property," she observed.

"I had supposed that I could enjoy this portion of our grounds without having my life endangered by tennis-balls be-

ing batted at me like bullets," he sternly replied.

"There is but one ball, and it was not batted at you," she haughtily corrected.

"It was batted at our property," he insisted triumphantly.

Assuming an expression of sternness, tempered by a shade of sad surprise, young Silloughby rose, picked up her missile of defiance, and stalked to the dead-line. She did not observe him at first, as with shaded eyes she continued surveying the nuisance.



"I shall bat the ball wherever I choose," she icily informed him, regaining her composure as she saw that he was young and distressingly plain of features.

"If you assault me, or our property, you must expect me to retain the ball," he firmly replied. "My father does not care to have his decorative fence scarred up by vicious tennis-balls."

"You must be proud of your work," she irrelevantly jeered. "It is a fit occupation for your father's son to be engaged in!"

"It is probably no worse than what that

I didn't know you were interested in this Harry. I'm not a cad, even if you did damage our fence."

"I take a very, very deep interest in Har-



—ASKED A COLD, CLEAR  
VOICE

young cut-up of a Harry is planning to hand us," he retorted smartly in self-defense.

"Why, sir! How dare you speak in that way of—of Harry?" she gasped, with a curious little intake of the breath.

"Of course you uphold the young pup in hanging Chinese lanterns on the Keeton wall next to our gate, so as to have father's friends think he lives in a beer-garden," he scornfully ran on. "And the three German bands were a nice lemon to pass over to a white man!"

"You do not realize what you are saying," she slowly warned him, speaking in a low tone. "You will regret it, sir!"

There was something extremely disconcerting in the clear intensity of her gaze, and he found himself protesting:

"Now, see here, young woman, I didn't mean to say anything to hurt *your* feelings.

ry Keeton. I do not care for your left-handed chivalry," she calmly returned.

"But why must you take sides in this fuss?" he appealed.

"I have no desire to talk with you further," she politely informed him. "I will practise on the lawn, where I shall not be intruded upon. My tennis-ball, please!"

She came nearer, and held out her hand for the ball. As he looked into the indignant depths of her wonderful eyes he again experienced that strange swelling sensation of the heart. He stepped forward, and, with an odd note in his voice, began:



"YOU WILL RETURN HOME," SHE CALMLY COMMANDED, AS SHE BENT, AND QUICKLY  
BROKE THE GUN OVER ONE KNEE

"Really, Miss—Miss—I'm sorry to have offended you. But those lanterns, you know; and those bands—"

"Will you return home?" she demanded. As he surrendered and hopped back, she continued: "How about the spring you dammed up so that it could not feed our little lake? How about the sausage-vender? you paid to erect his booth opposite our north driveway?"

He smiled with a bit of pride.

"The spring game was tawdry," he explained. "I never would have advised that. But the sausage-man was an inspiration. Dad never knew why he owned the little plot opposite your driveway until the sausage incident."

She elevated her brows in a pantomime of contempt, and turned to leave. Alarm succeeded his short-lived exultation, and he sought to detain her by saying:

"I beg pardon, but you've forgotten your ball."

"I do not care for it," she wearily informed him, ignoring his extended hand.

"Very well!" he called after her, as she walked away; "but being stuffy won't do any good. If that ball had hit me and killed me, you'd have lost some of your cold pride and felt a womanly pang of regret. I know there are but few to care if I pass out; but you, possessing as you do the form of an—an angel, must have some heart, and I believe you would have been sorry that one so young and—"

"And full of college theatricals," she maliciously completed over her shoulder.

"You couldn't have the ball now if you wanted it!"

She smiled, as one smiles when amused at the determined boasts of a little one.

"When I want my property, I shall send Harry for it," she said coldly. "You will apologize as well as return it."

"I shall, shall I?" he cried, a strange sense of jealousy enraging him. "Just send him around!"

The rest of his remarks were in a mumbled undertone, as her slight form now passed from sight behind the shrubbery; but his sentiment lost nothing in strength, if fistic gesticulations bore evidence to anything.

That night, flushed of face and grim of jaw, he wrote to his father:

DEAR DAD:

I'm holding down home plate to the limit. Have just completed an irritator that's a bird.

5

Will tell you about it Sat. By the way, old Keeton has imported a female black-hander, a she-Jesse James, a complete vixen. Haven't seen Harry the Cub yet, but if he has anything on Vix he must wear bells.

Your affect. son,

JAS.

P. S.—Sorry I couldn't sell condenser. Am inclined to think it isn't made right.

## II

YOUNG Silloughby wandered to the edge of the grove to spy out the land. In discussing the girl with his inner self, he indignantly denied having wanted to come the day before.

"The only one I want to meet is that young cub Harry—"

Without finishing, he clapped his hands to his eyes and dodged behind a tree, as a shaft of blinding light smote his gaze.

Shielding his face with his hat, he cautiously reconnoitered. Some time since he parted from the vixen, several old-fashioned pier mirrors had been arranged about the Keeton tennis-court, so as to catch the reflection of the tin fence, as well as the sun-rays direct, and dart them into the Silloughby premises.

"Well, well!" he gasped. "I wonder if it was Vix, or Handsome Harry, that pulled off this stunt! Aha! I wot of a simple remedy."

With a sparkle of joy in his eyes he ran to the tool-house, where he recalled seeing the gardener's boy playing with an air-gun.

This article was quickly found, likewise a bag of shot; and, tingling with the mischievous emotions of youth, he tiptoed back through the shrubbery.

"No he-kid planned this," he decided, crawling behind a bush. "It's a Vix game! Now for some Geronimo work."

Following the first soft *ping*, a starry fracture appeared at the top of the target. One shot below the first would release the splinters of glass. *Ping*, and with a crackling staccato the frame emptied itself.

Rapidly reloading, he sent shot after shot at the blazing mirrors, laughing aloud from pure joy as the offending lights vanished.

"Guess Dick Deadeye has nothing on that," he sighed, as the last foe bit the dust.

"Have you entirely finished?" asked a cold, clear voice.

His first thought was to flee. Compromising, he concealed the gun and cheerfully emerged into full view, somehow glad that she was there.

"Have you entirely finished?" she repeated, drawing her slender form very erect, her eyes never leaving his flushed face.

For the moment he was a child, detected in mischief. He sparred for time by mumbling:

"Finished what?"

"No wonder you are confused," she said. "But you did have the grace to hide the gun. I must tell them to keep the cats at the house while you are abroad. The coachman's little girl lost a pet rabbit the other day. A *man* would be ashamed to kill—"

"Say, quit it!" he growled. "I don't shoot cats. Rabbits eat out of my hand—even wild ones. Want to try the gun?"

"I do not care to be initiated into any of your accomplishments," she replied.

"Try a shot," he begged. "I'll let you fire at the tool-house window."

Her eyes sharpened with a new light, and she quickly agreed.

"Pass over the gun!"

"Step over here," he carelessly urged. "We'll declare an armistice while we bury the dead and cart away the wounded."

She motioned impatiently for the gun, remaining on her side of the line.

"Then I shall have to invade your territory to load for you," he said, advancing.

"You will return home," she calmly commanded. "The shot? Thanks."

She bent, and quickly broke the gun over one knee. Then, pushing it forward, she pulled the trigger without seeming to take any aim.

"Great billiards!" he cheered. "Of course you aimed at no particular pane of glass."

"The left, lower pane this time," she scornfully replied.

In the next second that victim was shattered.

"That certainly is shooting!" he cried. "Not initiated into my accomplishments, eh? Oh, certainly not! As a shootist, you are a wonder!"

"When a child I practised in a gallery," she condescended to inform him. "The middle left-hand pane comes next."

"Why, say, Vix—Miss—you know a lot about this game," he said admiringly. "Lemme have a shot."

"Haven't you done harm enough?" she inquired in a metallic voice.

Then her eyes took on a worried look, and she dropped the gun at her feet. He

believed that she was regretting having met him on the common ground of marksmanship. It gave them something in common.

"Of course, your act by some would be called vandalism; but I, knowing your nature better—"

"You know nothing of me or my nature," she hotly broke in.

"And knowing what I know," he calmly continued, "I believe there are many excuses to be found for you. Naturally, it will be hard on the gardener, as he must replace the glass you have broken."

"I suppose you inventory your wit at a very high figure," she curtailed him by sneering.

"I owe you a pane as it is," he admitted. "You can collect it from the end window. Then we'll shoot off the tie, beginning at the greenhouse and winding up with the library windows."

She bit her lip in anger at finding herself on the verge of sympathetic smiles.

"Really, miss, I'd like to have you see me shoot. At college I was first honor man at shooting."

"How dare you break my mirrors?" she suddenly demanded, her eyes blazing.

"Your mirrors? Great Scott! I thought they belonged to old—to Mr. Keeton," he floundered, taken back by her sudden change in temperament.

"They were my personal property," she said in a voice that suggested sobs.

"That's too bad," he regretted. "Now, if a few library windows, or something with cut glass in it—say a sideboard—would make partial amends—"

"I blame myself for having encouraged you to talk," she murmured. "Of course, as a rule, I never speak to pet-rabbit-killers."

"See here, young woman," he exploded, "you just quit that! It's not an innocent fib when you talk—oh, Lord!" The last was a wail of anguish; for as she turned from him to escape his words, he beheld a spot of red on her sleeve above the elbow. As he stared, horrified, the spot seemed to increase in size. "I hit you!" he choked. "Stop! Stay! Let me run for a doctor! Let me carry you to the house."

Her eyes moistened as she was forced to wave him back from putting into execution his last offer, and her voice was almost kindly as she said:

"Don't be silly. It was the low shot you thought you missed. The bush screened me

from you—it amounts to nothing. It merely broke the skin.”

With a cry of rage he picked up the gun and hurled it far from him. Then, facing her, he whipped out a knife and reached for her arm.

“I must cut away the sleeve and see how badly I have hurt you,” he firmly announced.

“You run home, young man,” she ordered, with a funny little catch in her voice. “Please remember that shooting me gives you no right to trespass on these premises.”

“I shall call on you this afternoon to learn how you are,” he declared. “No feud should prevent a gentleman from calling to inquire after the young woman whom he has had the honor to shoot.”

“For whom would you ask?” she murmured, her eyes downcast. “It would be rather awkward to explain to a servant, ‘Please take my card to the young woman I shot this morning.’”

“Torture me if you will, but I shall call,” he persisted. “I will ask for Harry, and tell him all.”

“Good-by,” she said. “I return to town immediately.”

“No, no!” he begged. “It would be dangerous for you to travel while wounded.”

“I do not want to go,” she demurely confessed; “but I am driven to it when you make mad threats.”

“I do not want to drive you away,” he groaned. “I will not call.”

She bowed and said:

“I shall not go to town.”

“But you will walk here often, won’t you?” he pleaded.

“Hardly,” she coldly returned. “Experience teaches that this is a dangerous zone for one to saunter in.”

### III

HER brows were puckered in a frown, and her eyes were filled with hardness, as if she were resenting the seeming weakness of her presence; but to him the mere fact of her presence appealed as a sign of victory.

“I knew you would come!” he said exultingly, as he burst through the bushes.

Her gaze narrowed as she replied:

“You should have been a mind-reader. I return to town for good. I wish first to give instructions about that outrage;” and she pointed at his tin fence. “Take it down at once.”

He rubbed his head ruefully.

“Dad sets a heap by that fence, and has planned and planned on seeing it in action,” he began.

“Don’t be silly,” she requested. “Have the men begin to demolish it at once. I wish to see the work started.”

“They shall commence now. But, on the level, is that the only reason why you walked here? My whole future depends on your answer.”

His intensity alarmed her, and for several moments she stared at him, quite helpless. Then, in a halting voice, she admitted:

“Of course, I wanted to see you—to tell you that the rabbit has returned.”

“And I only want to tell you that I love you—”

“You mustn’t!” she cried, falling back from him. “The idea of your talking so! I am Harriet Keeton, sometimes called Harry. I am the only child; the *pup*, I believe you styled me once.” Then, with frigid dignity, she added: “Good-by, sir.”

“Hold on a second,” he pleaded. “I’m not a quarantine sign, that you should so recklessly dash away. Here come the workmen; they will be our chaperons. Now, let’s have a little farewell talk.”

### IV

“WHY weren’t you in town on Saturday, sir?” angrily demanded Silloughby, Sr., as he discovered his son, after a long search of the grounds.

“Miss Keeton, this is my father. Father, this is Miss Harriet Keeton,” informed young Silloughby.

“A—a Keeton!” choked the parent.

“Yes, father; one of our Keetons, you know,” gently assured the son.

“Eh! Bless my soul! A Keeton on my grounds?”

“She’s promised to marry me,” proudly continued the son.

“I s-see!” stammered the father, collapsing on the rustic seat. “I see!” And he gazed at the perturbed face of the young woman as if distrusting his sense. Then he muttered: “Quick work!”

Her face colored more deeply.

“I tried to discourage him, but apparently he takes after you. Now we must tell pa. Come, James!”

“Bless my soul!” babbled Silloughby, Sr., pinching his arm. “I wonder how old Keeton will take it. If she ain’t a hummer! Well, well, well!”



# THE WORLD'S DEBT TO THE RADICAL

NEW IDEAS, AT FIRST PILLORIED AS REVOLUTIONARY, ARE THE MAINSPRING OF HUMAN PROGRESS

BY ROBERT L. GRAY

THE phrase of to-day is the platitude of to-morrow. Like an old hat, with its quaint reminiscence, who can recall, unless he hears it, the slang that fell so glibly from the lips of yesterday?

Only, the hat that was discarded a generation ago may come back into fashion. Slang never does. Ideas do not. The one gets ultimately into the dictionary. The others become, finally, a rule of conduct, a formula of reason.

It is not necessary to go to the stock examples of Galileo and Copernicus to realize the persecution, the clamor, and the ridicule with which new thought is met before it conquers. History is full of examples of the principle. Religion is full of them. Life progresses as it comes into shamed recognition of that which it has laughed to scorn. Civilization is the product of its own self, the conviction of its own folly.

Take the popular word "radical." What does it mean, other than that it reflects some pioneer mind, some acutely sensitive temperament, some spongelike inspiration as to that with which the future is ripe? It is one of the mysteries that humanity will not only pay in suffering, but will fight to suffer, for a foolish content.

The most terrible of all instincts is that of sloth. The most cruel, the most assertive, the most vindictive of all instincts is the shut-eye quality which refuses to see a blemish because it is the possession of the body. Yet in every age there have been those who not only have seen the blemish, but have insisted upon putting it to the knife. Through all time there have been those who have dared to think against the precedents. And

it is just these mental pioneers, these spiritual insurgents, who have raised the standards and have laid down the principles upon which a more or less distant future has planted itself, and which it has followed.

What is "radical" to-day is apt to be "progressive" to-morrow; and what is progressive to-morrow may be the fundamental conservatism of the day after, fighting for its head.

Just at present there is a deal of talk about men and measures denominated "progressive." So far have they won in the popular phrase. Yet a few years ago suggestions that are now forming into positive national and international issues would have been called not only radical, but anarchistic.

For example, when William Jennings Bryan returned a hero from abroad, and threw away what slender chance of the Presidency he might have had by declaring for governmental control of railways, who could foresee Judge Gary asking the government to fix the price at which his corporation could sell steel products? Yet Bryan—professional radical that he may be—is on this and other subjects already safely conservative.

George Washington was so full of radicalism that he fought for it, and won.

Thomas Jefferson was so radical that out of his strange and unheard-of theory of government was born a Constitution combining the individualism of republican Greece with the cohesiveness of imperial Rome at its best.

Lincoln was so radical that a world to which slavery in its every form had become

a commonplace at first reviled him, only to canonize him a few years later.

To go farther back, for even now the full force and effect of his pronouncements are just beginning to be felt, it was John Marshall's uniquely radical mind that welded the theory of the Constitution into the practise of government; so that we find the United States Supreme Court to-day marking out and delineating the activities and the uses of the very aggregations of capital which the radicalism of Marshall in the first instance made possible.

Theodore Roosevelt was the preeminently modern radical, simply because he applied to the statecraft of a republic the speech, the passions, the elemental sense of justice of the people who made it.

#### THE STIMULUS OF FREE THOUGHT

Before a brief survey of the service of radicalism and radicals to progress, which is no more than an ever nearer approach to the ideal of liberty, consider that to be a radical implies a state of mind which may be either constructive or destructive in tendency and effect. Consider, also, that radicalism, good or bad, shocks into reformation the existing state of mind, which needs just this stimulus of free thought to continue virile.

From this angle the radical, failure or success, prophet or anarchist, is a blessing. The world would stagnate without him. Whether it raise him up or put him down, it profits by his activities. Whether he do good or evil in his immediate works, the radical points development. It may be the development of progress, it may be the sanity of revulsion that he incites; but it is to the discontented man, to the man of egotism, even to the man of hallucination, that all the forces of order and system owe their original inspiration.

The earliest radical is lost beyond recall. Perhaps he was the first of those mythical apes, progenitors of the human race, who stood on two legs instead of four. Maybe he was the first weakling child, born to the age of the cave-dwellers, who refused complacently to die.

It was but a step from the radicalism of the individual brain to the radicalism that exerted its power on the brain and understanding of the collective community. No doubt, in the beginning, these pioneers were isolated, stoned, killed; but they set up a contagion which worked like fire in the

blood of their oppressors. Where they differed from the mass, the mass followed. The radical builded on the radical he destroyed, as the coral builds on the innumerable corpses of its predecessors. All learning, all advancement, are the result of mental shock. They mean the reconciliation to strange conceptions; the vision adjusting itself to a flash of light.

#### MOSES, DEMOCRAT AND RADICAL

Moses, the lawgiver, was of the greatest of all radicals. He was the original apostle of revolt, the first authentic tribune of the people. The miracle of Moses is not the dividing and closing in of the Red Sea, not the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, nor yet the manna and the quail. It is the miracle of his virgin mind.

Moses had to deal with a people whom long oppression had brought to the condition of cattle. Their lives were spared only that they might labor. He had to deal with the most powerful of the world's autocracies. In a subject race he had first to plant and then to nourish the desire of a forgotten initiative. He had not only to inspire action, but to create a sense of wrong. But, most wonderful of all, he had himself to educate, out of his own habit of ease, into popular sympathy with the people of his race. He had also to win the confidence of the poor and humble away from their national and instinctive suspicion of the rich and fortunate.

The exodus from Egypt, the classic wanderings of the twelve tribes in the wilderness, is perhaps the most dramatic and far-reaching radical movement in history. It sounded the first note of that fundamental democracy of man which, through Greece and Rome, in England and in France, in politics and religion and life, has become the imperishable heritage of the ages.

But, as all things are the products of beginnings, the democracy of Moses—if his daring may be so called—lived in his idea and not in his deed. What he gave the children of Israel was chiefly hope, but a hope bound up in fear. Moses knew the hypnotic power of tyranny. He was no sentimentalist, no weakling possessed of an ideal. He had smashed the divine right of the Pharaohs; he substituted himself as the true inheritor of the divine commission.

Moses knew his people—their strength, their fickleness, their weaknesses. He made no mistake of trusting them too far. Sinai

thundered with a purpose. The statesman in those days, no less than in these, was careful to exhibit the warrant for his commands. The great lawgiver, having created a sentient force out of an inert mass, must have realized the dread responsibility of having given life to a Frankenstein.

Moses was a democrat and a radical. He gave birth to a tremendous principle; but he was a "practical man." It should shock no thoughtful mind into the self-accusation of irreverence to say that the leader of the Israelites counted among the by-products of his genius the faculties of a politician. He was conscious of his strength, and he knew the weakness of his cause. He realized the clay of ignorance with which he had to work, and he put the fear of the Lord into its heart.

It must have been true that the man who had such a tremendous vision, such a revolutionary passion for the liberty of his people, despised them almost as much as he loved them. With all the fervor of a Jesuit, Moses made practical application of religion.

#### A TIDE THAT EBBS AND FLOWS

It will be found that most of the constructive radicals are practical. The destructive ones force practicality on the people and the times with which they deal. The course of radicalism is as crooked as the record of a seismograph, its lines rising and falling, becoming faint or sharply defined, but always advancing across the tape. What one pioneer accomplishes another apparently undoes; and then time, with the diplomacy of experience, fuses the work of both into a coherent expression.

It established the precedent which has ruled history, that the ideal democracy of the tribes of Israel, with its communistic freedom and its independence of worldly authority, should have run, in time, upon the path of empire. Saul and David, the glory that was Solomon's, the tyranny of the priestly hierarchy, were the natural reactions from a new principle in government and a new independence of spirit.

It was inevitable that this new force should ebb, only to flow again. The example had been set. The heaven was working. Through the interminable ages, the new ideal of government under religion degenerated until religion was the mask for misgovernment. There were waves of tyranny—new names. But ever, as the crisis

arose, rose the radical to shape it. The world had learned the lesson of change.

#### THE RADICALISM OF CHRIST

Centuries after Moses, when all the proud structure of his dogmatism had crumbled, there came a new sort of radical—the radical of the spirit—in the person of the Christ. There was a new and shining idea, strange, and beautiful, and revolutionary. Where the long line of warriors and statesmen had pitched their appeal on the passions, had roused armies and remade empires, He laid the foundations for a universal change in the human heart.

We associate radicalism with strife; its aim, so far as its instinctive enthusiasm may be said to have an aim, is peace. The wars that the constructive radicalism engenders are incidents to its purpose, and not the subject of that purpose. Christ and His teachings—the purest expression of radicalism—have the records of wars innumerable and lives uncounted as a means to the slow regeneration they are working. But behind and beyond all the warped application of the great principle He announced—much as the doctrine of peace has been turned to the end of dissension; sadly as the inspiration of universal charity has been made the cloak for proscription and persecution—it was the radicalism of human justice, which is human love, that has resulted in the marvelous record of progress dating from the brief era of the gentle Nazarene.

Religion, indeed, was for centuries the field in which the genius of the radical found its best expression. Mankind needed the mystical as a means to thought, as a stimulant to ambition and a balance-wheel to conduct. It was inevitable that to the pure ideal of religious expression should have been added the reactionary abuses with which so-called "conservatism" is always armed. Let there be progress, let the red-blooded power of independent thinking tear off the mask and expose the sham of privilege, and the expedient is always an apparent acquiescence complicated with an attempt to twist the reform to the maintenance of the condition it was launched to destroy.

It is this constant battle against freedom, this adroit subterfuge of experience, this undying belief in the ignorance of the masses, that makes the record of progress trail its way through history in sharply rising and slowly falling lines. The boon of the Chris-

tian religion, sanctified with faith to martyrdom, came by natural process to the intolerable state where a Luther was needed. As happens always in the strange providence that rules a harried world, the Luther appeared.

#### LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION

The waves set in motion by the Reformation have not yet ceased to pulsate. A purely moral protest within the established church, Luther's war of epistles led finally to the doctrine of the real "communion of true believers." It taught and enforced the "freedom of a Christian man." It encompassed, finally, in its political and social analogy to a spiritual revolution, the belief, in a king-ridden age, in the sovereignty and authority of the people. The popular communion led directly to the supremacy of the popular will.

Luther's words at the Diet of Worms: "Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise; God help me. Amen!" sounded the death of religious autocracy. Long as it was in coming—even yet not entirely completed—the ideal of the dual responsibility to God and to Cæsar found its imperishable impulse in the man who, in the priesthood, first questioned the detail only to grow to defy the fact of its authority.

Hundreds of years later, a free England, an emancipated France, a Germany united in patriotism and in the language given it by Luther's translation of the Bible, trace their regeneration, religious and political, to the awakened mind which, feeding on doubt, came at length to unconquerable conviction. Even America, the modern radical among the nations, owes its stern and vital parent stock to the spirit of conscience which Luther roused in the breasts of men.

What Christ taught as to the independent relationship of the individual and his Creator, Luther revived in an age when the name of the great Teacher was being invoked to negative his every lesson, his life-long plea.

Out of Luther sprang Calvin, sprang Cromwell. Under the influence he set in motion arose a captain like Napoleon. Braced by the audacity of his thought, Voltaire was nerved to pour his vitriol into the open sores of empire. Like Luther—though he himself would have scorned the comparison—came that queer, half-formed, half-insane, and wholly egotistic genius, Jean Jacques Rousseau, with his "Contrat So-

cial," to preach democracy in an empire where to think was to sin. Back to Luther, rather than to the match of the diamond necklace, may be traced the French Revolution—that orgy which saw a remedy in death and sought to build on blood, but which, for all its excesses, and despite its failure, stands to-day a warning and a menace to all of every sort whom the taste of power intoxicates to madness.

#### CROMWELL, A RADICAL OF ACTION

The career of Cromwell, contrasted with that of Voltaire and that of Rousseau, is interesting as establishing the difference between the radicalism of action and the radicalism of thought. Cromwell, fired with zeal against the abuses of his day, saw the concrete objects of attack. He inspired his Ironsides with a crusader's thirst for battle. He spoke with cannon and with pike. He smote and strangled and destroyed.

After he had killed the king who was exactly what the country wanted in a monarch, the power fell from the hands of the lord protector. The people began to count the cost. They began to wonder at the passion by which they had been moved. War, viewed in its red retrospect, was, as ever, folly and madness. Cromwell, crimson radical, was fortunate in his death. Though he was spared the revulsion of feeling which hailed the merry court of Charles II, he undoubtedly saw it spreading across his political sky.

Yet, for all the scorn and hatred wherein he was held in life and while the stigma of regicide was still moist upon his name, Cromwell is to-day a word with which to conjure the nations to independence—a name with which to stay the autocratic hand, with which to bring to dreams of privileged avarice a nightmare awakening to the fact of its limitations.

Cromwell's radicalism, like that of Napoleon, was a matter of deeds. The skull of the one was exposed for years in a high place; the life of the other ended in an isolation from which he could gain a vivid picture of the transient quality of greatness. Their impress on the world was the impress of the example. They were warnings, instead of blessings; negative, rather than positive, factors in history.

#### TWO EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY RADICALS

The radicalism of Rousseau and of Voltaire was of a different and a more lasting

order. Theirs was the radicalism of mind, the desperate call to free speech and free thought. In play and novel and essay they laid their lances against presumption and arrogance and conceit. They threw the false reverence of ages on the scrap-heap. They exposed to wondering mankind the fact of its kingship.

Themselves enemies, the work of Voltaire and the work of Rousseau constituted the intellectual renaissance of the eighteenth century. Howled down as an atheist, Voltaire's caustic burned in the formalism with which religion was covered just the rent that was needed to reveal the difference between the false and the true. Denounced as an enemy of the state, the clarifying mind of Rousseau planted in the state the priceless seed of the individual's sense of responsibility and his sense of power.

Both these men, rivals and enemies, grew into their real service to life and humanity. The one a lyric poet, the other an indifferent musician, each found in the practise of an art the germ of the truth they spoke. Few know the plays of Voltaire or his poems; fewer still know anything of Rousseau's opera, of his system of musical notation. But so long as through the development of so-called radicalism the world shall progress toward the ideal of the people best governed with the least government, these two will be linked together as twin beacon-lights of liberty.

Radicalism, in other words, is mental emancipation. It is the spiritual refusal to buy a pig in a poke, to take a horse without looking him in the mouth. Law and science alike find their exercise in precedents. But each precedent spells the name of the radical mind that gave it birth. It is not the rule, but the variation from the rule, that constitutes the real opportunity of a profession. The precedents are simply the blazed trees touching on the unknown. The radical blazes his own path.

Wherever the architect draws his plans, or the mechanical engineer visions forth bridge or tunnel through the medium of figures, there are present the genius and the radical thought of Isaac Newton. Like the story of the cherry-tree, the famous fall of the apple suggesting the theory of universal gravitation is perhaps apocryphal. But the law itself is the product of a trained mind not content with its training. It is the foundation-stone upon which the world's building is achieved. Every sky-

scraper, every towering monument, every spiderlike bridge which nurses the enormous weight of commerce, is a monument to the man who best grasped in the terms of a law now familiar to every schoolboy the principle by which the unity of the universe is most satisfactorily established.

Newton saw, and spoke. Generations after him have applied, and improved, and enlarged. But Newton, his services to astronomy, his discoveries as to the qualities of light, and his theorems and equations aside, remains the radical of mathematics.

#### SPENCER, DARWIN, AND PASTEUR

Herbert Spencer, Darwin, Pasteur, may be described as a trinity of radicals in thought whose work differed as the poles, and yet overlapped and met in practical effect upon the world.

Spencer was a mathematical philosopher. He put life and matter, force and motion, under the microscope of the brain. By masterly induction he erected a theory of evolution including not only lives, but worlds. He held a brief for the economy of nature, for the orderly processes of law. He established the indestructibility of matter, and in its continuing integrity brought force and motion back from the indefinite realm of casual impulse into their rightful recognition as substantive elements in the equipment with which a world is furnished.

A less liberal age attacked Spencer because of his failure to accept the conventional idea of creation; a more tolerant and open-eyed time sees that he contended, not against the doctrine of creation, but against sudden and spasmodic creation, as opposed to slow and orderly development of the created germ.

What Spencer divined in a pure philosophy, Darwin, along similar lines of reasoning, established in the plant and animal kingdoms by herculean labor and the vast accumulation of corroboratory examples.

What Spencer evolved from his intellect, and what Darwin established in part through the medium of natural and biological exhibits, Pasteur developed in his appreciation of the germ-life, and in his subsequent diagnoses of the causation of disease.

Is it too much to say that the scientific triumphs which have practically banished smallpox and yellow fever from the race of deadly scourges, which have robbed diph-



theria of its horrors, which are encouraging the even sterner attack on consumption, have their genesis in the thought and demonstration of the men who, accepting the mystery of life, resolved it into its practical and elemental principles?

For weeks, last spring and summer, thirty thousand American troops were concentrated in a hot climate along the Mexican frontier. Owing to preventive inoculation, not a case of typhoid developed, where the history of similar mobilizations is a record of wasting fevers.

In such circumstances the world may well forgive Spencer and Darwin for that, intent upon the small beginnings of the marvel of creation, they looked askance at Adam and refused to bow to Eve!

#### THE LATEST FRUITS OF RADICALISM

It is needful that in the twentieth century there should be in some sort a logical acceptance of what "radical" and "radicalism" mean. The words, in the light of their history, demand no plea of "not guilty." Not even does the indictment call for confession and avoidance, or for *nolo contendere*. Rather should the radical plead the justification of his faith.

Mention has been made of Newton. One of his pet theorems in connection with the universal law of gravitation was that the greater the speed of a flying body, the greater must be the force to sustain it; whereas it is within common knowledge, in this day of aviation, that the reverse is true. Langley, whose pioneer attempt at mechanical flight came a cropper into the Potomac and broke the inventor's heart, was the radical from whom the Wrights caught their lesson.

For centuries, backed by all the prestige of his name and accomplishments, the Newtonian theory had stood uncontradicted. Langley, first of all, was brave enough to doubt and deny and disprove it. As so often happens, the man who found the secret key was not permitted to live to unlock the treasure.

Consider a partial list of the every-day things which could never have come to pass, had not some one been "radical" to the point of disregarding learning and creating a school—the steamship; the locomotive; the telegraph; the telephone; electricity and its manifold uses; wireless telegraphy; fireless cooking, seedless oranges, thornless cactus—perhaps, in the dawn of some hastening day, the odorless whisky for the viceless man.

Be cautious of the reproach with which you utter the word "radical." Government is an experiment; so is life. The world, like the individual past forty, is "set in its ways." Change, readjustment, give it a catch in the side, hurt its conceit, disturb its repose. But, happily, the microbe of unrest was bedded in the plan and scope of civilization. The cheese works, and ripens. It is human to sigh for "peace"; it is fatal to enterprise to obtain it.

So long as the radical, in whatever sphere, survives to prevent that drowsy folding of the hands for which we yearn, it behooves us all to bear with his iteration and to examine his prospectus.

For the radical is alive; whereas the moribund multitude finds its only excuse for living in his strenuous and virile protest against things as they are—and, more especially, against things as they have always been.

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#### MY LADY OF HOPE

SOFTLY her mystical shadow falls,  
Soothing the glare of the strife-hot day;  
With magical, musical song she calls  
My hands to the task and my spirit to play;  
And my pained eyes rest and her song I borrow,  
My beautiful lady of hope—to-morrow!

Tender as visions of love fulfilled,  
Slenderly strong as immortal youth,  
Sweet dream of a dream of a heartache stilled,  
She comes—and her eyes are the tear-drops of truth.  
But what though she weep? Lo, she brings with her sorrow  
Another dear lady of hope—to-morrow!

George Foxhall

# THE GREAT BOO HANDICAP

BY SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

AUTHOR OF "THE CHURCHING OF BANKSON"

"PUNK!" shouted Bobbie Dulles. "Also slush! And furthermore, Ananias!" And he pounded so hard on the famous long table of the Idlers' Club that Harrison Rittenhouse's cream-puff leaped in terror to the floor.

"I agree entirely with the views which my colleague has so ably expressed," observed Richard Sharswood Clayton, Esq., in his best jury manner.

"This club is infested with a lot of unspanked children," was Mr. Rittenhouse's contribution to the conversation, upon discovering that his injured puff was the last of the flock.

The cause of all this violence and vociferation had been a candid statement by Cadwallader Willson, the artist, that he could play Dulles's and Clayton's best ball, give them six bisques, and make drinks and money by the transaction. Hence the above winged words.

## II

"I WITHDRAW all the epithets that I mistakenly applied to Mr. Cadwallader Willson," said Dulles manfully, the next day, "and I apologize to my venerable friend Mr. Rittenhouse for the accident to his cream-puff, though he's far too old to eat such rich food."

"You go to thunder!" interpolated the outraged Harrison, who wasn't a day over sixty.

"The expression 'punk,' however," continued Dulles, "correctly describes the so-called golf played by my partner. Never did I see such a sickening exhibition. He would put off the tee, and the only drives he made were on the green."

"Did you hear about Bobbie?" interposed Clayton hastily, plainly trying for a diversion. "On the sixth he sliced across the road, and hit a perfectly inoffensive laboring man in the back of his head. The

fellow came tearing up mad as a hornet. 'Me head's broke! That'll set you back just five plunks, you bandy-legged dude!' says he. You know that Bobbie's legs *are*—er—slightly out of drawing.

"I said 'fore,'" said Bobbie plaintively.

"Oh, well," said the laboring man, "you hurt me pretty bad, but I'll take four," and old Bobbie had to give up four bones, because we were all witnesses to his offer."

"He got that so-called funny story out of a paper yesterday," said the slandered Robert, exasperated by the hootings of his table companions.

Then it was that Mr. Rittenhouse, the puffed one, scored.

"So far as I can judge from the conversation," he observed acidly, "golf is a game where the ball always lies badly and the players well."

Thereafter it transpired that Willson had won a lunch, bus fare, six golf-balls, and a perilous number of drinks from the mistaken Richard and Robert.

For some weeks after this Waterloo, there were no further attempts on the part of the twain to separate Cadwallader from any of his portable property. Instead, they assiduously played matches of divers fashions, enlivened by so many startling wagers that Mr. Rittenhouse was impelled to observe that they were no better than common gamblers.

It was Clayton who solemnly gave Dulles odds of a thousand to one in dollars that the latter, on the ninth hole, could not carry the green on his second shot. As the required distance was two hundred and forty yards, and Bobbie had never in his wildest swats equaled two hundred, Clayton's win was not unexpected.

It was Dulles, however, who took a box of balls on a bet that he could carry the bunker on the tenth with a baseball bat.

That feat he accomplished by constructing a tee some three feet high, in spite of his opponent's frenzied protests.

After several days of practise, they once more tried Cadwallader, only to be again routed with great slaughter.

The following week, however, brought an inspiration to Clayton. He had finished a solitary round, and was enviously watching Cadwallader playing a faultless game in a foursome. A placid old gentleman doddering along just behind in another lonesome absent-mindedly drove through the quartet. Cadwallader, a great stickler for golf etiquette, promptly blew up. So did his game. He finished far in the ruck, still breathing out threats and slaughterings against the unconscious recluse ahead.

The next day, Clayton accosted Dulles mysteriously on the way to lunch.

"Hist!" he remarked impressively.

"Wouldst sting the prideful Cadwallader?"

"Count me a hornet," returned Bobbie.

"But how?"

"Here's the how," said Dick, and he unfolded his nefarious scheme. "I'll spring it at the first good opening, and you play up."

There was little delay in the appearance of the opening. The pair found the Idlers in an uproar. Harrison Rittenhouse lay flat on his back, entangled in a chair, with legs feebly waving heavenward, and a stream of strange words issuing from his dignified countenance.

"Oh, shame!" exclaimed Bobbie. "What have they ever been doing to dear old Mr. Rittenhouse? Lean on me, grandpa, and pay no attention to these ruffians;" and he pulled the frantic Harrison out of the wreck.

"Whom are you calling 'grandpa,' you impertinent puppy?" gasped Mr. Rittenhouse ungratefully.

"I withdraw the 'grandpa,'" returned Bobbie conciliatingly; "but, anyway, tell your old college chum why you burrow into the carpet like a prairie-dog."

"It was that childish fool of a Charlton. He bit my leg!" yammered Harrison apologetically. "I'll send in my resignation from this aggregation of hoodlums to-day!"

"Did you say bit or pulled?" inquired Clayton, but before Mr. Rittenhouse could get breath to reply, the abandoned Charlton was corralled and confessed in detail.

It seemed that, taking advantage of Mr. Rittenhouse's ill-concealed dislike for dogs,

he had crouched under the table by his chair as the latter sat down, and, emitting realistic growls, had pinched his leg in a dastardly and hydrophobic manner. Hence Harrison's downfall and the ensuing tumult.

"It was just a case of overwrought nerves," observed Clayton judiciously, when the whole shameful story had been told and Mr. Rittenhouse with difficulty placated. "He's nearly as bad as Cadwallader."

"Has Cadwallader nerves?" inquired Dulles, promptly playing up.

"Surely," responded his fellow conspirator. "You ought to have seen him on the links the other day. A caddie sneezed. Cadwallader cursed something awful, and tried to kill the lad with a niblick. Why, if any one should say 'boo' suddenly to Cadwallader when he's playing, I believe he'd faint."

"That's funny," said Dulles reflectively; "and he's a big, strapping fellow, too. Probably he's got a concealed yellow streak."

Willson had listened to this dialogue with a fine assumption of silent scorn, but the concluding aspersion on his color-scheme was too much.

"I'll back my nerve against either of you paper sports!" he observed bitterly. "The only nerve you show is to play on the links at all."

"Why, Caddie, what talk, what talk!" replied Clayton soothingly. "We don't play the finished golf you do, because we are workers, not idlers; but our nerves are far better than yours, because we have led temperate and virtuous lives, while you—"

"Are on the broad way that leads to the Keeley cure," finished Dulles.

"Well, in spite of these witty, witty remarks," Willson observed acridly, "I notice that my offer remains unanswered. How about it?"

"Cadwallader," responded Clayton solemnly, "you are an artist of wonderful ability. Some day you'll sell a picture. But as a nerve specialist you belong to the punkerino brand; and just to prove it, and give you a needed lesson, Bobbie and I have food, drink, and money that say you can't give us nine boos bisque and play our best ball."

"You're on!" said Willson briefly.

Clayton scribbled hastily for a while on a sheet of club stationery, and finally produced the following portentous document:

Memorandum of wager between Cadwallader Willson, party of the first part, and Robert Dulles and Richard Lukens, parties of the second part.

Party of the first part wagers that he will win a golf-match hereafter to be held between the parties aforesaid, in which match the parties of the second part may speak, mutter, murmur, whisper, shout, sing, say, or otherwise ejaculate the monosyllable "boo" nine times bisque jointly, severally, in person or by proxy, whensoever, wheresoever, and howsoever during the progress of the match either of said parties may elect.

Parties of the second part wager that under such conditions they will win.

The amount of the wager to be paid by the loser or losers is dinner and drinks for each and every member of the Idlers who may witness the match, habitual drunkards and Harrison Rittenhouse barred.

"There you go! There you go!" exclaimed Harrison wrathfully. "Kindly leave my name out of all this childishness!"

"Certainly, certainly, Mr. Rittenhouse," said Clayton obligingly, striking out the offending clause. "I only thought that the late hours, the—er—stimulants, your—er—years"—and he stopped just in time to avoid an explosion.

"Well!" said Willson, after perusing the document with an air of much wisdom, and signing the same. "I'll certainly take much pleasure in setting you both back about fifty plunks apiece on this match, and I hope the whole club comes and eats you into the poorhouse!"

"We are here, Cadwallader," responded Dulles simply, "only to minister to your wants. Please regard us as your private bank."

"Yes," assented Clayton; "this match is merely arranged so that we may give you money in a way that will not hurt your proud nature."

### III

THE match took place on the following Saturday, on the links of the Main Line Cricket Club. Impressed by the open hospitality of the wager, the members of the Idlers attended in numbers formidable to the finances of the loser. Anson P. Bidle, president of the Farmers' Bank; Major Rollin Jayne, general manager of the North American Steel Company, and divers others of the predatory rich were there, much elated at the prospect of free food. There, too, were Franklin Waterhouse, the novelist; Seldon Armstrong, the poet, with a new hair-cut, the first for many inspired

months; and George Carpenter, the publisher, affectionately known as Barabbas for reasons connected with his ideas on royalties. Another dignified spectator was Mr. Rittenhouse, although the day before he had been much irritated over one of Dulles's imaginative anecdotes.

"For a gentleman in his seventy-eighth year, Harrison plays a phenomenal game of golf," the mendacious Robert began loudly, after lunch. "Only yesterday he was telling me of his last match. 'I did the first hole in thirteen and the second in nineteen; but then,' said he, 'I went all to pieces.'"

Stung by the thoughtless laughter that thereupon ensued, Mr. Rittenhouse emerged from behind his newspaper.

"That remark," he observed icily, "is a wilful misstatement of fact. I have never played the game, but I doubt not that I could make nineteen on a hole, or even more, if such a result were worthy of a necessary endeavor;" and he retired amid much applause.

At precisely two thirty the match began. Willson won the honor, and proceeded to tee up in his usual finished manner. To leeward stood Clayton and Dulles, with impassive faces, while the interested gallery made up an assorted background.

Willson gave a few scientific wabbles, and then swung back for a mighty swipe. Just as his driver commenced its downward sweep, Dulles whipped a small megaphone from under his loose jacket.

"Boo!" he bellowed like a bull.

Cadwallader's stroke swerved a fraction of an inch, and the ball, with the innate malevolence of its kind, sliced off at almost a right angle and disappeared behind the guard-bunker of an adjoining green.

Despite golf etiquette, there was a certain amount of cachinnation from the gallery, which did not help the artist's game. It took three strokes to get on the course again, and he finally holed out in a shameful eight. Dulles had a six and Clayton a lost ball.

At the next hole Willson was plainly nervous. As he started to drive, Dulles, in his lee, took a deep breath and puffed out his cheeks threateningly. His opponent involuntarily watched him out of an unoccupied corner of his eye, and the ball, half-topped, carried a scant seventy-five yards. Clayton had one of those encouraging fits of golf which so frequently hearten even the

dub, and took the hole in a bogey four, which Willson just equaled by running down a fifteen-yard put.

The next two holes were likewise halved without the expenditure of a "boo," Cadwallader being plainly off his game, and his opponents apparently reserving their ammunition for emergencies.

Beginning with the fifth, however, the lone player struck his gait, and reeled off a three and a four, which landed him one up at the seventh.

Thereupon his antagonists, after a brief conference, showed their resourcefulness. Near the seventh green, Cadwallader had a difficult approach. Bobbie ostentatiously grasped his trumpet, and the other braced himself for further megaphonic observations. Just as his mashie was descending, Dick, on the other side, in a purely conversational tone, remarked:

"Boo!"

The anticlimax was effective. His antagonist failed to carry through, and the ball ambled and bumped over the turf, to land in a bunker, where it nestled under the bank. Willson lost that hole, but was not affected by another "boo" in the eighth, while the ninth was also his, and he rounded the turn two up.

The tenth was a short hole. All three balls flew over the bunker like swallows. An accurate approach was necessary, as the green was an island surrounded by ditches and bunkers. Dulles was ditched, but by a golden miracle Clayton got a backspin on his ball and landed dead ten yards from the cup. Willson was a foot nearer.

Dick made a gallant effort to gobble the hole, but ran over a couple of yards, while Cadwallader was about the same distance short. Bobbie's caddy took out the iron and stood respectfully by the hole. Clayton putted carefully, and there sounded the soul-satisfying click that a ball makes when it finds the cup.

Cadwallader stooped until his elbow rested against his knee, and started his putter forward.

"Boo!" yelled Dulles's caddy, shrilly and embarrassedly, right in his face.

Willson's arm stopped with a jerk, and the ball stayed, trembling, on the brink.

"You young fiend!" he hissed murderously. "What do you mean by making that infernal noise? I'll have you off these links for keeps, as soon as I can get hold of the caddy-keeper!"

The boy fumbled in his pocket and produced a grimy paper, which he presented to the raging Cadwallader. The latter read:

Know all men by these presents that we, the undersigned, do nominate, constitute, and appoint one Michael Feeny, a caddy by profession, trade, and calling, in our name, place, and stead, to speak, say, and ejaculate the monosyllable "boo" with the same effect and force as if done by us. And we hereby ratify and confirm any and all of his "boos" lawfully made in the premises.

In witness whereof we have affixed our hands and seals.

ROBERT DULLES.

RICHARD CLAYTON.

Willson was speechless. He referred to the original agreement, but Clayton suavely pointed out the phrase "in person or by proxy."

"Behold the proxy!" he observed, waving his hand toward the conscious Mr. Feeny.

"Oh, play the game, play the game!" said the artist bitterly. "I ought to have retained counsel before I made bets with a pair of pettifoggers!"

This last altercation and the encircling grins of the gallery had a baneful effect on Cadwallader's artistic temperament. His swing shortened a foot, there was no follow-through to his approaches nor certainty to his putting; and his two imperturbable opponents, in spite of rotten golf, began to creep past him. Dulles's six took the next hole, and Clayton's four the twelfth. The thirteenth was halved.

The fourteenth was another short hole encircled by sand-pits. Willson, in spite of a sudden "boo" from Dulles, landed safely, and ran down with the regulation two puts. Clayton drove out of bounds, and his partner struck the far edge of the green, forty feet from the hole.

The putting of Dulles was peculiar. He always used one hand, and had a weird habit of shutting his eyes just after making a long put. In this instance the end justified even these shocking means. The ball sprinted down the slope with unnatural precision, and a providential worm-cast kept it from overrunning. Bobbie opened his eyes to find his partner lying weakly on the turf, his legs kicking thankfully in the air, and Willson stalking gloomily on to the next hole.

The tee for the fifteenth stood on the edge of a hill. One hundred and eighty yards away was a brook, on the farther side



of which lay the green, the largest on the course.

Willson's ball soared away into the blue, and, just clearing the water, fell on the edge of the green.

Clayton brandished his faithful cleek, with which he always persisted in driving, and lined out the ball exactly as if he were trying for a home-run. The startled pellet whizzed away in a long, low curve and disappeared from sight in the brook, only to bound twenty feet into the air and roll clear across the green to within six inches of the cup. By a hundred-to-one shot it had struck one of the stepping-stones in the brook, and Clayton ran down a nonchalant two, while for the second time in succession Cadwalader's par three lost out.

Dulles and Clayton were now dormie three, and already began to proceed curvettingly toward the next hole.

"We've got Caddie's goat, all right, all right!" was the burden of their song.

But the artist showed here that he was made of sterling stuff, and began to play great golf. The sixteenth hole he took one under bogey. The seventeenth was always a horror to the novices. The drive was up a long, slanting hill, flanked on either side by rough land, where a ball would invariably find some sort of pocket in which to nestle. Willson soared off and up clear over the summit, and lay safe on the plateau that led to the green.

Clayton, by an almost supernatural slice, landed his ball in the spring where the caddies were accustomed to slake their ever-present thirst. Dulles drove a low ball, which disappeared like a quail in some long grass. Neither was within shouting distance of Willson's triumphant four.

The high hopes of the partners began to wither. Their opponent was going at a tremendous gait, and an extra hole seemed inevitable. That meant playing number one again—always a hoodoo to both of them.

#### IV

A HASTY council of war was held at the last hole, while the artist was shaping the prim tee that always adorned his drive. There were four "boos" left.

"Give him the whole bunch," advised Dulles. "Blow him out of the water with one last cannonade."

All three made good drives. The hole was flanked by two pits, which for depth more nearly resembled artesian wells than

hazards. A straight brassie of about one hundred and fifty yards would land Willson's ball dead on the green. He had done it a hundred times before, and approached the shot with absolute confidence. The ball did not lie entirely clear; and Willson selected from his vast emporium of clubs a trusty baffle, and swung it trenchantly.

The enemy converged upon him from different angles. As the club was swishing downward, a chorus of "boos" from Clayton, Dulles, and their respective caddies blared forth. The shrill falsetto shriek of the youthful caddies was supported by the megaphonic bellows of their employers. If they had been drowning sailors with peculiarly stentorian voices hailing a passing vessel some two miles away, the two players could not have added another sound-wave to their roar, nor their caddies to the horror of their tortured shrieks.

The combination was so eery that even the gallery started back. To Willson, with his nerves like violin-strings from the intensity of his up-hill fight, this chorus was fatal. He shied like a stung horse. The ball carried the distance, but was pulled a score of feet out of line, and dived into the gloomy depths of one of the pits.

"Old Caddie died game!" said Dulles, describing the scene afterward to Jasper Jayne, whom the death of an inconsiderate patient had prevented from attending.

"I long ago learned that the proper clubs for that pit are a bucket and a miner's lantern," went on the narrator; "but Caddie climbed down hopefully with a niblick about the size of a plowshare. After he disappeared from sight, we all gathered around the pit, and pretty near busted ourselves laughing. There would be a dull thud below the surface, and a splash of sand would come up, and then a puff of blue smoke. Such awful profanity I never heard," continued Bobbie, wagging his head sadly. "Don't know where Caddie ever found the time to learn it all and do anything else. Once in a while the ball would shoot straight up like a geyser and then drop back again, and there would be a perfect haze of brutal oaths. We counted thirteen thuds before the ball rolled out and Caddie came to the surface."

"Clayton was in the other pit, and never got out; and it was finally a magnificent ten by that sterling golfer, Robert Dulles, Esq., that won the hole and likewise forty-three dinners!"

# THE MANTLE OF RED EVANS

BY HUGH PENDEXTER

AUTHOR OF "THE BREAKING-OUT OF CLAB PETERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED (SEE FRONTISPIECE) BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

AFTER swinging off the stage at Sandville, he paused in front of the express office, and for a moment gazed up and down the street. The only other passenger had briskly crossed to McCarty's Hotel, and was now entering. Brushing the red hair back from his forehead, and squaring his dusty shoulders, he followed her, only he selected the door opening into the bar.

The transient population of the town was fairly large, owing to the mines, and no particular attention was paid to the newcomer, except as the driver pointed after him and confided to the express agent:

"That chap is hungry. Watch him! But the little piece of calico can take care of herself."

The observation in regard to the male passenger was borne out as soon as he entered the bar. After eying the big man in the soiled apron speculatively, he advanced to the sawdust border in front of the foot-rest, and stated:

"I'm broke. I want a glass of milk and a couple of sandwiches. I'm expecting money through the mail to-night, and will square up as soon as I get it."

As if this statement eliminated all possible objections to his receiving credit, he rested his back and elbows against the bar, hooked one heel over the foot-rail, and stared curiously through the open doorway into the general living-room, or office.

For several moments there was a silence, while the half-dozen loungers softly set down their glasses and stiffened to enjoy the expected drama. It required a certain period of time for the insolence of the stranger's offhand request to penetrate the slow intellect of the man behind the apron. The bartender was an autocrat, who could

give carelessly on an impulse, or suspiciously bestow drinks when the suppliant was adequately abject. But this was different; and as his customers interpreted the passion empurpling his broad face, they frowned and scowled at the stranger's unheard temerity. The newcomer, meanwhile, seemed to be absorbed in his study of the inner room.

The bartender reached his apogee of resentment. He slowly removed his apron, to the applause of a general, expectant grin. He loved this homage of the always thirsty, although at times he pretended to brush it aside. Now he accepted it with a promise in his eyes; and, stepping behind the stranger, and thrusting forward his sullen jaw, he clapped a hand on the dusty shoulder and in a low, jarring voice demanded:

"Who'n thunder be you?"

The stranger's blue eyes never ceased staring at the open door, nor did he seem to sense the menacing hand gripping his shoulder and twitching nervously, preliminary to spinning him about.

"Who'n thunder be you to come around here a giving off orders as if you was a Vanderbilt?" rumbled the bartender, bracing his left hand against the bar.

"I'm Red Evans, from down Culhoes way," quietly replied the stranger, without shifting his position or diverting his gaze.

The bartender's hand dropped to the bar with a thud, and his portly form sagged limply as he found voice to falter:

"Red Evans!"

For the fraction of a moment the on-lookers stared stonily, while their smiles vanished. One by one they became deeply and gravely interested in their drinks.

"I—'scuse me, Mr. Evans. You wanted what?" mumbled the bartender, his hand

shaking as he made a pretense of wiping the bar.

"Milk—sandwiches—on tick," yawned the stranger.

"Yes, sir. In a second, sir," cried the bartender, hastily resuming his apron. "And mighty proud I be, Mr. Evans, to serve the man who laid out the Dutch Twins and the—"

"Let's cut all that," suggested the young man, quickly facing the bar, his mouth straightening.

"You bet your boots!" hurriedly acquiesced the bartender, humbly ducking his head.

Trotting to the ice-box, he produced a ham and cheese, and deftly prepared several sandwiches of unorthodox thickness. The young man's eyes twinkled humorously as he viewed the plate. Quickly falling to, he began eating with a snapping click of his strong teeth that might have suggested to more fastidious company the hurried mastication of a dog.

"Can't I serve you with some prime old rye, or some fine brandy, sir?" coaxed the bartender. "I'd say wine, but it's all cheap stuff and not up to your class."

"No, thanks," refused the young man, brushing his hands on his handkerchief. "But you can give the boys a drink and charge it to my account. I shall be stopping here for the night."

"You bet I will!" cried the bartender, overjoyed at an opportunity to oblige. "When the man who snuffed out—" But the warning narrowing of the blue eyes caused the rest of the encomiastic assertion to find a grave in the rattle of glasses and bar-ware.

"Red Evans, eh?" half whispered one of the men. "Thought he'd look older."

"He's the greatest gun-fighter on earth," babbled the bartender. "Never touches nothing but milk, so's to keep his nerve." Reverently holding up the milk glass, he addressed it, rejoicing. "And to think at last Sandville can put it over Cross Tree and Tibtown! Say, fellers, there's been times when I've been ashamed of my profession, when, night after night, I've stood here and took dirt from the Tibtown and Cross Tree bad men. I tell ye, it was on them times I wished I was in another profession, or that a man like Red Evans could just step in and regulate things!"

All in the room had heard much about Evans. Undoubtedly rumor had grossly

exaggerated his cruel prowess, and planted five men where, of a verity, there reposed but one. Yet, even when shorn of its unearned increment, his reputation was sufficient to satisfy a dozen gun-fighters. No one knew whence he came originally. The incendiary hue of his hair was responsible for his nickname; but if ever the appellation was used as a mark of derision, that day had long since passed.

Thus far, his killings had been confined to a type of nuisance whose demise could scarcely be regretted by organized society. Therefore, while theoretically frowning upon the various takings-off, the law had refused to meddle with his pistol-toting life, and sheriffs and United States marshals were proud to claim his friendship.

As this was his first visit to Sandville, or its vicinity, the excitement soon seethed and found vent in much half-fearful speculation.

"Who is there in town he can be after?" shivered the express agent's clerk luxuriously.

"I'll betcha he's heard of Big Rennon and his bragging ways over to Cross Tree, and he's gunning for him," suggested another to the bartender.

"I'll bet it's One-Eyed Brown, down to Tibtown," declared a mine foreman.

"No one can't tell nothing about it," replied the bartender, openly admiring the hand that had roughly seized Mr. Evans's shoulder. "I only know his coming here is about the biggest thing that could have happened to the town. Did you see them eyes? Like two blue steel gimlets."

"Wonder where he carries his gun?" muttered the express clerk.

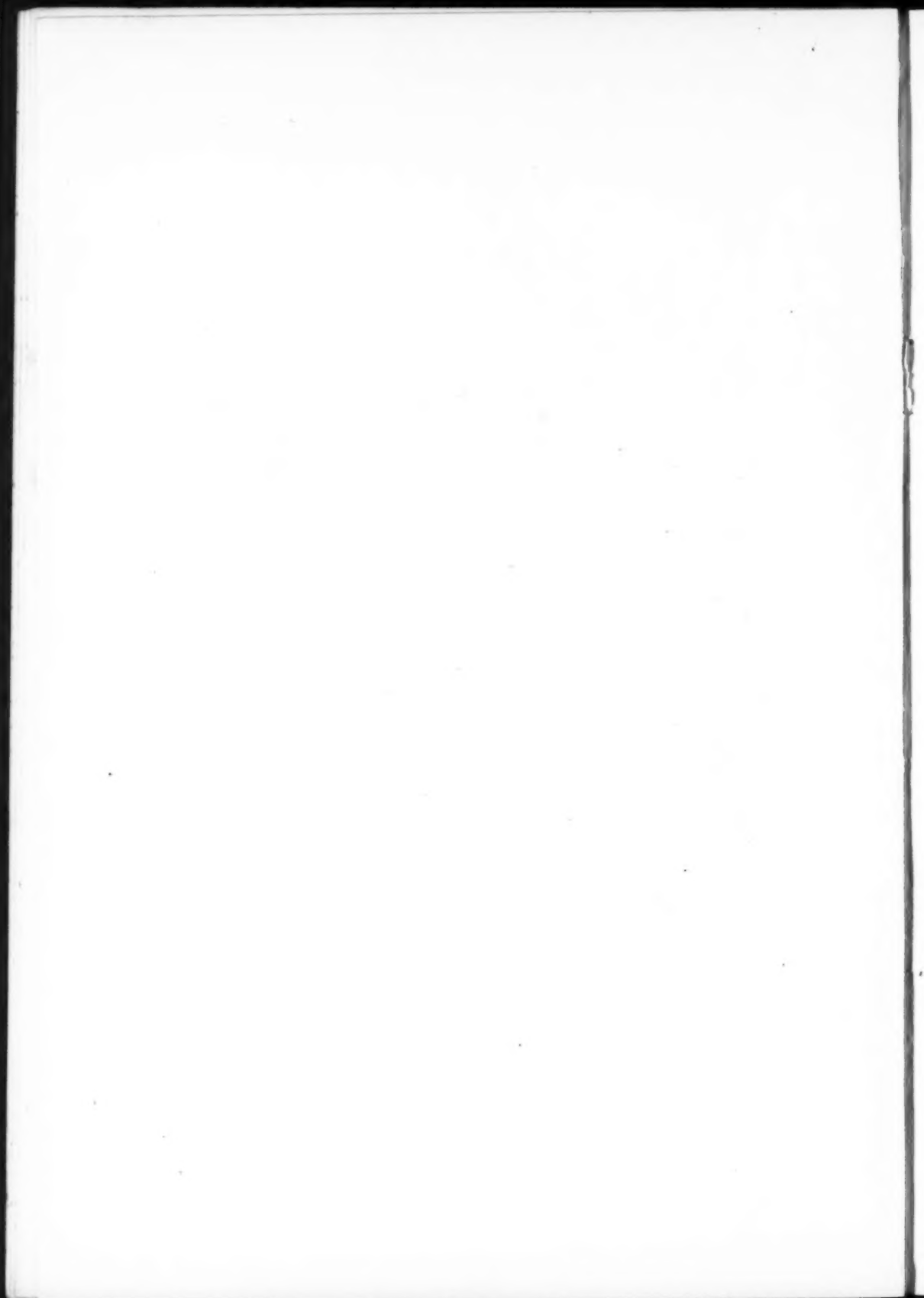
"Ye're welcome to find out. I ain't curious enough to go prospecting for it," loudly assured the mine foreman.

The bartender condescended to explain.

"Some say he carries it in his side-pocket in a sling. Others say he totes it under his left armpit, inside his vest. Mebbe he carries two. All's I know is that no man can pull an' fire quicker'n he can. Old Pop Darling, who croaked last spring, seen him pot the Dutch Twins. He said the Twins was gunning for Red, and caught him napping. They had him covered, he standing kind of gawky-like." The speaker paused to illustrate the alleged posture of Mr. Evans when taken unawares. "Mind you, both his mitts was empty and a hanging by his side; but just as the Twins was going to



"UNBUCKLE THOSE GUNS—QUICK!"





pull trigger, there come a *bang, bang*, and the Twins was down and out."

## II

WHILE this anecdote was followed by a score of others, until a flood of reminiscences was engulfing the bar from end to end, Mr. Evans was impatiently pacing the length of the living-room. He had observed the coming of the woman with more than ordinary interest. When he took his outside seat on the stage, he had caught a glimpse of her slender figure inside. While walking up Flag Hill, he had sought to talk with her through the window, thinking that she was a child. She had repulsed his advances, and he retreated to the box in confusion, realizing that she was a woman.

"She's in here somewhere," he mused, halting before a door that but thinly held back the accumulated odors of past dinners.

Even as he stood there, the door opened, and she stood before him.

She was diminutive in stature, and her hair, a glorious rich red, coiled maturely about her small head, could not offset the impression that she was but a child. Perhaps this fancy was accented more by her eyes than by her slight figure; for they were large and innocently blue, and stared unblinking, with the unconscious frankness of immaturity.

As Evans fell back and gravely surveyed her, she briskly advanced and demanded:

"Are you stopping here?"

"I expect to be a guest," he replied, twisting his hat between his fingers.

"Then register, please, so that I can have the man show you your room. I am Mr. McCarty's new manager."

"His manager?" he cried, astonishment vying with admiration. "Why, I shouldn't say you are—you're different from most managers!"

"Meaning that I am undersized," she coldly observed. "However, I am quite proficient, Mr. McCarty believes, and I am not required to show my credentials to transients. You'll find the register on the shelf."

Evans's face matched his hair, and his eyes evaded her cold, steady gaze as he awkwardly explained.

"Perhaps I have no right to register. I'm broke. I've got money coming, but I'm broke."

"Who are you?" she asked.

He hesitated and glanced down at his

hat, and an apologetic tone crept into his voice as he countered:

"Does it make any difference what name I register? This is a hotel, isn't it?"

"You seem to be mighty much afraid that you'll be taking some chances, for a man who is broke," she replied.

"I'm Red Evans," he shortly confessed, meeting her gaze squarely.

She stared at him wild-eyed for several seconds, her head thrown back as if top-heavy under the mass of burning coils.

"Evans—the gun-fighter!" at last she gasped.

Her emotion, misconstrued by him, restored some of his old assurance, and with the leisurely deportment of the barroom he nodded an affirmative.

Instantly her agitation vanished. Her small figure was drawn up to its fullest possibilities as she sternly told him:

"You're being broke wouldn't prevent your stopping here, as many good men get down on their luck in this rough-and-tumble country. But no gun-man comes here. You must look for lodgings elsewhere."

His jaw dropped, then clinched, as he sneered:

"I didn't know this was a Y. M. C. A. joint."

"It's a hotel," she simply returned, "not a dueling-ground. I was hired by Mr. McCarty to run this place after several men failed. I was running his Upland Springs hotel, and he reckons I'll do. Anyway, what I say goes. Nothing doing in your case, Mr. Evans!"

Her incisiveness and finality appealed to his admiration, in spite of his chagrin.

"All right, Miss Manager," he surrendered, a smile softening his mouth.

He turned to the door. She watched him with troubled eyes, and as his hand rested on the knob her fingers plucked at the bosom of her dress.

"Wait a moment, please," she cried, following him. "I don't like to see you broke. You can't stop here, but I'll stake you."

"Thanks," he hoarsely replied, clasping his hands behind him. "I'm not in the habit of taking hand-outs from reformers or—children. Good-by!"

## III

ORDINARILY, the coming of Miss Holt as manager of the hotel would have caused much gossip. In truth, it should have crowded the bar with the curious; but to

the average masculine Sandville mind, this innovation of a woman manager was overshadowed by the presence of Red Evans.

During the brief life of the town the citizens had sadly felt the want of a successful bad man. Almost every Saturday night the shining lights of Cross Tree and Tibtown invaded the defenseless hamlet and crowded the walk from saloon to saloon, with none to deny them their blustering pleasure. In the early days there had been talk of importing some renowned trigger-fighter to relieve the citizens from submitting to the week-end insults; but as time passed, and the insulted became somewhat inured to the visitations of Big Rennon and One-Eyed Brown, the situation gradually was accepted as being inevitable. Now all was changed. Could Sandville have had its pick from the whole West, no happier choice could have been made than Red Evans.

As a consequence, on the first Saturday night after his arrival, the hotel bar was crowded with a quiet, expectant throng, and the small manager figured in no way in the whispered conversation.

Undoubtedly One-Eyed Brown had decided that it were discretion to remain away. Not so with Big Rennon. Inflamed with repeated visits to the bottle, and urged on by his friends, he entered the bar at his usual hour, prefacing his arrival by a series of shrill whoops in the street.

"Full of fettle and poor lickier," shuddered Fat, the bartender, looking anxiously about. "And Mr. Evans ain't here!"

As the door burst open, and Rennon swaggered in across the threshold, he held his two guns half raised, as if anticipating an ambush. Behind him leered his followers, with hands on weapons. One sweeping glance over the cowering crowd reassured the leader, however, and with a grunt of disgust he replaced his guns and drawled to his followers:

"Reckon some one put him wise I was coming. Well, let's lickier up. Drinks are on the house, I take it!"

"What's your particular fancy, Mr. Rennon?" the bartender was shivering, when a strange hush fell over the gathering and caused him to glance about even as he was reaching for the bottle.

Red Evans, his hands empty, was brushing aside the Cross Tree contingent and was approaching the exultant giant.

"What'll ye have? Name yer pi'zen,

boys. The best in the house! Whoopee! Only don't let me see no Sandville cur a drinking at the bar while I'm here!"

"Remove the bottles, bartender," Evans's low voice broke in at Rennon's elbow. As the giant whirled, reaching for his gun, Evans softly advised: "Don't!"

Then he walked to the door leading into the living-room, and closed it. As he turned back, Rennon was standing half crouched, his right hand at his hip, glaring nervously at his rival. Evans deliberately approached until he could tap the tense, hairy hand to accent his words. Then he said:

"Mr. Rennon, you have been drinking too much. It is time you and your friends returned home. Will you go quietly, or shall I send you over by express on tomorrow's stage?"

For nearly a minute the two held the tableau, the crowd frozen like statues. Then, to the great joy of the Sandville men, and to the amazement of the visitors, the hairy hand crept away from the holster, empty, and Rennon's form seemed to shrink and shrivel. At last he mumbled:

"We only wanted a drink."

"None here to-night for you," Evans told him, kindly but firmly. "The road to Cross Tree is waiting for you."

Slowly wheeling, and with head bowed, the giant passed through the door, his friends silently trailing behind him.

"Hooray!" led off the stage-driver.

Brave as lions now, the Sandville men made the glasses ring with a pean of victory. Evans was sidling to the outer door when a small hand detained him. Glancing down, he gazed into the flushed face of the little manager.

"Step into the office, please," she requested. "I have something to say to you."

As he followed her, he closed the door to keep out the swelling clamor; nor did any one have the hardihood to open it.

"You want to thank me for driving that bully away from your hotel," he said, smiling good-naturedly. "You need not trouble. It was nothing for me to do."

"You are mistaken," she replied, a new note ringing in her voice. "I want to remind you that I am the boss of this hotel, and am able to bounce all the Cross Tree toughs that I don't want here. You are not to make this your stamping-ground again. If you have any appointments with fire-eaters, please keep them elsewhere. Don't come in here again. Do you catch me?"

His face went white as he leaned against the wall and breathed heavily. Finally, in a broken voice, he said:

"You forbid me the place, eh? And ever since you drove me from here I've called each day, only for the sake of getting a glimpse of you. I first saw you on the stage. I followed you in here to see you again. There isn't another woman on earth I'd go across the street to see; but you—you—I can't explain it!"

The color receded from her small, oval face, and she looked up into his eyes almost sadly as she said:

"I know you've been here to see me. I have kept out of your way. Can't you see, if you were the last man on earth, you couldn't come to see me if you were one of two things—either a liar or a gun-fighter?"

"A—a—liar!" he winced.

"Now I know you won't come to see me any more, or bother me in any way, will you?" she continued, in a voice which had become very gentle.

"Can't I fix it? Can't I explain?" he whispered. "I've seen you every day, although you didn't know it. I've bribed the bartender to let me watch you as you directed work in the kitchen. It was a mean trick, but I had to see you. It's only to catch a glimpse of you that I'm staying in this town. I got my money that night, plenty of it. I should have moved on the next day, but I couldn't. My heart was starving. I've been feeding it on thoughts of you. Don't turn me down this time, or I'll be broke in earnest. Stake me for tomorrow—tell me that I may call and explain!" His soul was in his voice as he begged thus.

"There is nothing to explain," she faintly whispered.

"There is!" he cried, raising his hands above his head and clinching them.

"There's this to explain—I love you!"

#### IV

"SHE says she's busy and can't see yez," declared the stout Norah, her Celtic face showing pity for the young man who had waited for many minutes in the stuffy little parlor.

"Tell her that I'm going away—that I'll never bother her again," the visitor pleaded.

"Lay it on strong, Norah."

"Arrah, it's a shame she won't see yez," said Norah, highly indignant. "She's that tiny I'll pick her up under me arm and

bring her here, even if I lose me job for it, Mr. Evans."

As he moodily waited, and became convinced that Norah was unsuccessful in her quest, his face became haggard in despair. In the agony of his meditations he failed to note the rapidly increasing crowd of men in front of the hotel. He had eyes only for the door through which he was praying that she would enter. Consequently, he was astounded to feel a rough hand on his shoulder, to behold a bloated, hairy face close to his, and to gaze into a pair of bloodshot eyes, thatched with dirty reddish brows.

"Stand up on yer pins, ye dude!" growled the intruder, poking the muzzle of a forty-four against the young man's throat.

Evans mechanically obeyed, his gaze unflinching, but his thoughts still with the girl.

"When I hearn tell ye was passing yeself off as Red Evans," continued the newcomer, "I hustle over here to show ye up. I'm Red Evans! I wanted to see the pup that had the nerve to make believe he was me. And to find a slim cuss like you, no bigger'n a tinker's dam! I'm ashamed to do it. I wish ye was a man growed!"

"You are Red Evans?" whispered the young man, resting his hands behind him on a table.

"I be," roared the other, flourishing the revolver. "And I'm here to make ye answer for yer nerve. To t'ink of ye making believe ye was the real Simon pure R. E.! A man of your size pretending to be a gen'lman! I've told the gang outside I was going to drag ye out by the heels! D'ye understand?"

Before the young man could frame a reply, there came a swish and a swirl of skirts, and the small manager stood between them, her hands clinched on her hips, her eyes flashing and flaring into the astounded ruffian's face.

"You cur!" she gritted between her teeth.

"So you are Red Evans, eh?"

"Gawd! I didn't know ye was here!" he cried in a whining tone.

"If you speak another word you'll leave Sandville a dead man," she cautioned, advancing upon him as he retreated toward the door, and each word coming like the cut of a whip. "Unbuckle those guns—quick!"

He made to speak, but the threat in her eyes stopped him, and with trembling fingers he unfastened his belt. Then she turned to the young man and explained:

"This man, who claims to be Red Evans, is Bill Rogers, sluice - thief, horse - thief, cattle-thief, and several other kinds of a thief! There are a dozen ropes hungry for his worthless neck." Wheeling on the cowering Mr. Rogers, she continued: "If you value your worthless life, don't let the men outside know a woman took your guns away. You say it was Red Evans that did it, or I'll speak loud. Git!"

As the man backed from the room, she broke the guns, scattering the cartridges over the floor. Handing the weapons to the stupefied youth, she said with a bitter laugh:

"I happen to know Bill Rogers far south of here. He didn't expect to meet me in Sandville. But you'd better keep up the farce and toss the guns into the street."

He dropped them at his feet, and in a low, scarcely audible voice confessed:

"I am not Red Evans."

"I have known that for some time," she quietly remarked, a trace of a sneer in her voice.

"I am not a gun-fighter," he continued. "I was forced to travel out here for my health. I have never carried, or fired, a revolver in my life. My name is Evans. One night I was taken for the notorious Red Evans. It saved me from a bully. I found that wherever I was mistaken for him, my life was made easy for me. It seemed no harm for me to accept the protection of his name. I only intended to pass through here and return where such deceptions are not necessary. I saw you, and I had to stay. I also had to keep up the miserable sham. I came here to-day to tell you the truth. I had hoped you would allow me to love you. I am not a gun-fighter. I am no longer a fraud. But I can see you think me what is worse than either—a coward. I'll find this—"

"Quit that," she broke in in a wailing voice. She approached close to him, bowing her head in her hands. "I've been praying that you might be what you are. I knew you weren't Red Evans; but you had so much nerve with Big Rennon I thought you

must be a gun-man. I was happy when Bill Rogers poked you around with the gun, and I could see you were green at the game, or you'd have had him a dozen times. And as I began to hope, I stepped in. I—I'm tired of gun-fighting. I would like to live where men don't tote 'em. I want to meet kindly people, who think of something else. I—"

"Then love me and marry me, and leave here and meet kindly people as my wife," he passionately pleaded.

She slowly removed her hands, and, unashamed of her tears, studied him anxiously.

"I—I can—trust you?" she timidly whispered. "I—I liked you at sight. I sort of cried after you wouldn't let me stake you."

"Then you'll love me?" he exulted, half stretching out his arms.

"I reckon I do now—a little," she whimpered.

"But how did you know I wasn't Red Evans?" he remembered to ask as they sat side by side on the haircloth sofa.

"Red Evans was my father," she explained. "His real name was Holt. He died two months ago at Culhoes. His friends kept his death a secret, as he left many enemies who might annoy me if they knew I was alone in the world. McCarty was his friend. My father got a reputation as a bad man by accident—in defending my mother from insult. He had to live up to his reputation or be killed. He always warned me against men who carry guns. He was my father, and I'm proud of him and his fearless life, and he left me enough fighting blood to supply a whole family."

"You'll make me the best little wife in the world!" he ecstatically cried.

"I'll make you a good husband," she stoutly assured him.

"And you'll forgive me for trying to play the diplomat?"

"I have forgiven you already," she replied. Then she mused: "Only father used to spell it with four letters!"

### THE UNATTAINABLE

I WOULD not have you other than you are,  
Although this radiant dawn can ne'er be mine;  
Content am I to worship from afar,  
As one who walks through night may view a star  
That warms him not, though o'er his path it shine.

John E. Dolson



# THE BANDBOX

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

AUTHOR OF "THE BRASS BOWL," "THE BLACK BAG," ETC.

AT half past two of a sunny, sultry afternoon late in the month of August, Mr. Benjamin Staff sat at table in the dining-room of the Authors' Club, moodily munching a morsel of cheese and a segment of cast-iron biscuit, and wondering what he must do to be saved from the death-in-life of sheer ennui.

He was a long, lank gentleman, surprisingly thin, of a slightly saturnine cast. Not only was he unhappy, but he looked it. He was alone and he was lonely; he was an American, and a man of sentiment—though he didn't look *that*—and he wanted to go home. To sum up, he found himself in love and in London at one and the same time, and felt precisely as ill at ease in the one as in the other of these—to him—exotic circumstances.

Inconceivable as it may seem that any rational man should yearn for New York in August, that and no less was what Staff was wanting with all his heart. He wanted to go home and swelter and be swindled by taxicab drivers and snubbed by imported head waiters. He wanted to patronize the Subway at peril of asphyxiation, and to walk down Fifth Avenue at that witching hour when electric globes begin to dot the dusk of evening—pale moons of the world of steel and stone. He wanted to ride in elevators instead of lifts, in trolley-cars instead of trams; he wanted to go to a ball-game at the Polo Grounds, to dine dressed as he pleased, to insult his intelligence with a roof-garden show if he felt so disposed, and to see for himself just how much of town had been torn down in the two months of his exile, and what they were going to put up in its place.

He wanted, in short, his own people; specifically, he wanted just one of them, meaning to marry her if she'd have him.

Now, to be homesick and lovesick all at once is a tremendously disturbing state of affairs. So influenced, the strongest of men are prone to folly. Staff, for instance, had excellent reason to doubt the advisability of leaving London just then, with an unfinished play on his hands; but he was really no more than a mere normal human being, and he did want very badly to go home. If it was a sharp struggle, it was a short one that prefaced his decision.

Of a sudden he rose, called for his bill and paid it, called for his hat and stick and got them, and resolutely—yet with a furtive air, as one who would throw a dogging conscience off the scent—fled the premises of his club. He shaped a course through Whitehall to Cockspur Street, where, with the unerring accuracy of a homing pigeon, he dodged hastily into the booking-office of a steamship company.

Now, mystery is where one finds it, and romantic adventure, as a rule, is to be come upon in those same identical premises. Mr. Staff was not seeking for mysteries, and the last rôle in the world in which he could fancy himself as figuring to advantage was that of a romantic adventurer. But, in retrospect, he can see quite clearly that it was there, in the humdrum and prosaic setting of a steamship booking-office, that he stumbled all unwittingly into the toils of his great adventure.

When he entered the office, there was but one other person on the outer or public side of the booking-counter; and he, sticking close in a far corner and inaudibly conferring with a clerk, seemed so slight and unpretending a body that Staff overlooked his existence altogether until circumstances obliged him to recognize it.

The ignored person, on the other hand, showed an instant interest in the appear-



ance of Mr. Staff. You might have thought that he had been waiting for the latter to come in—absurd as this would seem, in view of the fact that Staff had only within the last quarter-hour made up his mind to book for home. At sight of him, however, this other patron of the company, who had seemed till then to be of two minds as to what he wanted, straightened up and bent a freshened interest on the cabin-plot which the clerk had spread out upon the counter for his guidance. And a moment after Staff had audibly stated his wishes, the other poked a certain spot of the chart with a thin and fragile forefinger.

"I'll take this one," he said quietly.

"Upper 'r lower?" inquired his clerk.

"Lower."

"Thank you!" said the clerk.

Meanwhile, Staff had caught the eye of an impregnable young Englishman behind the counter; the latter coming forward, he opened negotiations.

"I want," he announced, "to book a passage on the Autocratic, sailing to-morrow from Liverpool, if I'm not mistaken."

"Quite so," said his clerk, not without condescension. "For yourself, may I ask?"

"For myself alone."

"Thank you!" The clerk fetched a cabin-plot. "I'm afraid, sir," he said, removing a pencil from behind his ear, the better to make his meaning clear, "there's not much choice. It's quite late to book, you know; and this is the rush season for west-bound traffic; everything's just about full up."

"I understand; but still you can make room for me somewhere, I hope?"

"Oh, yes! Quite so, indeed! It's only a question of what you'd like. Now, we have a *cabin de luxe*—"

"Not for me," said Staff firmly.

"Thank you! The only other accommodation I can offer you is a two-berth room on the main deck."

"An outside room?"

"Yes, sir. You can see for yourself. Here it is—berths four thirty-two and four thirty-three. You'll find it comfortable, I'm sure."

Staff nodded, eying the cubicle indicated by the pencil-point.

"That'll do," said he. "I'll take it."

"Thank you! Upper 'r lower berth, sir?"

"Both," said Staff, trying not to look conscious—and succeeding.

"Both, sir?" in tones of pained expostulation.

"Both!" reiterated in a manner that challenged curiosity.

"Ah!" said the clerk wearily. "But, you see, I thought I understood you to say you were alone."

"I did; but I want privacy."

"I see. Thank you!" as who should say, "Another mad American!"

With this the clerk took himself off to procure a blank ticket.

While he waited, Staff was entertained by snatches of a colloquy from the end of the counter, where the other patron was being catechized by the other booking-clerk. What Staff heard ran something to the following effect:

"What did you say the name was, sir?"

"The name?"

"If you please—"

"What name?"

"Your name, sir."

"I didn't say, did I?"

"No, sir."

"Ah! I thought not."

Pause; then the clerk, patiently:

"Do you mind giving me your name, sir, so that I may fill in your ticket?"

"I'd r'ally rather not; but, seein' as it's you, and you make a point of it—Iff."

Pause.

"Beg pardon?"

"Iff."

"If what, sir?"

"I double F, Iff—a name, not a joke. I-F-F—William Howard Iff. W. H. Iff. Whiff—joke!"

"Ow-w?"

"But you needn't laugh."

With dignity:

"I was not intending to laugh, sir."

Staff could hardly refrain from refreshing himself with a glance at the individual so singularly labeled. Appraising him covertly, he saw a man of stature quite as much shorter than the normal as his was longer. Staff was in the habit of defining his own style of architecture as Gothic, and with good excuse; but Iff was really astonishingly slight of build. He was also rather round-shouldered; his head was small, bird-like, thinly thatched with hair of a faded tow color; his face was sensitively tinted with the faintest of flushes beneath a skin of natural pallor, and wore an expression curiously naive and yet shrewd—an effect manufactured by setting the eyes of a child,

round and dimly blue, in a mask of weathered maturity.

Now, while Staff was receiving this impression, Mr. Iff sharply looked round; their glances crossed. Primarily embarrassed to be caught in the rudeness of staring, Staff was shocked to detect a distinct, if momentary, eclipse of one of Mr. Iff's pale-blue eyes. Bluntly, openly, deliberately, Mr. Iff winked at Mr. Staff, and then, having accomplished Staff's amazement and discomfiture, returned promptly, twinkling, to the baiting of his clerk.

"Your age, sir?"

"Do you really care to know?"

"It's required, sir, by the—"

"Oh, well, if I must! But, mind you, strictly as man to man—you may write me down a free-born American citizen, entitled to vote, and more'n half white."

"*Beg* pardon?"

"I say, I am an adult—"

"Oh!" The clerk wrote; then, bored, resumed: "Married or single, please?"

"I'm a spinster—"

"O-w?"

"Honestly—neither married nor unmarried."

"Thank you!" said the clerk resignedly. "Your business?"

But here Staff's clerk touched the exasperated catechist on the shoulder, and said something inaudible. The response, while equally inaudible, seemed to convey a sense of profound personal shock. Staff was conscious that Mr. Iff's clerk glanced toward him reproachfully, as if to suggest that he wouldn't have believed it of him.

Divining that he and Mr. Iff were bargaining for the same accommodations, Staff endeavored to assume an attitude of distinguished obliviousness to the entire proceeding, and would have succeeded but for the immediate and impatient action of Mr. Iff. The latter, seizing the situation, glanced askance at dignified Staff, then smiled a whimsical smile, cocked his small head to one side, and approached him with an open and ingenuous air.

"If it's only a question of which berth," said he, "I'm quite willing to forfeit my option on the lower, Mr. Staff."

That gentleman started and stared.

"Oh, Lord, man!" said Iff tolerantly.

"As if your portrait hadn't been published more times than you can remember! As if all the world were unaware of Benjamin Staff, novelist!"

There was subtle flattery in this; and flattery will warm the most austere of authors—which Staff was not. He said "Oh?" and smiled his slow, wry smile; and Iff, remarking these symptoms of a thaw with interest and encouragement, pressed his point.

"I don't mind an upper, really—only chose the lower because the choice was mine at the moment. If you prefer it—"

"The trouble is," Staff interrupted, "I wanted the whole room."

"Oh! Friend with you?"

"No; but I had a notion of doing some work on the way over."

"Writing? I see. But if that's all—" Iff routed a negligible quibble with an airy flirt of his delicate hand. "Trust me; you'll hardly ever be reminded of my existence—I'm so quiet. And, besides, I spend most of my time in the smoking-room. And I don't snore, and I'm never seasick. By the way," he added anxiously, "do, or are you?"

"Never!"

"Then we'll get along famously. I'll cheerfully take the upper, and even should I tumble out on top of you, you'd never know it. My weight is nothing—hardly that. Now, what d'you say? Is it a go?"

"But—I don't know you—"

"Business of making a noise like an Englishman!" commented Iff with bitter scorn.

"Well enough to accept such a favor from you," Staff continued. "I'll take second choice myself—the upper, I mean."

"You won't; but we'll settle that on ship-board," said Iff promptly. "As for knowing me—business of introducing myself. Mr. Staff, I want you to shake hands with my friend, Mr. Iff. W. H. Iff, Whiff; sometimes so-called; merry wheeze based on my typographical make-up; once a joke, now so gray with age I generally pull it myself, thus saving new acquaintances the mental strain. Practical philanthropy—what? Whim of mine."

"Indeed?"

"Believe me. You've no notion how folks suffer in the first throes of that giddy jape. And then, when it falls flat—naturally, I can't laugh like a fool at it any longer—*blooie!*" said Mr. Iff with expression; "like that—*blooie!*—they *do* feel so cheap. Wherefore, I maintain I do humanity a service when I beat it to that moth-eaten joke. You follow me?"

Staff laughed.

"Then it's all settled. Good! We sha'n't be in each other's way. You'll see."

"Unless you talk in your sleep, too."

Iff looked unspeakable reproach.

"You'll soon get accustomed to me," he said, brightening. "Won't mind my merry prattle any more'n the song of a humming-bird." He turned and saw their booking-clerks in patient waiting behind the counter. "Ah, there you are, eh? Well, it's all settled!"

Thus was the thing accomplished.

And shortly thereafter these two paused in parting at the door.

"Going my way?" inquired Iff.

Staff named whatever destination he had in mind.

"Sorry. I go t'other way. Take care of yourself. See you to-morrow."

"Good-by," said Staff, and took himself briskly off.

But Iff did not at once go in the opposite direction. In fact, he moved no more than a door or two away, and then stopped, apparently fascinated by some stupid window display.

He had very quick eyes, had Mr. Iff; and it so happened that they had made him alive to a circumstance which had altogether escaped Staff's notice—a trifling incident which had occurred just as they were on the point of parting.

As they stood in the doorway, a motor-cab, plunging down Haymarket, had swooped in a wide curve as if meaning to pull in at the curb in front of the steamship company's office. The cab carried a solitary passenger—a remarkably pretty young woman; and, on its roof, a remarkably large and ornate bandbox. It was, in fact, the bandbox which had first caught Iff's eye. Indeed, only introspective eyes, such as those of the imaginative and thoughtful Staff, could have overlooked the approach of a bandbox so big and upstanding, so profusely beflowered and so prominently displayed.

But before the cab could stop, its fare, who had been bending forward and peering out of the window, as if anxious to recognize her destination, started still farther forward, seized the speaking-tube, and spoke into the mouthpiece in a manner of sharp urgency. And promptly the driver swerved away from the curb and swung his car off down Pall Mall.

If it was mere inquisitiveness that held

Iff rooted to the spot, gaping at that uninteresting window show, it served to discover him in the guise of an admirably patient person. Fully fifteen minutes elapsed before the return of the motor-cab was signaled unmistakably by that blatant bandbox on its roof. As this happened, Iff found some further business with the steamship company; quietly and unobtrusively he slipped back into the booking-office.

As he did so, the cab stopped at the curb, and the pretty young woman jumped out and followed Iff across the threshold—noticing him no more than had Staff, to begin with.

## II

IN French theaters, a hammering on the stage heralds the rising of the curtain to disclose illusory realms of romance. Precisely so with Mr. Staff, upon the door of whose lodgings, at nine o'clock the next morning, a knocking announced the first overt move against his peace of mind.

At that time Staff, all unconscious of his honorable peril, was standing in the middle of the floor of the inner room—his lodgings comprised two—and likewise in the approximate geographical center of a chaotic assemblage of assorted wearing apparel and other personal impedimenta.

He was wondering confusedly how in thunderation he was to manage to cram all that confounded truck into the limited amount of trunk space at his command. He was also wondering resentfully, in the names of a dozen familiar spirits, where he had put his pipe. It's simply maddening, the way a fellow's pipe will persist in getting lost at such critical times as when he's packing up to catch a train, with not a minute to spare!

In short, so preoccupied was he that the knocking had to be repeated before he became objectively alive to it. Then, confidentially, he said:

"What the deuce *now*?" In louder tones, calculated to convey an impression of intense impatience, he added: "Come in!"

He heard the outer door open, and immediately, upon an impulse esoteric even in his own understanding, he chose to pretend to be extravagantly busy—as busy as he should have been. For a minute or longer he acted most vividly the part of a man madly bent on catching his train though he were to perish in the attempt. And this despite a suspicion that he played to a lim-

ited audience of one, and that one unappreciative of the finer phases of every-day histrionic impersonation—an audience answering to the name of Milly, whose lowly station of life was that of housemaid in lodgings, and whose imagination was as ill nourished and sluggish as might be expected of one whose wages were two-and-six a week.

Remembering this in time, the novelty of make-believe palled on Staff. Not that alone, but he could hear Milly insisting in accents not in the least apologetic:

"Beg pardon, sir—"

He paused in well-feigned surprise, and looked inquiringly over his shoulder, as if to verify a surmise that somebody had spoken. Such proving to be the case, he turned round to confront Milly—Milly true to type, wearing a grimy matutinal apron, an expression half sleepy, half sullen, and a horrid soot smudge on her ripe, red, right cheek.

In this guise—so sedulously does life itself ape the conventions of its literature and drama—Milly looked as lifelike as if viewed through the illusion of footlights. Otherwise, as it always gratified Staff to observe, she differed radically from the stock article of our stage. For one thing, she refrained from dropping her "h's" and stumbling over them on her first entrance, in order merely to win a laugh, and so lift her little rôle from the common rut of "lines" to the dignity of "a bit." For another, she seldom if ever brandished that age-honored wand of her office, a bedraggled feather-duster. Nor was she by any means in love with the tenant of the fust-floor-front.

But, though Staff was grateful for Milly because of this strong and unconventional individuality of hers, he wasn't at all pleased to be interrupted, and he made nothing whatever of the ostensible excuse for the interruption; the latter being a very large and brilliantly illuminated bandbox, which Milly was offering him in pantomime.

"It have just come," said Milly calmly, in response to his inquiring stare. "Where would you wish me to put it, sir?"

"Put what?"

Milly gesticulated eloquently with the bandbox.

"That thing?" said Staff scornfully.

"Yessir."

"I don't want you to put it anywhere. Take it away!"

"But it's for you, sir."

"Impossible. Some mistake. Please don't bother—just take it away, there's a good girl!"

Milly's disdain of this blandishment was plainly visible in the added elevation of her already sufficiently tucked-up nose.

"Beg pardon, sir," she persisted coldly, "but it's got your nime on it, and the boy as left it just now asked if you lived here."

Staff's frown portrayed indignation, incredulity, and impatience.

"Mistake, I tell you. I haven't been buying any millinery. Absurd!"

"Beg pardon, sir, but you can see it's addressed to you."

It was. The box being held out for examination, Staff saw unmistakably that it was tagged with a card inscribed in fashionably slap-dash feminine handwriting with what was unquestionably the name and local address of Benjamin Staff, Esq. Because of this, he felt called upon to subject the box to more minute inspection.

It was nothing more nor less than the every-day milliners' hat-box of commerce—a capacious edifice of stout pasteboard neatly plastered with wall-paper in whose dainty design pale stripes of pink alternated with aggressive stripes of purple, the whole effectively setting off an abundance of mauve blossoms counterfeiting no flower known to botanists. And one gibbous side was further decorated with bold black script advertising the establishment of its origin.

"Maison Lucille, New Bond Street, West." Staff read aloud, completely bewildered. "But I never heard of the con-founded place!"

Helplessly he sought Milly's eyes, and helpfully Milly rose to the occasion.

"Nossir," said she; and that was all.

"I know nothing whatever about the thing," he declared. "It's all a mistake. Take it away—it'll be sent for as soon as the error's discovered."

A glimmer of intelligence shone luminous in Milly's eyes.

"P'r'aps," she suggested, under inspiration of curiosity, "if you was to open it, you'd find a note or—or something."

"Bright girl!" applauded Staff. "You open it. I'm too busy—packing up—no time—"

And realizing how swiftly the golden minutes were fleeting, he cast desperately about for his pipe. By some miracle he chanced to find it, and resumed packing.



Behind him Milly made noises with tissue-paper. Presently he heard a smothered "Oh, sir!" and looked round, to discover the housemaid in an attitude of unmitigated adoration before what he could not deny was a perfect dream of a hat—a creation to which only a woman or a society reporter could do justice. In his vision it bore a striking resemblance to a Gainsborough with all modern improvements—as most large hats do to most men.

Briefly, it was big and black, and was trimmed with an atmosphere of costly simplicity, a monstrous white willow plume, and a big buckle of brilliants. It impressed Staff hazily as the very hat to look ripping on an ash blonde. Aside from this, he was aware of no sensation other than one of aggravated annoyance.

Milly, to the reverse extreme, was charmed to distraction, thrilled to the core of her, and breathless—though by no means dumb. Women are never dumb with admiration.

"Oh, sir!" she breathed in ecstasy. "It's a real creashun!"

"Dare say," Staff conceded sourly. "Did you find a note?"

"And the price-tag, sir—it says twen-ty-five pounds!"

"I hope there's a receipted bill, then. Do you see anything remotely resembling a note—or anything?"

"I'll look again, sir," said Milly, with difficulty subduing her transports.

Grunting with exasperation, Staff bent over a trunk and stuffed things into it until Milly committed herself to the definite announcement:

"I don't find nothing, sir."

"Look again, please."

Again Milly pawed the tissue-paper.

"There ain't nothing at all, sir," she declared finally.

Staff stood up, thrust his hands into his pockets, and champed the stem of his pipe, scowling.

"It is a bit odd, sir, isn't it—having this sent to you like this and you knowing nothing at all about it?"

Staff said something indistinguishable because of the obstructing pipe-stem.

"It's perfectly beautiful, sir—a won'er-ful hat, really."

"The devil fly away with it!"

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"I said I'm simply crazy about it myself."

"Oh, did you, sir?"

"Please put it back and tie it up."

"Yessir." Reluctantly Milly restored the creation to its tissue-paper nest. "And what would you wish me to do with it now, sir?" she resumed when at length the ravishing vision was hidden away.

"Do with it?" stormed the harassed gentleman. "I don't care what the d—ickens you do with it. It isn't my hat. Take it away. Throw it into the street. Send it back to the place where it came from. Give it—or wait!"

Pausing for breath and thought, he changed his mind. The hat was too valuable to be treated with disrespect, no matter who was responsible for the mistake. Staff felt morally obligated to secure its return to the Maison Lucille.

"Look here, Milly—"

"Yessir?"

"I'll just telephone—no! Half a minute!"

He checked himself on the verge of yielding to an insane impulse. Being a native of New York, it had been his instinctive thought to call up the hat-shop and demand the return of its delivery boy. Fortunately, the instinct of a true dramatist moved him to sketch hastily the ground-plot of the suggested tragedy:

**ACT I (time—the present)**—Staff saw himself bearding the telephone in its lair—that is, in the darkest and least accessible recess of the ground-floor hallway. In firm, manful accents, befitting an intrepid soul, he details a number to the central operator, and meekly submits to an acidulated correction of his American accent.

**ACT II (fifteen minutes have elapsed)**—He is clinging desperately to the receiver, sustained by hope alone, as he listens sympathetically to the efforts of an English lady-trying to get into communication with the Army and Navy Stores.

**ACT III (ten minutes later)**—He has exhausted himself grinding away at an obsolete rotary bell-call. Abruptly his ears are enchanted by a far, thin, frigid moan. It says:

"Are you theah?"

Responding savagely "No!" Staff dashes the receiver back into its hook and flings away, to discover that he has lost both train and steamer. Tag line: "For this is London in the twentieth century!" (*Curtain—end of the play.*)

Disenchanted by consideration of this



tentative synopsis, the playwright consulted his watch. Already the incident of the condemnable bandbox had eaten up much valuable time. He would see himself doomed to unending perdition if he would submit to further hindrance on its behalf.

"Milly," said he with decision, "take that thing down-stairs, and tell Mrs. Gigg to telephone this hat-shop to call for it."

"Yessir."

"And after that, call me a taxi. Tell it to wait. I'll be ready by ten, or know—"

Promptly retiring, Milly took with her, in addition to the bandbox, a confused impression of a room whose atmosphere was thick with flying garments, in the wild swirl of which a lanky lunatic danced weirdly, muttering uncouth incantations.

Forty minutes later, on the stroke of ten, Mr. Staff, beautifully groomed after his habit, his superbly nonchalant manner denying that he had ever known reason why he should take a single step in haste, followed his trunks down to the sidewalk. Graciously bidding his landlady adieu, he presented Milly with a keepsake in the shape of a golden coin of the realm.

A taxicab, heavily laden with his things, fretted before the door. Staff nodded to the driver.

"Euston," said he; "and a shilling extra if you drive like sin!"

"Right you are, sir!"

In the act of entering the cab, Staff started back with bitter imprecations. Mrs. Gigg, who had not quite closed the front door, opened it wide to his remonstrant voice.

"I say, what's this bandbox doing in my cab? I thought I told Milly—"

"Sorry, sir; I forgot," Mrs. Gigg interposed; "bein' that flustered—"

"Well?"

"The woman what keeps the 'at-shop said as 'ow the 'at wasn't to come back, sir. She said a young lidy bought it yestiddy ahfternoon, and asked to 'ave it sent you this mornin' before nine o'clock."

"The deuce she did!" said Staff blankly.

"An' the young lidy said as 'ow she'd write you a note explynin'. So I tells Milly not to bother you no more abaht it, but put the 'at-box in the keb, sir—wishin' not to 'inder you."

"Thoughtful of you, I'm sure. But didn't the—ah—woman who keeps the hat-shop mention the name of the—ah—person who purchased the hat?"

By the deepening of its corrugations, the forehead of Mrs. Gigg betrayed the intensity of her mental strain. Her eyes wore a far-away look and her lips moved, at first silently. Then:

"I ain't sure, sir, as she did nime the lidy; but if she did, it was somethin' like Burnside, I fancy—or else Postlethwayt."

"Not Jones or Brown? Perhaps Robinson? Think, Mrs. Gigg! Not Robinson?"

"I'm sure it may 'ave been either of them, sir, now you puts it to me pline."

"That makes everything perfectly clear. Thank you so much!"

With this, Staff turned hastily away, nodded to his driver to cut along, and with groans and lamentations squeezed himself into what space the bandbox did not demand of the interior of the vehicle.

### III

ON the boat-train, *en route* for Liverpool, Mr. Staff found plenty of time to consider the affair of the foundling bandbox in every aspect with which a lively imagination could invest it, if with little profit. In fact, he was able to think of little else, with the confounded thing smirking impishly at him from its perch on the opposite seat. He was vexed to exasperation by the consciousness that he couldn't guess why or by whom it had been so cavalierly thrust into his keeping. Consequently, he cudged his wits unmercifully in exhaustive and exhausting attempts to clothe it with a plausible *raison d'être*.

He believed firmly that the Maison Lucille had acted in good faith; the name of Staff was too distinctive to admit for much latitude for error. Nor was it difficult to conceive that this or that young woman of his acquaintance had sent him the hat to take home for her—thus ridding herself of a cumbersome package, and neatly saddling him with all the bother of getting the thing through the customs. But—!

Who was there in London just then who knew him well enough to presume thus upon his good nature? None that he could call to mind. Besides, how in the name of all things inexplicable had anybody found out his intention of sailing on the Autocratic that particular day—something of which he himself had yet to be twenty-four hours aware?

His conclusions may be summed up under two heads—first, there wasn't any answer; second, it was all an unmitigated

nuisance. And so thinking, divided between despair and disgust, Mr. Staff gave up the problem against his arrival on board the steamship.

There remained a single gleam of hope. A note of explanation had been promised; Staff thought it quite possible that the mis-sive might have been sent to the steamship rather than to his lodgings in London.

Therefore, the moment he set foot aboard the ship, he consigned his hand luggage to a steward, instructing the fellow where to take it, and hurried off to the dining-saloon, where, upon a table round which passengers buzzed like flies round a sugar-lump, letters and telegrams for the departing were displayed. But there was nothing for Benjamin Staff.

Disappointed and indignant to the point of suppressed profanity, he elbowed out of the thronged saloon just in time to espy a steward—quite another steward; not him with whom Staff had left his things—struggling up the main companionway under the handicap of several articles of luggage which Staff didn't recognize, and one which he assured himself he did—a bandbox as like the cause of all his perturbation as one piano-case is like another.

Now, if quite out of humor with the bandbox and all that appertained thereunto, the temper of the young man was such that he was by no means prepared to see it confiscated without his knowledge or consent. In two long strides he overhauled the steward, plucked him back with a peremptory hand, and abashed him with the stern demand:

"I say! Where do you think you're going, my man?"

His man showed a face of dashed amazement.

"Beg pardon, sir! Do you mean *me*?"

"Most certainly I mean you. That's my bandbox. What are you doing with it?"

Looking guiltily from his face to the article in question, the steward flushed and stammered—culpability incarnate, thought Staff.

"Your bandbox, sir?"

"Do you think I'd go charging all over this ship for a bandbox that wasn't mine?"

"But, sir—"

"I tell you, it's mine. It's tagged with my name. Where's the man I left it with?"

"But, sir," pleaded the accused, "this belongs to this lidy 'ere. I'm just tikin' it to 'er stiteroom, sir."

Staff's gaze followed the man's nod, and for the first time he became aware that a young woman stood a step or two above them, half turned round to attend to the passage, her air and expression seeming to indicate a combination of amusement and impatience.

Precipitately the young man removed his hat. Through the confusion clouding his thoughts, he foreglimpsed humiliation. Dimly he was aware of a personality of force and charm; of a well-poised figure cloaked in a light pongee traveling-wrap; of a face that seemed to consist chiefly of dark eyes glowing lambent in the shadow of a wide-brimmed, flopsy hat. He was sensitive to a hint of breeding and reserve in the woman's attitude; as if, he thought, the contretemps diverted and engaged her more than did he who was responsible for it.

He addressed her in a diffident and uncertain voice:

"I beg pardon—"

"The box is mine," she affirmed with a cool and even gravity. "The steward is right."

He choked back a counterclaim, which would have been unmannerly, and in his embarrassment did something which, as he instantly realized, was even worse. It approached downright insolence, in that it demanded confirmation of her word.

He bent forward and glanced at the tag on the bandbox. It was labeled quite legibly with the name of Miss Eleanor Searle.

Staff colored, painfully contrite.

"I'm sorry," he stammered. "I—ah—happen to have with me the precise duplicate of this box. I didn't at first realize that it might have a—ah—twin."

The young woman inclined her head distantly.

"I understand," she said, turning away.

"Come, steward, if you please."

"I'm very sorry—ver'," Staff said hastily, in intense mortification.

Miss Searle did not reply; she had already resumed her upward progress. Her steward followed, openly grinning.

Since it is not considered good form to kick a steward for knowing an ass when he meets one, Staff could no more than turn away, disguise the unholy emotions that fermented in his heart, and seek his stateroom.

"It *had* to be me!" he groaned.

Stateroom 432-433 proved to be very

much occupied, when he found it—chiefly, to be sure, by the bandbox, which held the middle of the floor. Round it were grouped various other pieces of traveling-gear and Mr. Iff. Iff was sitting on the edge of the lower berth, his hands in his pockets, his brow puckered with perplexity, his gaze fixed in fascination on the bandbox. On Staff's entrance he looked up.

"Hello!" he said crisply.

"Afternoon," returned Staff, with all the morose dignity appropriate to severely wounded self-esteem.

Iff indicated the bandbox with a delicate gesture.

"No wonder," he observed mildly, "you wanted the whole room to yourself!"

Staff grunted irritably, and, picking his way through and over the mound of luggage, deposited himself on the seat opposite the berths.

"A present for the missis, I take it?" pursued Iff.

"You might take it, and welcome, for all of me—only it isn't mine. And I am not married."

"Pardon!" murmured Iff. "But if it isn't yours," he suggested logically, "what the deuce and all is it doing here?"

"I'm supposed to be taking it home for a friend."

"Ah, I see! A very, very dear friend, of course?"

"You'd think so, wouldn't you?" Staff regarded the bandbox with open malevolence. "If I had my way," he said vindictively, "I'd lift it a kick over the side and be rid of it!"

"How you do take on, to be sure," Iff commented placidly. "If I may be permitted to voice my inmost thought, you seem uncommon peeved."

"I am."

"Could I soothe your vexed soul in any way?"

"You might tell me how to get quit of the infernal thing!"

"I'll try, if you'll tell me how you got hold of it."

"Look here!" Staff suddenly aroused to a perception of the fact that he was in the way of being artfully pumped. "Does this matter interest you very much indeed?"

"No more, apparently, than it annoys you. And it is quite possible that, in the course of time, we *might* like to shut the door. But, as far as that is, I don't mind admitting I'm a nosy little beast. If you

feel it your duty to snub me, my dear fellow, by all means go to it. I don't mind—and I dessay I deserve it."

This proved irresistible; Staff's sense of humor saved his temper. To the twinkle in Iff's faded blue eyes he returned a reluctant smile that ended in open laughter.

"It's just this way," he explained, somewhat to his own surprise, and under the influence of an unforeseen gush of liking for the good-humored wisp of a man. "I feel I'm being shamelessly imposed upon. Just as I was leaving my rooms this morning this hat-box was sent to me, anonymously. I assume that some cheeky girl has sent it to me to tote home for her. It's a certificated nuisance—but that isn't all. There happens to be a young woman named Searle on board, who has an exact duplicate of this infernal contraption. A few moments ago I saw hers, assumed it must be mine, quite naturally claimed it, and was properly called in the politest, most crushing way imaginable. Hence this headache."

"So!" said Mr. Iff. "So that is why he doesn't love his dear little bandbox! A Miss Earle, I think you said?"

"No, Searle. At least, that was the name on her luggage."

"Oh, Searle, eh?"

"You don't happen to know her, by any chance?" Staff demanded, not without a trace of animation.

"Who? Me? Nothing like that," Iff disclaimed hastily.

"I just thought you might," said Staff, disappointed.

For some moments the conversation languished. Then Staff rose and pressed the call-button.

"What's up?" asked Iff.

"Going to get rid of this," said Staff with an air of grim determination.

"Just what I was going to suggest. But don't do anything hasty—anything you'll be sorry for."

"Leave that to me, please."

From his tone, the assumption was not unwarrantable that Staff had never yet done anything that he had subsequently found cause to regret. Pensively slapping his left wrist, Iff subsided.

In good time a steward appeared in the doorway.

"You rang, sir?"

"Are you our steward?" asked Staff.

"Yes, sir."

"Your name?"

"Orde, sir."

"Well, Orde, where can you stow this thing where it won't be in our way?"

Orde eyed the handbox doubtfully.

"I dessay I can find a plice for it," he said at length.

"Do, please."

"Very good, sir. Thank you!"

Possessing himself of the handbox, Orde retired.

"And now," suggested Iff with much vivacity, "s'pose we unpack and get settled?"

They proceeded to distribute their belongings, sharing the meager conveniences of their cramped quarters with the courteous impartiality of experienced travelers.

It was rather late in the afternoon before Staff found an opportunity to get on deck for the first time. The hour was golden with the glory of a westerling sun. The air was bland, the sea quiet. The Autocratic had settled into her stride, bearing swiftly down St. George's Channel for Queenstown, where she was scheduled to touch at midnight. Her decks presented the scenes of animation familiar to the eyes of the weathered voyager.

There was the customary confusion of petticoats and sporadic displays of steamer-rugs along the ranks of deck chairs. Deck stewards darted hither and yon, wearing the harassed expressions appropriate to persons of their calling—praying, doubtless, for that bright day when some public benefactor should invent a steamship having at least two leeward sides. A clatter of tongues assailed the ear, the high, sweet accents of American women predominating. With singular unanimity, the masculine element of the passenger list—like birds of prey wheeling in ever-diminishing circles above their quarry—drifted imperceptibly but steadily aft, toward the smoking-room.

The two indispensable adjuncts to a successful voyage had already put in their appearance—item, the Pest, an overdressed, overgrown, shrill-voiced female child, blundering into everybody's way and shrieking impertinences; item, a short, stout, sedulously hilarious gentleman who oozed public-spirited geniality at every pore and insisted on buttonholing inoffensive strangers and demanding that they should enter for an embryonic deck-quoit tournament—in short, discovering every known symptom of being the self-elected Life and Soul of the Ship.

Staff dodged them both, by discretion and good fortune; and, having found his deck chair, dropped into it with a sigh of content, composing himself for rest and thought. His world seemed very bright with promise, just then. He felt that, if he had acted on impetuous impulse, he had not acted unwisely. Only a few more hours—then the pause at Queenstown—then the brief, six-day stretch across the Atlantic to home and Alison Landis!

It seemed almost too good to be true. He all but purred with content at the prospect.

Of course, he had a little work to do, but he didn't mind that. It would help immensely to beguile the tedium of the voyage; and all that he required in order to do it well was the moral courage to shut himself up for a few hours each day, and to avoid social entanglements as far as possible.

At just about this stage in his meditations he was somewhat rudely brought back to earth—or, more properly, to deck.

A voice shrieked excitedly:

"Why, Mr. Staff!"

To be precise, it misalled him "Stahf." It was a shrill, penetrating, overcultivated American voice making an only semisuccessful attempt to cope with the broad vowels of modern English enunciation.

Staff looked up, recognized its owner, and said beneath his breath: "Oh, Lord!"—his soul curdling with recognition. But nothing of this was discernible in the alacrity with which he jumped up and bent over a bony but bedizened hand.

"Mrs. Ilkington!" he said.

"Rully," said the lady, "the world is ve-ry small, isn't it?"

She was a lean, angular, inordinately vivacious body, whose years, forty in number, were making a brave struggle to masquerade as thirty. She was notorious for her execrable taste in gowns and jewelry, but her social position was impregnable, and her avowed mission in life was to bring together society (meaning the caste of money) with the arts (meaning those humble souls content to sell their dreams for the wherewithal to sustain life).

Her fondness for the bromidioms of conversation always stupefied Staff, left him dazed and witless. In the present instance he could think of nothing better to say than that hoary banality:

"This is indeed a surprise."



"Flatterer!" said Mrs. Ilkington archly. "I'm not surprised," she pursued. "I might have known you'd be aboard this vessel."

"You must be a prophetess of sorts, then," he said, smiling. "I didn't know I was going to sail till late yesterday afternoon."

"Deceiver!" commented the lady calmly. "Why can't you men *ever* be frank?"

Staff's surprise merged into some annoyance.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Ah, but two can play at that game!" she assured him spiritedly. "If you won't be open with me, why should I tell all I know?"

"I'm sure I don't know what you're driving at, Mrs. Ilkington."

"Would it improve your understanding"—she threatened him gaily with a gem-encrusted forefinger—"if I were to tell you I met a certain person in Paris last week who talked to me about you?"

"It would not," said he stiffly. "Who—"

"Oh, well, if you *won't* be frank!" Mrs. Ilkington's manner implied that he was a bold, bad butterfly, but that she saw through him none the less. "Tell me"—she changed the subject abruptly—"how goes the great play?"

"Three acts are written," he said; "the fourth—"

"But I thought you weren't to return to America until it was quite finished?"

"Who told you that, please?"

"Never mind, sir! How about the fourth act?"

"I mean to write it *en voyage*," said he, perplexed.

From whom could this woman possibly have learned so much that was intimate to himself?

"You have it all mapped out, then?" she persisted.

"Oh, yes; it only needs to be put on paper."

"Rully, then, it's true, isn't it, that the writing is the least part of play-construction?"

"Who told you that?" he asked again, this time amused.

"Oh, a very prominent man," she declared, and named him.

Staff laughed.

"A too implicit belief in that theory, Mrs. Ilkington," said he, "is responsible for the large number of perfectly good plays

that somehow never get written—to say nothing of the equally large number of perfectly good playwrights who somehow never get anywhere."

"Clever!" applauded the lady. "But aren't you wasteful of your epigrams?"

He could cheerfully have slain her then and there; for which reason the civil gravity he preserved was all the more commendable.

"And now," he persisted, "won't you tell me with whom you were discussing me in Paris?"

She shook her head at him reprovingly.

"You don't know?"

"No."

"You can't guess."

"Not to save me."

"Rully?"

"Honestly and truly," he swore, puzzled by the undertone of light malice which he thought to detect in her manner.

"Then," said she with decision, "I'm not going to get myself into trouble by babbling. But, if you promise to be nice to me all the way home—" She paused.

"I promise," he said gravely.

"Then, if you happen to be at the head of the companion-ladder when the tender comes off from Queenstown to-night, I promise you a huge surprise."

"You won't say more than that?" he pleaded.

She appeared to debate.

"Yes," she announced mischievously.

"I'll give you a leading hint. The person I mean is the purchaser of the Cadogan collar."

His eyes were blank.

"And what, please, is the Cadogan collar?"

"You don't mean to tell me you've never heard of it?" She paused with dramatic effect. "Incredible! Surely everybody knows about the Cadogan collar, the most magnificent necklace of pearls in the world?"

"Everybody, it seems, but myself, Mrs. Ilkington."

"Rully!" she cried, and tapped his arm playfully. "You are as stupid as most brilliant men!" A bugle sang through the evening hour. The lady started consciously. "Heavens!" she cried. "Time to dress for dinner! I must fly! Have you made your table reservation yet?"

"Yes," he said hastily.

"Then do see the second steward at once



and get transferred to our table; we have just one vacant chair. Oh, but you must; you've promised to be nice to me, you know. And I do so want you to meet one of my protégées—such a sweet girl—a Miss Searle. I'm sure you'll be crazy about her—at least, you would be if there were no Alison Landis in your cosmos. Now, do attend to that right away. Remember, you've promised!"

Staff bowed as she fluttered away. In his heart he was thoroughly convinced that this were a sorry scheme of things indeed did it not include a special Hades for Mrs. Ilkingtons.

What had she meant by her veiled references to this mysterious person in Paris who was to board the steamer at Queens-town? How had she come by so much personal knowledge of himself and his work? And what did she know about his love for Alison Landis?

He swore thoughtfully, and went below to dress, stopping on the way to make arrangements with the second steward to have his seat changed in accordance with his exacted promise.

#### IV

At the time when he had allowed himself to be persuaded, Staff felt sure that he should not have agreed to change his seat to the table occupied by Mrs. Ilkington's party, especially if he meant to carry out his plan to work aboard the Autocratic. It wasn't long after he had taken his place at the first dinner that he was positive that he had blundered beyond remedy.

The table was round, and seated seven, but when the party had assembled there remained two vacant places. Staff was assigned to the chair on Mrs. Ilkington's right, and was sensitive to a not too subtle implication that this was the seat of honor. He would cheerfully have exchanged it for the lady's left, where he would have had a chance to talk to Miss Searle, to whom he earnestly desired to make an explanation and such amends for his rudeness as she would permit. But a man named Bangs, endowed with impressive self-assurance, altogether too much good looks measured by the standards of the dermatological institute advertisements, and no excess baggage in the way of intelligence, sat on Mrs. Ilkington's left, with Miss Searle beyond him.

The owner of the other bandbox had suffered Staff to be presented to her with—so

he fancied—considerable repressed amusement. Not that he blamed her, but—

His position was rendered unhappy to the verge of being impossible, however, by the lady on his own right—a Mrs. Whitaker, darkly temperamental and buxom, a divorcée, and, as she lost no time in telling him, likewise a playwright. True, none of her plays had ever been produced; but that was indisputably due to a managerial conspiracy. What she really needed was a friend at court—some clever man having "the ear of the managers." Staff gathered that a truly clever man could warm up a play and pour it into the ear of the managers like laudanum and sweet oil. With such a man, he was given to understand, Mrs. Whitaker wouldn't mind collaborating; she had manuscripts in her steamer trunk.

While he was easing away and preparing to run before the wind to escape any such hideous complication, he was abruptly brought up all standing by the information that the color of the lady's soul was pink. She knew this to be a fact beyond dispute, because she could never do her best work save when garbed exclusively in pink. She enumerated several articles of wearing apparel not customarily discussed between comparative strangers, but which—always provided they were of pink material—she held indispensable to the task of dramatic composition.

In his great agony, happening to glance in Miss Searle's direction, Staff saw her with head bent and eyelids lowered, lips compressed and color a trifle heightened, her shoulders suspiciously quivering. Incongruously the impression obtruded that they were unusually handsome shoulders. For that matter, she was an unusually handsome young woman—tall, fair, with a face featured with faint, exquisite irregularity, brown eyes, and brows in striking contrast to the rich golden color of her hair; well poised and balanced—sure, but not too conscious of herself.

Staff heard himself saying "Beg pardon?" to a third repetition of one of Mrs. Whitaker's gratuitous confidences. At this he took fright, and drew back into his reserve for the remainder of the meal. As soon as he decently could, he made his excuses and fled to join Iff in the smoking-room.

He found the little man indulging his two passions; he was drinking whisky and

soda and playing bridge, and doing both in the most masterly manner. Staff watched the game for a while, and then, the opportunity offering, cut in. He played till ten o'clock, at which hour, wearied, he yielded his seat to another, leaving Iff the victor of six rubbers and twelve whiskies and sodas. As Staff went out on deck, the little man cut for the seventh and ordered the thirteenth. Neither indulgence seemed to have had any perceptible effect upon him.

Staff strolled forward, drinking in air that seemed the sweeter by contrast with the reeking room which he had just quitted. The wind had freshened since nightfall; it blew strong and cool, but not keen; and there was more motion in the sea that sang overside, wrapped in Cimmerian blackness. The sky had become overcast; there were no stars; only the lights on the Irish coast twinkled small, bright, incredibly distant, over the waters. The decks were softly aglow with electric lamps, lending a deeper shade of velvety denseness to the night beyond the rails.

He hadn't moved far forward when his quick sight picked out the shimmer of a woman's hair, like spun gold, about amidships in the rank of deck chairs. He made sure that it was Miss Searle, and it was. She sat alone, with none near her, her head resting against the back of the chair, her face turned a trifle forward, so that she was unaware of his approach until he stopped before her.

"Miss Searle—" he said diffidently.

She looked up quickly, and smiled in what he thought a friendly way.

"Good evening," said she; and moved her body slightly in the deck chair, turning a little to the left, as if expecting him to take the vacant chair on that hand.

He did so promptly; and abruptly found himself wholly without words wherewith to phrase that which he had in mind to say. In such emergency he resorted to an old, tried, and true trick of his. He began to talk on the first subject, unrelated to his dilemma, that popped into his head.

"Are you a good sailor?" he inquired.

The girl nodded.

"Very."

"Not afraid of seasickness?"

"No. Why?"

"Because," said Staff soberly, "I've been praying for a hurricane."

She nodded again without speaking, her eyes alone questioning.

"Mrs. Ilkington," he pursued evenly, "confided to me at dinner that she is a very poor sailor indeed."

Miss Searle laughed quietly.

"You desire a punishment to fit the crime?"

"There are some crimes for which no adequate punishment has ever been contrived," he returned, beginning to see his way, and to think himself uncommonly clever.

"Oh!" said Miss Searle, with a little laugh. "Now, if you're leading up to a second apology about that question of the bandbox, you needn't, because I've forgiven you already."

He glanced at her reproachfully.

"You just had to beat me to that, didn't you?" he complained. "All the same, it was inexcusable of me."

"Oh, no; I quite understood."

"You see," he persisted obstinately, "I really did think it was my bandbox. I actually have one with me precisely like yours."

"Oh, I quite believed you the first time."

Something in her tone moved him to question her face sharply; but he found her shadowed eyes inscrutable.

"I half believe you know something—" he ventured, perplexed.

"Perhaps," she nodded, with an enigmatic smile.

"What do you know?"

"Why," she said, "it was simple enough. I happened to be in Lucille's yesterday afternoon when a hat was bought and ordered to be delivered to you."

"You were! Then you know who sent it to me?"

"Of course." Her expression grew curious. "Don't you?"

"No," he said excitedly. "Tell me!"

But she hesitated. "I'm not sure that I ought—"

"Why not?"

"It's none of my affair—"

"But surely you must see! Listen; I'll tell you about it." He narrated succinctly the intrusion of the mysterious bandbox into his ken that morning. "Now, a note was promised; it must have miscarried. Surely there can be no harm in your telling me. Besides, I've a right to know."

"Possibly; but I'm not sure that I've a right to tell. Why should I be a spoilsport?"

"You mean," he said thoughtfully, "that

you think it's some sort of a practical joke?"

"What do you think?"

"H'm!" said Staff. "I don't like to be made fun of," he added, a trifle sulkily.

"You are certainly a dangerously original man," said Miss Searle; "almost abnormal."

He made himself look deeply hurt. The girl laughed softly. He thought it rather remarkable that they should enjoy such a sympathetic sense of humor on such short acquaintance.

"The most unkindest knock of all!" he murmured.

"But you forgive me?"

"Oh, yes," he said generously; "only, of course, I couldn't help feeling it a bit—coming from *you*."

"From *me*?" Miss Searle sat up in her deck chair and turned to him. "Mr. Staff, you're not flirting with me?"

"Heaven forefend!" he cried, so sincerely that both laughed.

"Because," said she, sinking back, "I must warn you that Mrs. Ilkington has been talking—"

"Oh!" he groaned from his heart. "Confound that woman!"

There was an instant of silence; then he stole a contrite look at her immobile profile, and started to get up.

"I—Miss Searle," he stammered, "I beg your pardon—"

"Don't go," she said quietly. "That is, unless you want to. My silence was merely sympathetic."

He sat back.

"Thank you," he said gratefully; and for some seconds considered the case of Mrs. Ilkington, not charitably, but with murder in his bosom. "Do you mean," he resumed presently, "she has—ah—connected my name with—"

"Yes," nodded the girl.

"Something lingering, with boiling oil," he quoted presently. "What staggers me is how she found out. I was under the impression that only the persons most concerned know about it."

"Then it's true? You are engaged to marry Miss Landis? Or is that an impertinent question?" Without pause, the girl answered herself. "Of course it is; only I couldn't help asking. Please forget that I spoke—"

"Oh, I don't mind," he said wearily; "now that Mrs. Ilkington has begun to dis-

tribute handbills. Only I don't know that there's a regular, hard and fast engagement; just an understanding."

"Thank you," said Miss Searle. "I promise not to mention the matter again." She hesitated an instant, then added: "To you or anybody else."

"You see," he went on after a little, "I've been working on a play for Miss Landis, under agreement with Jules Max, her manager. They want to use it to open Max's newest Broadway theater, late this autumn. That's why I came across—to find a place in London to bury myself in and work undisturbed. It means a good deal to me—to all of us—this play. But what I'm getting at is this: Alison—Miss Landis—didn't leave the States this summer; Mrs. Ilkington, as she told me at dinner, came across before I did. So, how in Heaven's name—"

"I hadn't seen anything of Mrs. Ilkington for more than a year," said Miss Searle cautiously, "until we met on board ship this afternoon."

He was conscious of the hint of uneasiness in her manner, but inclined to assign to it the wrong cause.

"I trust I haven't bored you, Miss Searle—talking about myself?"

"Oh, no; indeed no! You see"—she laughed—"I quite understand; I keep a temperament of my own—if you should happen to wonder why Mrs. Ilkington interests herself in me. I'm supposed to have a voice, and to be in training for grand opera."

"Not really?"

Again she laughed.

"I'm afraid there isn't any cure for me at this late date," she protested. "I've gone so far that I must go farther. But I know what you mean. People who sing *are* difficult. However—" She stirred restlessly in her chair, then sat up. "What is that light over there?" she asked. "Do you know?"

Staff's gaze sought the indicated direction. "Roche's Point, I imagine; we're about due at Queenstown."

"Can it be as late as that?" The girl moved as if to rise. Staff jumped up and offered her a hand. In a moment she was standing beside him. "I must go below," she said. "Good night!"

"You won't tell me who it was in Lucille's yesterday?" he harked back pleadingly.

She shook her head gaily as she turned

forward to the main companionway entrance.

"No; you must find out for yourself."

"But perhaps it isn't a practical joke?"

"Then—*perhaps*—I shall tell you all!"

He paused by the raised door-sill as she stepped within the superstructure.

"Why not stop up and see the tender come off?" he suggested. "It might be interesting.

She flashed him a look of gay malice.

"If we're to believe Mrs. Ilkington, you're likely to find it more interesting than I. Good night!"

"Oh, good night!" he muttered, disturbed; and turned away to the rail.

Staff's perturbed vision ranged far away to the slowly shifting shore lights. The big steamship had come very close to the rocky mouth of the harbor; but still the lights, for all their singular brightness, seemed distant, incalculably far away. The gulf of blackness that set them apart seemed to exaggerate all distances tenfold. The cluster of sparks flanked by green and red that marked the hovering tender appeared to float at an infinite remove, invisibly buoyed upon the bosom of a fathomless void of night.

Out of this wind-swept waste of impenetrable darkness was to come the answer to all the questions that perplexed him—perhaps. Something at least would come to influence him; or Mrs. Ilkington's promise had been mere *blague*. Then what?

Afterward, he assured himself that his stupidity had been unparalleled, inconceivable. And, indeed, there seems to be some color of excuse for this drastic stricture, self-inflicted as it was.

Below him, on the main-deck, a number of deck-hands, superintended by a petty officer, were rigging out the companion-ladder. Very suddenly—so it seemed, because of the immense quiet that enveloped the ship, for all its teeming life, upon the cessation of the engines' song—the vessel hesitated and no longer moved. The tender ranged alongside and made fast to her gigantic sister; and almost at once the passengers began to mount the companion-ladder.

Staff promptly abandoned his place at the rail, and ran down to the main-deck. As he approached the doorway opening adjacent to the companion-ladder, he heard a woman laugh out on the deck—a laugh, once heard, never to be forgotten; clear,

sweet, strong, musical as a peal of fairy bells.

He stopped short; and so did his breath, for an instant; and so, he fancied, did his heart. This, then, was what Mrs. Ilkington had hinted at! But one woman in all the world could laugh like that!

Almost at once she appeared, breaking through the cluster of passengers on the deck and swinging into the lighted interior with a manner suggestive of intense vitality and physical strength. She paused, glancing back over her shoulder, waiting for somebody who should be following her; a magnificent creature, splendidly handsome, wonderfully graceful, and beautiful beyond compare.

"Alison!" Staff breathed hoarsely, dumfounded.

Though his exclamation could by no means have carried to her ears, she seemed to be instantly sensitive to the vibrations of his emotion. She swung round, raking her surroundings with a bright, curious glance, and saw him. Her smile deepened adorably, her eyes brightened, she moved impulsively toward him with outflung hands.

"Why!" she cried. "Why, Staff! Such a surprise!"

Nothing could have been more natural, spontaneous, and unaffected. In an instant his every doubt or misgiving was erased—blotted out as if it had never been. He caught and held her hands, for the moment speechless; but his eyes were all too eloquent. Under the steadfast sincerity of their regard, her own gaze wavered, shifted, and fell. She colored consummately; then, with a gentle but determined manner, disengaged her hands.

"Don't!" she said, in the low, intimate voice she knew so well how to use. "Don't! People are looking!" And then, with a bewildering shift, resuming her former spirit: "Of all things wonderful, Staff—to meet you here!"

She was acting—masking with her admirable art some emotion secret from him. He knew this—felt it intuitively, though he did not understand; and the knowledge affected him poignantly. What place had dissimulation in their understanding? Why need she affect what she did not feel—to him?

Distressed, bewildered, he met evasion with native straightforwardness.

"I'm still stunned," he told her, holding her eyes with a grave, direct gaze. "I'm



afraid I don't understand. How does this happen?"

"Why, of course," she said, maintaining her artificial elation, "I infer that you've finished the play and are hurrying home. So—we meet, dear boy. Isn't it delightful?"

"But you're here, on this side?"

"Oh, just a flying trip. Max wanted me to see Bisson's new piece at the Porte St. Martin. I decided to go at the last moment—caught the Mauretania on eight hours' notice—stayed only three days in Paris—booked back on this tub by telegraph—traveled all day to catch it by this wretched, roundabout way. And—there you are, my dear!"

She concluded with a gesture charmingly ingenuous and disarming; but Staff shook his head impatiently.

"You say you came over to Europe—you passed through London twice—you stayed three days in Paris, Alison—and never let me know?"

"Obviously." She lifted her shoulders slightly, with a light laugh. "Haven't I just said as much? You see, I didn't want to disturb you; it means so much to—to you and me, Staff—the play."

Unsatisfied, knitting his brows faintly, he said:

"I wonder—"

"My dear," she protested gaily, "you must positively not scowl at me like that! You frighten me; and besides, I'm tired to death—this wretched rush of traveling! To-morrow we'll have a famous young pow-wow, but to-night—do say good night to me prettily, like a dear, good boy, and let me go! It's sweet to see you again; I'm wild to hear about the play. Jane!" she called, turning.

Her maid, a tight-mouthed, unlovely creature, moved sedately to her side.

"Yes, Miss Landis?"

"Have my things come up yet?"

The maid responded affirmatively.

"Good! I'm dead, almost!" She turned back to Staff, offering him her hand, and with it, bewitchingly, her eyes. "Dear boy, good night!"

He bent low over the hand to hide his dissatisfaction. He felt a bit old to be treated like a petulant child.

"Good night," he said stiffly.

"What a bear you are, Staff! Can't you wait till to-morrow? At all events, you must!"

Laughing, she swept away, following her maid up the companion-stairs. Staff followed her with his eyes, and more leisurely with his person, frowning, perplexed.

As he turned aft, on the upper deck, meaning to go to the smoking-room for a good-night cigarette—absorbed in thought and paying no attention to his surroundings—a voice saluted him with a languid, exasperating drawl.

"Ah, Staff! How d'ye do?"

He looked up, recognizing a distant acquaintance. It was a man of medium height, with a tendency toward stoutness and a taste for extremes in the question of clothes; with dark, keen eyes deep-set in a face somewhat too pale, a close-clipped gray mustache, and a high and narrow forehead too frankly betrayed by the derby that he wore well back on his head.

Staff nodded none too cordially.

"Oh, good evening, Arkroyd! Just come aboard?"

Arkroyd, on the point of entering his stateroom, paused long enough to confirm this surmise.

"Beastly trip—most tiresome," he added, frankly yawning. "Don't know how I should have stood it if it hadn't been for Miss Landis. You know her, I believe? Charming girl—charming!"

"Oh, quite," agreed Staff. "Good night!"

His tone arrested Arkroyd's attention. The man turned to watch his back as he shouldered down the alleyway toward the smoking-room.

"I say!" commented Mr. Arkroyd, privately. "A bit hipped—what? No necessity for being so bally short with a chap!"

The guess was only too well founded; Staff was distinctly disgruntled. Within the past ten minutes his susceptibilities had been deeply wounded. Why Alison should have chosen to slight him so cavalierly passed his comprehension. And the encounter with Arkroyd comforted him to no degree whatever. He had never liked Arkroyd, holding the man, for all his wealth, little better than a theater loafer of the Broadway type; and now he remembered hearing, once or twice, that the man's attentions to Alison Landis were rather pronounced.

Swayed by a whim, he chose to avoid the smoking-room, after all—having little wish to be annoyed by the chatter of Mr. If—and swung out on deck again for a half-



hour of cigarettes and lonely brooding. But his half-hour lengthened indefinitely while he sat, preoccupied, in some total stranger's deck chair. By definite stages, to which he was altogether oblivious, the Autocratic shook off her tender, started her engines, and swung away on the six-day stretch. As definitely her decks became deserted of passengers. Presently he was quite solitary in the long rank of chairs.

Two bells rang mellowly through the ship before he roused, lifted himself to his feet, and prepared to turn in, still distressed and wondering—so much so that he was barely conscious of the fact that one of the officers of the vessel was coming aft along the deck, and only noticed the man when he paused and spoke.

"I say, you're Mr. Staff, aren't you?"

Staff turned quickly, searching his memory for the name and status of the sturdy and good-looking young Englishman.

"Yes," he said slowly, "but—"

"I'm Mr. Manvers, the purser. If I'm not mistaken, you crossed with us this spring?"

"Oh, yes, I did! How d'you do?" Staff offered his hand.

"Sure I recognized you just now—saw you on the main-deck, talking to Miss Landis, I believe. Beg pardon; I don't wish to seem impertinent; but may I ask, do you know the lady very well?"

Staff's eyes clouded.

"Why do you ask?"

"Knew you'd think me impertinent; but it is some of my business, really. I'll explain that to your satisfaction. You see"—the purser stepped nearer and lowered his voice guardedly—"I was wondering if you had much personal influence with Miss Landis. I've just had a bit of a talk with her, and she won't listen to reason, you know, about that collar."

"Collar?" repeated Staff stupidly.

"The Cadogan collar, you know—some silly pearl necklace worth a king's ransom. She bought it in Paris—Miss Landis did; at least, so the report runs, and she doesn't deny it. As a matter of fact, she admits she's got it with her. Naturally, that worried me. It's a rather tempting proposition to leave lying round a stateroom; and I asked her just now to let me take care of it for her—put it in my safe, you know. It would be a devilish nasty thing for the ship to have it stolen." The purser paused for

effect. "Would you believe it, she wouldn't listen to me—told me she was quite capable of taking care of her own property? Now, if you knew her well enough to say the right word, it would be a weight off my mind, I can tell you."

"Yes, I can imagine so," said Staff thoughtfully. "But what makes you think there's any possibility—"

"Well, one never knows what sort of people the ship carries—as a rule, that is. But in this instance I've got good reason to believe there's at least one man aboard who wouldn't mind lifting that collar; and he's keen enough to do it prettily, too, if what they tell of him is true."

"Now you're getting interesting. Who is this man?"

"Oh, quite the swell mobsman—*Raffles* and *Arsène Lupin* and all that sort of thing rolled into one. His name's Ismay—Arbuthnot Ismay. Clever—wonderful, they say; the police have never been able to fasten anything on him, though he's been known to boast of his jobs in advance."

"You told Miss Landis this?"

"Certainly—and she laughed."

This seemed quite credible of the lady. Staff considered the situation seriously for a moment or two.

"I'll do what I can," he said at length; "though I'm not hopeful of making her see it from your point of view. Still, I will speak to her."

"That's good of you, I'm sure. You couldn't do more."

"You're positive about this Ismay?" Staff pursued. "You couldn't be mistaken?"

"Not I," asserted the purser confidently. "He crossed with us last year—the time Mrs. Burden Hammann's jewels disappeared. You remember they never found any trace of that loot. Ismay, of course, was suspected, but managed to prove every kind of an alibi."

"Queer you should let him book a second time, after that," commented Staff.

"Rather; but he's changed his name; and I don't imagine the chaps in Cockspur Street know him by sight."

"What name is he traveling under now?"

The purser smiled softly to himself.

"I fancy you won't be pleased to learn it," said he. "He's down on the passenger list as Iff—W. H. Iff."

(To be continued)

# LIGHT VERSE

## THE FURNACE FIRE

THE melancholy day has come,  
The day we always fear,  
When father lights the furnace fire  
For the first time this year.

He dons a suit of cast-off clothes—  
In which he looks a fright—  
Then to the cellar he descends,  
To see that all is right.

And soon we hear a mighty din—  
Loud sounds of *bling* and *blang*,  
A rushing and a roaring—then  
The furnace door goes *whang!*

We fly to open windows,  
For the house is filled with smoke,  
And while we shiver in the blast,  
We cough and sneeze and choke.

Then father comes, all dirt-besmeared,  
To see what we're about;  
And while he argues and explains,  
The furnace fire goes out!

Grace E. Mott

## THREE IN ONE

FOURTEEN was I when first my heart  
Became a target for the chap  
Whose arrows play a fatal part  
When once he's caught us in his trap.  
My girlish sweetheart was as true  
As any lass I hope to find;  
She often whispered that she knew  
To her I'd never prove unkind.

But that affair was soon forgot,  
And boyish heart again beat free  
Till Cupid took another shot,  
And wounded both the maid and me.  
A flirt she was, a dashing miss,  
With laughing lips and mocking eyes  
That bid me claim a lover's kiss,  
Though fate ordained it otherwise.

At twenty-five I loved again;  
This time the girl was twenty-three,  
With "Mrs." to her name—but then  
It was her only legacy.  
This time her heart she freely gave,  
And said that it was mine for life;  
Now could I be a truant knave  
With such a gentle, loving wife?

Mayhap a fickle race I've run,  
As all men have since Adam's fall;  
And yet the girls whose love I won  
Were just the same girl after all!

Littell McClung

## HOW THEY SPENT THE SUMMER

PENELOPE spent hers in travel,  
From Norway to Italy, Spain,  
And eastward as far as the Havel—  
She's going, she says, soon again.  
The drafts that she cashed on poor father  
Were frequent as April's own showers;  
But then she avers that she greatly prefers  
The culture of Europe to ours!

Jim spent his in hunting and fishing,  
In Canada—where, I'm not sure;  
He says that he long had been wishing  
To make such a crackerjack tour.  
He had to have guides without number,  
To keep him from going astray;  
But then such a glorious, costly, uproarious  
Time as he had on the way!

Frank spent his in Newport, in doing  
Society—pa's paid his notes  
For bridge, but there's no use in ruing  
The cost of this kind of wild oats.  
Frank says—what's that, mother and father?  
Where they spent the summer you ask?  
While others were shirking, pa spent his in work-  
ing,  
And keeping him cool was ma's task!

William Wallace Whitelock

## STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY

### THE CAMEL

A COUNTRYMAN who paid a visit  
To the circus, and beheld  
A Camel there, said, "Gosh, what is it?"  
Such amazement it compelled.

Some one answered: "It's a critter."  
But he turned with knowing smile,  
Saying: "Pshaw, I hear you titter!  
There *ain't* no sich animile!"

What aroused this fellow's wonder?  
Are two Humps beyond Belief?  
As well say, creative blunder  
Placed the Horns on ram or beef.

Humps of fat are not so curious—  
They can grow on humans, too;  
Only human fat's injurious;  
Camels' helps long journeys through.

But could he have looked quite *through* him,  
Seen the Camel's stomachs four  
That were something which might to him  
Seem beyond belief much more!

And it is a happy Camel  
Who when thirsty gets a Drink;  
His contentment naught can trammel,  
With Four stomachs, only think!

He can stock up for a journey,  
He can providently dine,  
And, in deserts dry and burny,  
He's the original Tank Line.

How would you arrange your diet,  
Had you stomachs four, for one?  
Would you keep the others quiet  
Till the first his meal had done?

Would you three reserve for Eating,  
Or just one for food, d'you think?  
Or, the alternatives completing,  
Two for food and Two for drink?

Ah, well, 'tis a useless question—  
We've but one, and there's an end!  
And just think what Indigestion  
Means to our four-stomach'd friend!

*George Jay Smith*

"THE WHOLE WORLD LOVES A LOVER"

THE world is wary where it loves;  
It makes shrewd calculations,  
And frowns "Skiddoo" to all those who  
Are minus expectations.

The lover, dreaming through the haze  
Of golden adoration,  
Is just the fish to mouth the bait  
Of angling old Creation.

Each hard-luck story worn and old  
Wins instant contribution;  
In fact, the dreaming lover is  
A paying institution.

If on her table he espies  
A nosegay—from her cousin,  
In jealousy he hotly flies  
And orders half a dozen.

The waiters' fortunes soon are made  
Where she is fond of dining;  
He tips with absent-minded smile,  
His bank-book undermining.

Unnumbered fingers rise to touch  
His pocket and his heart;  
And in the lives of many men  
He plays a pleasing part.

Small wonder, then, the time-worn phrase  
Is true the planet over;  
'Twould be a stupid world indeed  
That didn't love a lover!

*Caroline Collins*

THE GAMBLER

LOVE—ain't that enough for you?  
Think you must have money, too?  
Don't you dare to take a chance  
In the gamble of romance?  
Got to see your pathway clear  
To so much each month an' year?

Why, you ain't no sport at all!  
What if Cupid's stake is small,  
He's a plucky little chap—  
Plays the game—don't give a rap—  
Sometimes wins a pretty pile,  
Sometimes loses it, in style!

Why not buck Dame Fortune's wheel  
Even if you miss a meal?  
Bein' short is almost fun  
If you love each other, hon;  
An' when you strike better weather,  
You've got memories—together!

Yes, I know some people think  
Life ain't life without the chink;  
But I say that love's enough,  
If you're made of proper stuff—  
Love, an' courage to begin—  
That's the card! It's sure to win!

*Berton Braley*

WHAT DID I SEE?

WHAT did I see in London?  
And whither did I go?  
The Thames? Westminster Abbey?  
Hyde Park and Rotten Row?  
The Strand and Piccadilly?  
The Bank of England, too?  
What did I see in London?—  
I saw two eyes of blue!

What did I see in Paris?  
Of course the Eiffel Tower?  
The Bois, the Champs Élysées?  
The Louvre, say for an hour?  
I toured the Latin Quarter,  
And walked Rue de la Paix?  
What did I see in Paris?—  
I saw two eyes of gray!

What did I see in Europe  
That pleased me best of all,  
And held me most completely  
Beneath a magic thrall?  
A monument, a mountain,  
A temple, or a town?  
What did I see in Europe?—  
I saw two eyes of brown!

*Harold Susman*

# THE PERQUISITES OF PUBLIC LIFE

BY IRVIN S. COBB

AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF THE MAN WHO WROTE A PLAY," ETC.

ON the first Wednesday after the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, Lemuel K. Jasper, or Jasper K. Lemuel, whichever you prefer—either making a fine name for a green statesman on the cob—wakes up early in the morning to find that, the tidal wave having wove, and the landslide having slode, and the avalanche having avalunched, he is elected to the Congress of the United States of America. Consequently, he is entitled to go up to Washington in due season and begin drawing down his *per diem*, the whole making the gratifying, well-nigh unbelievable sum of seven thousand five hundred dollars a year, or the enormous aggregate of fifteen thousand for his full term.

There is the gross total stretching out before him to be contemplated in all its mountainous majesty. Seven thousand five hundred a year! The thought of it fills him with surging and conflicting emotions. His brain reels before the prospect; his mind becomes a jumble—a soft, doughy one, with a large hole through the middle, the same as any regular jumble. A chart of his intellect at this moment would look a good deal like a recipe for nut-cake.

It doesn't seem possible that the government can stand the drain. Our hero has a mental vision of himself in his black Prince Albert, his white lawn tie, and his collar open in the front to give play to his Adam's apple, walking up a long hill thickly fringed with trees and the admiring populace; of walking, thus caparisoned and attended, up to a large stone building—the United States Mint, say, or the Treasury Department, or the State, War, and Navy Building—he makes a note on his cuff to find out at the first good chance exactly which building is the proper one—of walking up and starting to introduce himself by his full name.

But the attendant behind the wicket is raising his hand in respectful protest.

"No," he says, "no, no! Quite unnecessary for you to be introducing yourself. The noble countenance of the Hon. Lemuel K. Jasper is already familiar to those who love their own, their native land. You have called, I take it, to collect your salary for the present month. I may state that to pay you bankrupts the United States of North America and leaves her flat on her back right here at the beginning of a hard winter. But, sir, you have earned it, and you are welcome to it. Here it is—take it, dewed with the tears of a grateful although busted nation. Will you have it in fives or tens? In ones? Very well, sir. There you are. Amount correct, I believe? Was there anything else to-day? No? Very well, then, this establishment will now go out of business. James, put up the shutters and turn the door-mat over so as to bring the 'welcome' sign underneath. Lawrence, let the cat out. Henry, half-mast the flag. Aloysius, lock the back door, and go up and tell the President and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court that the job of paying off the Hon. Mr. Jasper has put the financial wing of the government out of commission, and they'll have to take theirs in produce and cord-wood!"

That, in brief, is the picture as the new member beholds it, spread upon the canvas of his mind. Nevertheless, the people have called him to a high station, and 'tis his duty to obey, be the consequences what they may. So he collects his lares and pen-wipers, as the Romans say, gives away his hound dogs, gathers up Mrs. Emmeline Jasper and the seven little Jaspers, and starts for Washington.

## FROM POLK COUNTY TO WASHINGTON

He is pained, indeed grieved, upon his arrival, to note that, outside of cab-drivers, the coming of the Jasper family has apparently created but little stir and flurry in the

national capital. A good colored cook from across the Potomac would have more white friends at the station to greet her; the answer to this being that Congressmen are so common in Washington as to constitute at times a public peril, whereas good cooks are so rare that there practically aren't any more of them, which is the rarest a thing can be. The great auk isn't much rarer than that, and he has been an extinct species for many years.

As I was saying when the ubiquitous servant question interrupted, the Hon. Jasper is pained. There are no floral arches stretched across Pennsylvania Avenue in his honor; no volunteer hook and ladder company out; no Odd Fellows' lodge in uniform; no G. A. R. post; no mayor and common council in carriages; no friendly labor bodies on floats; no concourse of enthusiastic citizens afoot; in short, nothing but the aforementioned cab-drivers, a runner for a select family boarding-house, and a party engaged in purveying souvenir post-cards. This chilly reception is naturally somewhat depressing to a man coming all the way from Pawpaw Junction to snatch the government out of the Slough of Despond and take her away from Champ Clark.

Other surprises await Judge Jasper. He discovers that board and lodging for self and family will cost more in Washington than they did back home in Pawpaw—oh, very considerably more. He stops at one of the larger hotels for their first meal, and the check for breakfast starts him to bleeding internally.

He examines the cheaper hotels. There is a large number of these cheaper hotels in Washington, many of them being the kind of a place where a person contemplating suicide would naturally go to do so. The surroundings are congenial for such an undertaking. They are full of reminiscences—reminiscent smells and reminiscent towels and reminiscent furniture—and, as a rule, they charge slightly more than the Waldorf-Astoria, the St. Regis, and the Ritz-Carlton combined.

Judge Jasper next inquires into the rentals for private houses, ready furnished, and he begins to understand why so many Cabinet members and foreign ambassadors in Washington wear that haunted, desperate look on their faces, especially around the first of the month. So the Jasper family eventually compromises by taking shelter beneath the roof of a Southern Lady in

Reduced Circumstances. Once she rode in Her Own Carriage, but Her Family was brought to want through the Cruel War brought on by Your Mr. Lincoln. And now, she is conducting This Place, not as a Boarding-House—no, indeed!—but as a Home. Those who live with her are not her Boarders; they are her Guests.

In addition to being a true aristocrat, as she herself frankly admits, this lady is talented. She can sit down at the breakfast-table and carve one hard-boiled egg for fourteen boarders so that each one thinks he's getting an omelet. The Lemuel K. Jaspers abide with her at a rate per week which causes Congressman Jasper to learn that while seventy-five hundred iron men constitute a perfectly gosh-awful fortune in Polk County, they don't go nearly so far in Washington, D. C.

#### PERQUISITES AND PICKINGS

But, just when the star of hope seems sinking into the murky night of dank despair, he finds out about the perquisites, and he perks up. He learns that for members of Congress, a grateful and, at times, a care-free country has provided all sorts of perquisites—large ones and small ones, misses' and children's size perquisites, and perquisites measuring forty-four around the waist. Also, on the side, there are to be had what are vulgarly known as pickings—very nourishing, too, and filling. But of them more anon. We are dealing first with the perquisites. If Judge Jasper's party chances to be in power at the time, the perquisiting will be especially good; if it isn't, it'll be good, just the same.

First under the head of perquisites is the subject of mileage. For each session of Congress, each member is allowed twenty cents a mile for each mile going and coming between his home and Washington. As railroad fares these times run about two cents a mile, and as the Hon. Jasper on his first trip generally spurns the Pullmans, as being fit only for the predatory and plutocratic rich, and rides in the day coach with the great common people, toting his provender in a Congress shoe-box and throwing the drumstick bones and egg-shells out of the window, it will readily be seen that on this mileage item alone he cleans up to a considerable extent, especially if he chances to live a long distance from Washington. Later on in his career, he grows more inclined to luxury and colored porters when



on his travels, but we are speaking now of his first term.

He gets twenty cents a mile. Every time eight telegraph-poles go flitting by—or is it sixteen? Anyhow, one or the other of those Heaven-sent ratios—there are twenty cents coming in, and only about two and a half cents going out. Here, of course, distance counts. Mileage amounts to a most impressive sum in the case of Prince Cupid, the chubby delegate from the Hawaiian Islands, who comes all the way from Honolulu, and to practically nothing at all in the lamentable case of Representative Charles Creighton Carlin, who resides in Alexandria, right across the river from the District. One or two of the Maryland members who live only a short distance away also suffer distressingly in this regard, and are objects of commiseration among their fellows.

But this, as you may have noticed, is quite a sizable country, taking it one way and another, with a lot of intervening geography scattered about over it hither and yon. People also appear to have the custom of choosing their Congressmen and Senators from remote localities that nobody else in the nation ever hears of, except just after election, or when they lunch somebody there, or when the belled buzzard drops in and the local Associated Press correspondent sends out a two-line despatch about it. So, as a general thing, the mileage perquisite is an item.

#### KEEPING IT IN THE FAMILY

Each member of the House is allowed fifteen hundred dollars a year for clerk-hire. Each member of the Senate is allowed fifteen hundred dollars a year for a secretary and fourteen hundred and forty dollars a year for a messenger. Here a fine domestic virtue is manifest. It speaks well for the home-loving instinct of our race, for our devotion to hearth and fireside and roof-tree and the savings-bank account, that so many members make their wives or daughters their secretaries and their sons or brothers their messengers.

There have been cases, I believe, where filial devotion even triumphed to the extent of appointing an aged, sweet-faced grandmother as messenger. And just as soon as grandmother discovered that being a messenger didn't necessitate wearing a blue uniform with red stripes down the trouser-seams and a cap with a telegraph company's

initials on it, she braced up and actually seemed to like the job.

If, in due time, the Hon. Jasper should be so lucky as to become chairman of a committee—anything from Ways and Means down to Acoustics and Ventilation—he has the naming of one committee clerk, one assistant clerk, one committee secretary, and one messenger, in addition to his own private troupe. This allotment is indeed nutritious, and allows opportunity for more of that private philanthropy which begins at home, like charity, and stays in the family, like the deuce.

Moreover, there is the general patronage, which in both branches is distributed on the basis of rank and continuous length of service. This, however, applies only to the party in power. The other crowd gets nothing, if you except vain longings and hungry feelings.

This year, the Democrats being in control of the House, the run of patronage amounted to eleven hundred dollars apiece. That is to say, each member had eleven hundred dollars' worth of doorkeepers' jobs and janitors' jobs and the like to distribute among a faithful and famished constituency. To be sure, in these days of the advanced cost of living, eleven hundred dollars won't buy you such a large and complete variety of doorkeepers; but, as Robert Browning says, every little bit added to what you've got makes quite a modicum more.

The patronage would have been larger last session except that the triumphant Democrats had a fit of economy, and lopped off nearly two hundred thousand dollars' worth of more or less ornamental jobs. Then they contemplated the hungry horde of patriots waiting without—mainly without jobs—and they had another fit, of a different nature.

#### THE MINOR PERQUISITES

Next we come to the smaller things. The Washington statesman despises not the day of small things. He loves it, he just naturally loves it to death.

To begin with, each member receives one hundred and twenty-five dollars a session as a stationery allowance. He may be a free and lavish correspondent, or a small and scanty one; just the same, he gets that hundred and twenty-five. And takes it. There is no record of a refusal.

Every member has the free use of the Congressional baths and the barber-shops

under the Capitol. He can take a nifty Turkish bath, a Russian bath, a Roman bath, a needle shower, or the plain, old-fashioned, Pike County style of bath, lying down in a tub with both faucets going; and it doesn't cost him a cent. As often as he pleases he may have a shave, a hair-cut, a facial massage, and be manicured all around, as they say in parts of Iowa when shoeing a horse. Every other day he can have the back of his neck shaved, just as if he were going to some large social function back home. Uncle Sam pays for the attendants and provides the whole outfit.

If a member could cash his baths instead of taking them, it is believed that some Congressmen of a frugal turn of mind might, as it were, prefer to stick close to the soil of their common country. There have been men in Congress before now who were no bigots in regard to this bathing proposition. They could take baths, or they could leave them alone; but, it being a question of taking a bath for nothing, or going without at the same price, they sought the line of least resistance, and most copiously did they bathe.

#### FREE SEEDS AND FREE BOOKS

Then there is the seed allowance, always of great value to a member coming from an agricultural district. Last year's allotment was twenty thousand packets of vegetable seeds and two thousand packets of flower seeds to each member. All hands shared alike—a full supply for the member from mid-Manhattan, where the only green things you ever see are the garnish of spinach on the live broiled lobster and the goods that the sporting gentlemen around Forty-Second Street and Broadway sell to the come-onwards from Cohoes; and also for the member from the middle West, where some of the agriculturalists are so very agricultural they don't mow their whiskers except in harvesting season.

But a happy arrangement has been devised to meet this condition. Trust true statesmanship to find a way! The city member trades off his seeds to a country member for something perquisite of equal value, and the country member sows the seed where it will do the most good—among the farmers and the farmers' wives of his district. Many a race for reelection has been carried on the strength of seeds donated by Uncle Sam. And so, all's well there.

Week in and week out the government printing-house is turning out documents and books, pamphlets and tracts, big, ponderous tomes and large, ornate volumes, copies of speeches and consular reports, all of which members may have for the asking. As a general proposition, there is no fixed limit within reason, but when a work of real value is due from the presses, the members of either House take a vote and decide how many copies each Senator or each Representative may have, and the lot is then distributed equally.

All kinds of literature comes out in the grist. There are chatty little two-thousand-page reports of the Geological Survey, dealing with absorbing topics like the Silurian formations on Duck River. There are gossip treatises by experts on the ivory-billed crimson-crested potato-bug, his customs, habits, and quaint peculiarities. Some of the government publications make valuable additions to any reference library, or any other kind of a library, for that matter. Some run as high as nine pounds to the volume, and when you hold them on your knees and try to read them, your legs go to sleep even before the rest of you does. These are sent broadcast to constituents, and are used either for pressing wild flowers or for holding the spare-room door open.

In addition, a member may obtain leave to print the speech he has delivered on the floor, and, after carefully editing the production and inserting as many "tumultuous applauses" and "hearty laughs" as he pleases, he plasters his district with so many copies of it that every post-office looks as if it were giving a linen shower, and all without it costing him a cent, either.

Then, again, on the other hand, many members have no need for government publications; so they pack up their allotments and ship them under franks to booksellers, to be sold, thus deriving an income from what would otherwise be waste.

Only a few months ago it developed that a former clerk to a New York member had opened up a regular agency in Washington for the buying and selling of government publications, but mainly the selling. Publicity put a deep, harsh crimp in his enterprise, and he retired; but, by all accounts, he did well while the doing was good.

We come now to the ever-gratifying franking privilege. Every member, from the oldest to the youngest, has the free use of the United States mails in so far as pure-

ly Congressional business is concerned. His frank will carry anything that a postman can carry. But, whisper! Draw near, and let us whisper soft and low. This purely Congressional business can be stretched to cover many things.

#### THE ELASTIC FRANKING PRIVILEGE

Once there was a grave and reverend Senator who undertook to frank one of those large, old-fashioned, hand-feeding typewriters back to his place of residence. The Post-Office Department sent the crated machine home all right, and then it turned right around and handed in a bill to the Senator for sixteen dollars postage due at regular rates. He paid it—he had to—but his groans of anguish were said to have been pitiful to hear.

A few years ago there was another member, a Representative, who was preparing to leave Washington for his sunny Southern home where the magnolias bloom, and the mocking-bird sings in the red haw-tree, and the moonlight shines on the old bayou, and family washing is cheaper than in Washington. So, cannily and with forethought, he franked home a large, rectangular bundle of soiled linen. The bundle was securely tied when it started, but by the time it reached his post-office, the strings had slipped, and it was leaking invalided night-shirts and veteran table-cloths and retired turn-down collars all over the place.

The Representative had a race on for reelection at the time; and one of the accursed opposition got hold of the story, and circulated it all over the State, and then the Representative had a large bunch of explaining to do. He explained until his tongue swelled up and hung out on his panting chest. To this good day, it is said that the gentleman cannot meet a traveling salesman for gents' furnishings without a shudder; and while passing a haberdasher's show-window he has been known to utter low, convulsive moans.

#### OFFICE SUPPLIES GRATIS

Speaking of typewriters reminds me of another item of consequence. For each member, the government provides an office, rent free, and this office is fitted up with all the necessary supplies and some that are not so necessary, such as typewriters—manufactured ones, not the kind that chews gum and wears a high pompadour and asks you whether you spell pneumonia with a

capital N—file-desks, telephones, ink, mucilage in a patent bottle that gums your fingers and nothing else, drinking water in a patent fountain that is always going *glug-glug* and blowing bubbles, janitors, and all other incidental service.

We mustn't overlook the notion-counter at the Capitol, either. The members don't, so why should we? Especially as the said notion-counter is a gracious and enduring boon to statesmen, their wives, families, heirs, and assigns. It contains everything you can think of that would properly come under the head of notions, and a great deal besides—all kinds of stationery, all kinds of typewriter and desk supplies, pocket knives, scissors, fountain pens, card-cases, purses, wrist-bags, visiting-cards, business cards, and — *sh-h-h!* — even the kind of cards which run fifty-two to a set and may be used for playing old maid and other harmless games.

Moreover, if a member wants something portable that is not carried in stock, he has but to express his wish, and the functionary in charge will get it for him, and will charge him for it just a mite over the actual cost. If the government would also give double green trading-stamps with every purchase, I understand that this notion-counter would be regarded by our lawmakers as satisfactory in all respects. Perhaps the government will, some day.

So, even with the cost of living what it is, the Hon. Jasper can get a living while sojourning in Washington, if he's a careful manager.

#### A MEMORABLE MODEL OF THRIFT

Four years back, one sandy-haired son of destiny rode in, surprised but unexcited, on a ground swell that had swept over Missouri. He only tarried one term, because the ground swell reorganized itself, as ground swells usually do, and swept back the other way next election; but while he was on the job, he did fairly well—on the whole, fairly well. You didn't catch him at White House balls, in a two-tailed coat and a shellacked shirt with pearl studs, tripping the light, fantastic toe, or stubbing it, as the case might be and frequently is, in the dreamy mazes of the waltz. He was not a patron of the drama, even of the moving-picture variety; nor was he ever detected in one of those fashionable Washington restaurants where the prices for everything, including what the French call *horse*

*doovers*, range from thirty cents up, and straight up at that.

No, sir, nothing of the sort. This person was of a saving turn of mind. He was a Congressman, but he was no spendthrift and profligate. He made his wife his secretary, and he lived on his stationery allowance and his mileage account, never cashing a single Treasury warrant until the time came for him to leave. Then he handed them in in a lump, and, with fifteen thousand hard, cold bones in his black diagonals, he went back to his lair in the purple Ozarks and became the bloated moneybaron of the place. He was able to have two iron dogs in his front yard and a white picket fence running around the lot, whereas the president of the bank had to struggle along with one iron dog and a terra-cotta rabbit. But 'tis said of him that never since he left Washington has he been able to look at a domestic sardine without gagging, and the mere sight of a soda-cracker fills him with an unconquerable loathing and aversion. For while he was living on his perquisites, he was also living on canned goods, the two in this case being synonymous.

#### STATESMEN AS CHAUTAUQUA LIONS

There still remain the pickings to be considered, and they're frequently some pickings. Irrespective of their political affiliations, a beneficent administration has a way of looking after what are called, in the poetic parlance of the Capitol, the lame ducks. For veteran statesmen who get sloughed up in one of those semioccasional slaughters, there are appointments upon all sorts of special commissions, which drag along for years and years, and pay everybody seven or ten or twelve thousand dollars a year.

Also for those who can talk—and what statesman is there in Washington who cannot talk?—there is the lecture field, which is a soft, long green field dotted at intervals with plum thickets and melon-patches. The Chautauqua season comes every summer regularly, and many there be at Washington who go forth to talk and Chautalk. Big drawing cards like Speaker Champ Clark and Senator La Follette get as much as two hundred dollars a single performance for standing up on a platform at the park terminus of a suburban trolley-line, in close proximity to a perspiring china water-pitcher and a table draped with Old Glory,

and telling about the issues of the day and what ails them.

Nor is this industry confined to the distinguished ins; the more or less extinguished outs also take a whack at it. All during this summer a considerable number of well-known gentlemen, mainly wearing the prefix "ex" in front of their titles—men like Jeems Watson and Bob Cousins and Charley Landis—were out talking on the one-night stands. Sometimes they did the county fair circuits, where they played opposition to the greasy pig and the five-dollar cash prize for the best quart jar of watermelon-rind preserves exhibited in Floral Hall. Sometimes they appeared in connection with the more high-browed but perchance less exciting Chautauqua course. But everywhere you may be quite sure that they got paid for it.

General Grosvenor, of Ohio, the human adding-machine and the owner of the largest private troupe of trained performing statistics in the known world, and the late Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, used to go forth hippodroming together in a joint tariff debate every summer, and return in the early fall to the scene of their legislative activities, tanned and enriched. Mr. Bryan, after his first defeat for the Presidency, was the greatest drawing-card the Chautauqua people have ever known. He has earned a very large sum of money by lecturing, and he has devoted much of it to the propagation of the policies for which he stood.

Almost any summer a man of the caliber of Champ Clark, La Follette, Beveridge, Bailey, John Sharp Williams, or Mann, of Illinois, can add several thousand dollars to his income by delivering a few lectures. Clark, for example, is said to have cleared as much as seven thousand dollars in a single short season from this source.

Dr. Wiley, the food expert, would make a magnificent Chautauqua attraction. If Uncle Joe Cannon would only consent to take his homespun suit, his top-tilted black cigar, his gift of profanity—expurgated and sterilized—and his picturesque personality about the country under the auspices of a lyceum bureau, it is hard to figure out just how much it would be worth to him.

Seriously speaking, this summer lecturing is a good thing all around—good for the men who do the lecturing, and good for the crowds that come to hear them. If a public man has a real idea, if he can think for himself, he is a public benefactor when he



makes others think. Besides, while he is earning the money, and broadening his reputation nationally, he is also getting into closer personal touch with the people themselves, and finding out at first hand what they believe and what they want.

There is an especially strong demand for men who have specialized on some topic or other. If a Congressman or a Senator has made a study of irrigation, let us say, or reciprocity, or the Panama Canal, or the tariff, or the trust problem, and if he can present his views in reasonably attractive English, he is sure of an interested and intelligent audience wherever he may be billed to speak.

In the old days, when newspapers were rarer, the people depended largely upon their public men to keep them informed. In these days, when there are newspapers and magazines by the thousands, the people are still ready to listen to any man who comes with a message.

So, you see, there is always a strong demand for statesmen of given types. Many the lyceum bureaus snare for lectures. Some, when they get out, or get chucked out, become heads of great corporations, and some annex fat law-practises, for a national reputation is a real asset. Some make a good thing of it by sticking around Washington and capitalizing their experi-

ence for those who have legislation which needs legislating. There once was an ex-Senator who turned newspaper correspondent and reported prize-fights and things; and at least one ex-Representative has gone on the stage after emerging from Congress. But the manager said afterward that he'd never hire another Congressman to act for him as long as he lived.

The perquisites help out mightily; and then, of course, there's the certainty of that seventy-five hundred a year—which helps, in part, to explain why, all over this broad land of ours, in every town of nine hundred population and upward, there is at least one county school superintendent, or one district attorney, or one country editor, who, this very night, will retire to the privacy of his bed-chamber, and, stationing himself in front of the mirror over the bureau, will strike an attitude something like Henry Clay delivering his farewell address to the Senate—you know that steel engraving—except that he will throw more grace and dignity into it than Henry ever did. Standing thus, he will clear his voice, and imagine himself rising and in a deep, sonorous voice beginning:

"Mr. Speaker, in view of what the gentleman from Tennessee has just said, I feel that I should be heard at length." (*Loud, continued, and enthusiastic applause.*)

### MY LADY

My lady of love and of laughter,  
My lady of sunshine and flowers,  
What care we for past or hereafter?  
The golden-plumed present is ours!

Winged gifts are the gifts best worth giving;  
Though life be eternal as truth,  
Yet youth is the kernel of living—  
And you are the spirit of youth!

The year drags its burden of sorrows,  
But Maytime glides by on swift wing;  
The spring has no need of to-morrows—  
And you are the spirit of spring!

All things that are lovely are vagrant—  
The rainbow, the mist, and the dew,  
Bright bubbles, the summer winds fragrant,  
Rose petals, and kisses, and you.

For others the long, drear hereafter—  
We'll take what the present may bring,  
My lady of love and of laughter,  
My lady of youth and of spring!

*Channing Pollock*



# FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY

## XXXIV—QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE EARL OF LEICESTER

BY LYNDON ORR

**H**ISTORY has many romantic stories to tell of the part which women have played in determining the destinies of nations. Sometimes it is a woman's beauty that causes the shifting of a province. Again it is another woman's rich possessions that incite invasion and lead to bloody wars. Marriages or dowries, or the refusal of marriages and the lack of dowries, inheritance through an heiress, the failure of a male succession—in these and in many other ways women have set their mark indelibly upon the trend of history.

However, if we look over these different events, we shall find that it is not so much the mere longing for a woman—the desire to have her as a queen—that has seriously affected the annals of any nation. Kings, like ordinary men, have paid their suit and then have ridden away repulsed, yet not seriously dejected. Most royal marriages are made either to secure the succession to a throne by a legitimate line of heirs, or else to unite adjoining states and make a powerful kingdom out of two that are less powerful. But, as a rule, kings have found greater delight in some sheltered bower remote from courts than in the castled halls and well-cared-for nooks where their own wives and children have been reared with all the appurtenances of legitimacy.

There are not many stories that hang persistently about the love-making of a single

woman. In the case of one or another, we may find an episode or two—something dashing, something spirited or striking, something brilliant and exhilarating, or something sad. But for a woman's whole life to be spent in courtship that meant nothing, and that was only a clever aid to diplomacy—this is surely an unusual and really wonderful thing.

It is the more unusual because the woman herself was not intended by nature to be wasted upon the cold and cheerless sport of chancellors and counselors and men who had no thought of her, except to use her as a pawn. She was hot-blooded, descended from a fiery race, and one whose temper was quick to leap into the passion of a man.

### A QUEEN WHO LIVED FOR ENGLAND

In studying this phase of the long and interesting life of Elizabeth of England, we must notice several important facts. In the first place, she gave herself, above all else, to the maintenance of England—not an England that would be half Spanish, or half French, or even partly Dutch and Flemish, but the Merry England of tradition—the England that was one and undivided, with its growing freedom of thought, its bows and bills, its nut-brown ale, its sturdy yeomen, and its loyalty to crown and Parliament. She once said, almost as in an agony:

"I love England more than anything!"

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**EDITOR'S NOTE**—This series of articles deals with some of the most interesting personal romances of history, treating them as studies in human nature, and considering the moral and psychological problems which they illustrate. Recent articles in the series have dealt with "The Story of Aaron Burr" (September, 1910); "King Charles II and Nell Gwyn" (October); "Marie Antoinette and Count Fersen" (November); "Lola Montez and King Ludwig of Bavaria" (December); "The Story of Pauline Bonaparte" (January, 1911); "Robert Burns and Jean Armour" (February); "The Story of Richard Wagner" (March); "Honoré de Balzac and Evelina Hanska" (April); "The Story of the Carlyles" (May); "The Story of Mme. de Staël" (June); "Charlotte Corday and Adam Lux" (July); "George IV and Mrs. Fitzherbert" (August); and "The Story of Prince Charles Edward Stuart" (September).

And one may really hold that this was true. For England she schemed and planned. For England she gave up many of her royal rights. For England she descended into depths of treachery. For England she left herself on record as an arrant liar, false, perjured, yet successful; and because of her success for England's sake, her countrymen will hold her in high remembrance, since her scheming and her falsehood are the offenses that one pardons most readily in a woman.

In the second place, it must be remembered that Elizabeth's courtships and pretended love-makings were almost always a part of her diplomacy. When not a part of her diplomacy, they were a mere appendage to her vanity. To seem to be the flower of the English people, and to be surrounded by the noblest, the bravest, and the most handsome cavaliers, not only of her own kingdom, but of others—this was, indeed, a choice morsel of which she was fond of tasting, even though it meant nothing beyond the moment.

Finally, though at times she could be very cold, and though she made herself still colder in order that she might play fast and loose with foreign suitors, who played fast and loose with her—the King of Spain, the Duc d'Alençon, brother of the French king, with an Austrian archduke, with a magnificent barbarian prince of Muscovy, with Eric of Sweden, or any other Scandinavian suitor—she felt a woman's need for some nearer and more tender association to which she might give freer play, and in which she might feel those deeper emotions without the danger that arises when love is mingled with diplomacy.

Let us first consider a picture of the woman as she really was, in order that we may understand her triple nature—consummate mistress of every art that statesmen know, and using at every moment her person as a lure; a vainglorious queen who seemed to be the prey of boundless vanity; and, lastly, a woman who had all a woman's passion, and who could cast suddenly aside the check and balance which restrained her before the public gaze, and could allow herself to give full play to the emotion that she inherited from the king, her father, who was himself a marvel of fire and impetuosity. That the daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn should be a gentle, timid maiden would be to make heredity a farce.

Elizabeth was about twenty-five years of

age when she ascended the throne of England. It is odd that the date of her birth cannot be given with precision. The intrigues and disturbances of the English court, and the fact that she was a princess, made her birth a matter of less account than if there had been no male heir to the throne. At any rate, when she ascended it, after the deaths of her brother, King Edward VI, and her sister, Queen Mary, she was a woman well trained, both in intellect and in physical development.

Mr. Martin Hume, who loves to dwell upon the later years of Queen Elizabeth, speaks rather bitterly of her as a "painted old harriidan"; and such she may well have seemed when, at nearly seventy years of age, she leered and grinned a sort of skeleton smile at the handsome young courtiers who pretended to see in her the queen of beauty, and to be dying for love of her.

Yet, in her earlier years, when she was young and strong and impetuous, she deserved far different words than these. The portrait of her by Zuccherro, which now hangs in Hampton Court, depicts her when she must have been of more than middle age; and still the face is one of beauty, though it be a strange and almost artificial beauty—one that draws, attracts, and, perhaps, lures you on against your will.

#### ELIZABETH IN HER EARLIER YEARS

It is interesting to compare this painting with the frank word-picture of a certain German agent who was sent to England by his emperor, and who seems to have been greatly fascinated by Queen Elizabeth. She was at that time in the prime of her beauty and her power. Her complexion was of that peculiar transparency which is seen only in the face of golden blondes. Her figure was fine and graceful, and her wit an accomplishment that would have made a woman of any rank or time remarkable. The German envoy says:

She lives a life of such magnificence and feasting as can hardly be imagined, and occupies a great portion of her time with balls, banquets, hunting, and similar amusements, with the utmost possible display; but nevertheless she insists upon far greater respect being shown her than was exacted by Queen Mary. She summons Parliament, but lets them know that her orders must be obeyed in any case.

If any one will look at the painting by Zuccherro, he will see how much is made of Elizabeth's hands—a distinctive feature

quite as notable with the Tudors as is the "Hapsburg lip" among the descendants of the house of Austria. These were ungloved, and were very long and white, and she looked at them and played with them

still more favorable opinions of her that were written by those who had occasion to be near her and to watch her carefully. Not only do they record swift, rapid glimpses of her person, but sometimes, in a word or



QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND, ABOUT THE AGE OF FORTY-FIVE

*From a portrait by the Italian painter Federigo Zuccherò*

a great deal; and, indeed, they justified the admiration with which they were regarded by her flatterers.

Such was the personal appearance of Elizabeth. When a young girl, we have

two, they give an insight into certain traits of mind which came out prominently in her later years.

It may, perhaps, be well to view her as a woman before we regard her more fully

as a queen. It has been said that Elizabeth inherited many of the traits of her father—the boldness of spirit, the rapidity of decision, and, at the same time, the foxlike craft which often showed itself when it was least expected.

Henry had also, as is well known, a love of the other sex which has made his reign memorable. And yet it must be noted that while he loved much, it was not loose love. Many a king of England, from Henry II

to Charles II, has offended far more than Henry VIII. Where Henry loved, he married; and it was the unfortunate result of these royal marriages that has made him seem unduly fond of women. If, however, we examine each one of the separate espousals, we shall find that he did not enter into it lightly, and that he broke it off unwillingly. His ardent temperament, therefore, was checked by a certain rational or conventional propriety, so that he was by no means a loose liver, as many would make him out to be.

#### THE SEYMOUR INQUIRY

We must remember this when we recall the charges that have been made against Elizabeth, and the strange stories that were told of her tricks—by no means seemly tricks—which she used to play with her guardian, Lord Thomas Seymour. The antics she performed with him in her dressing-room were made the subject of an official inquiry; yet it came out that while Elizabeth was less than sixteen, and Lord Thomas was very much her senior, his wife was with him on his visits to the chamber of the princess.

Sir Robert Tyrwhitt and his wife were also sent to question her. Tyrwhitt had a keen mind, and one well trained to cope with any other's wit in this sort of cross-examination. Elizabeth was only a girl of fifteen, yet she was a match for the accomplished courtier in diplomacy and quick retort. He was sent down to worm out of her everything that she knew. Threats and flattery and forged letters and false confessions were tried on her; but they were tried in vain. She would tell nothing of importance.



FRANÇOIS, DUC D'ALENÇON, THE YOUNGEST SON OF KING HENRI II OF FRANCE, AND A SUITOR OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, THOUGH MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS HER JUNIOR

She denied everything. She sulked, she cried, she availed herself of a woman's favorite defense in suddenly attacking those who had attacked her. She brought counter charges against Tyrwhitt, and put her en-

Altogether, she was too much for Sir Robert, and he was wise enough to recognize her cleverness.

"She hath a very good wit," said he shrewdly; "and nothing is to be gotten of



ROBERT DUDLEY, EARL OF LEICESTER—QUEEN ELIZABETH'S AFFECTION FOR THIS VAIN, ARROGANT, GENEROUS NOBLEMAN WAS PROBABLY THE ONE SINCERE PASSION OF HER LIFE

emies on their own defense. Not a compromising word could they wring out of her.

She bitterly complained of the imprisonment of her governess, Mrs. Ashley, and cried out:

"I have not so behaved that you need put more mistresses upon me!"

her, except by great policy." And he added: "If I had to say my fancy, I think it more meet that she should have two governesses than one."

Mr. Hume notes the fact that after the two servants of the princess had been examined, and had told nothing very serious,



they found that they had been wise in remaining friends of the royal girl. No sooner had Elizabeth become queen than she knighted the man Parry, and made him treasurer of the household, while Mrs. Ashley, the governess, was treated with great consideration. Thus, very naturally, Mr. Hume says:

They had probably kept back far more than they had told.

Even Tyrwhitt believed that there was a secret compact between them, for he said quaintly:

They all sing one song, and she hath set the note for them.

Soon after this, her brother Edward's death brought to the throne her elder sister, Mary, who has harshly become known as Bloody Mary. During this time Elizabeth put aside her boldness, and became apparently a shy and simple-minded virgin. Surrounded on every side by those who sought to trap her, there was nothing in her bearing to make her seem the head of a party or the young chief of a faction. Nothing could exceed her in meekness. She spoke of her sister in the humblest terms. She exhibited no signs of the Tudor animation that was in reality so strong a part of her character.

But, coming to the throne, she threw away her modesty, and brawled and rioted with very little self-restraint. The people as a whole found little fault with her. She reminded them of her father, the bluff King Hal; and even those who criticized her did so only partially. They thought much better of her than they had of her saturnine sister, the first Queen Mary.

#### A LONG AND EVENTFUL REIGN

The life of Elizabeth has been very oddly misunderstood, not so much for the facts in it, as for the manner in which these have been arranged, and the relation which they have to one another. We ought to recollect that this woman did not live in a restricted sphere, that her life was not a short one, and that it was crowded with incidents and full of vivid color. Some think of her as living for a short period of time, and speak of the great historical characters who surrounded her as belonging to a single epoch. To them, she has one set of suitors all the time—the Duc d'Alençon, the King of Denmark's brother, the Prince of Sweden, the Russian potentate, the archduke send-

ing her sweet messages from Austria, the melancholy King of Spain, together with a number of her own brilliant Englishmen—Sir William Pickering, Sir Robert Dudley, Lord Darnley, the Earl of Essex, Sir Philip Sidney, and Sir Walter Raleigh.

Of course, as a matter of fact, Elizabeth lived for nearly seventy years—almost three-quarters of a century—and in that long time there came and went both men and women, those whom she had used and cast aside, with others whom she had also treated with gratitude, and who had died gladly serving her. But through it all there was a continual change in her environment, though not in her. The young soldier went to the battle-field and died; the wise counselor gave her his advice, and she either took it, or cared nothing for it. She herself was a curious blending of forwardness and folly, of wisdom and wantonness, of frivolity and unbridled fancy. But through it all she loved her people, even though she often cheated them, and made them pay her taxes in the harsh old way that prevailed before there was any right save the king's will.

At the same time, this was only by fits and starts, and on the whole she served them well. Therefore, to most of them she was always the good Queen Bess. What mattered it to the ditcher and yeoman, far from the court, that the queen was said to dance in her nightdress, and to swear like a trooper?

It was, indeed, largely from these rustic sources that such stories were scattered throughout England. Peasants thought them picturesque. More to the point with them were peace and prosperity throughout the country, the fact that law was administered with honesty and justice, and that England was safe from her deadly enemies—the swarthy Spaniards and the scheming French.

But, as I said, we must remember always that the Elizabeth of one period was not the Elizabeth of another, and that the England of one period was not the England of another. As one thinks of it, there is something wonderful in the almost starlike way in which this girl flitted unharmed through a thousand perils. Her own countrymen were at first divided against her; a score of greedy, avaricious suitors sought her destruction, or at least her hand to lead her to destruction; all the great powers of the Continent were either demanding an alliance

with England, or threatening to dash England down amid their own dissensions.

#### A DIPLOMAT OF COURTSHIPS

What had this girl to play off against such dangers? Only an undaunted spirit, a scheming mind that knew no scruples, and finally her own person and the fact that she was a woman, and, therefore, might give herself in marriage and become the mother of a race of kings.

It was this last weapon, the weapon of her sex, that proved, perhaps, the most powerful of all. By promising a marriage or by denying it, or by neither promising nor denying but withholding it, she gave forth a thousand wily intimations which kept those who surrounded her at bay until she had made still another deft and skilful combination, escaping like some startled creature to a new place of safety.

In 1583, when she was fifty years of age, she had reached a point when her courtships and her pretended love-making were no longer necessary. She had played Sweden against Denmark, and France against Spain, and the Austrian archduke against the others, and many suitors in her own land against the different factions which they headed. She might have sat herself down to rest; for she could feel that her wisdom had led her up into a high place, whence she might look down in peace and with assurance of the tranquillity that she had won. Not yet had the Great Armada rolled and thundered toward the English shores. But she was certain that her land was secure, compact, and safe.

It remains to see what were those amatory relations which she may be said to have sincerely held. She had played at love-making with foreign princes, because it was wise and, for the moment, best. She had played with Englishmen of rank who aspired to her hand, because in that way she



LORD THOMAS SEYMOUR, BROTHER OF THE DUKE OF SOMERSET, LORD HIGH ADMIRAL OF ENGLAND, AND GUARDIAN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH DURING HER GIRLHOOD

might conciliate, at one time her Catholic and at another her Protestant subjects. But what of the real and inward feeling of her heart, when she was not thinking of politics or the necessities of state?

This is an interesting question. One may at least seek the answer, hoping thereby to solve one of the most interesting phases of this perplexing and most remarkable woman.

It must be remembered that it was not a question of whether Elizabeth desired marriage. She may have done so as involving a brilliant stroke of policy. In this sense she may have wished to marry one of the two French princes who were among her suitors. But even here she hesitated, and her Parliament disapproved; for by this time England had become largely Prot-

estant. Again, had she married a French prince, and had children, England might have become an appanage of France.

There is no particular evidence that she had any feeling at all for her Flemish, Austrian, or Russian suitors; while the Swede's pretensions were the laughing-stock of the English court. So we may set aside this question of marriage, as having nothing to do with her emotional life. She did desire a son, as was shown by her passionate outcry when she compared herself with Mary of Scotland:

"The Queen of Scots has a bonny son, while I am but a barren stock!"

She was too wise to wed a subject; though had she married at all, her choice would doubtless have been an Englishman. In this respect, as in so many others, she was like her father, who chose his numerous wives, with the exception of the first, from among the English ladies of the court; just as the showy Edward IV was happy in marrying "Dame Elizabeth Woodville." But what a king may do is by no means so easy for a queen; and a husband is almost certain to assume an authority which makes him unpopular with the subjects of his wife.

Hence, as said above, we must consider not so much whom she would have liked to marry, but rather to whom her love went out spontaneously, and not as a part of that amatory play which amused her from the time when she frisked with Seymour down to the very last days, when she could no longer move about, but when she still dabbled her cheeks with rouge and powder, and set her skeleton face amid a forest of ruffs.

There were many whom she cared for after a fashion. She would not let Sir Walter Raleigh visit her American colonies, because she could not bear to have him so long away from her. She had great moments of passion for the Earl of Essex, though in the end she signed his death-warrant because he was as dominant in spirit as the queen herself.

#### ELIZABETH AND LEICESTER

Readers of Sir Walter Scott's wonderfully picturesque novel, "Kenilworth," will note how he throws the strongest light upon Elizabeth's affection for Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Scott's historical instinct is united here with a vein of psychology which goes deeper than is usual with him. We see Elizabeth trying hard to share her favor equally between two nobles; but the

Earl of Sussex fails to please her, because he lacked those exquisite manners which made Leicester so great a favorite with the fastidious queen.

Then, too, the story of Leicester's marriage with Amy Robsart is something more than a myth, based upon an obscure legend and an ancient ballad. The earl had had such a wife, and there were sinister stories about the manner of her death. But it is Scott who invents the villainous *Varney* and the bulldog *Anthony Foster*; just as he brought the whole episode into the foreground and made it occur at a period much later than was historically true. Still, Scott felt—and he was imbued with the spirit and knowledge of that time—a strong conviction that Elizabeth loved Leicester as she really loved no one else.

There is one interesting fact which goes far to convince us. Just as her father was, in a way, polygamous, so Elizabeth was even more truly polyandrous. It was inevitable that she should surround herself with attractive men, whose love-locks she would caress, and whose flatteries she would greedily accept. To the outward eye there was very little difference in her treatment of the handsome and daring nobles of her court; yet a historian of her time makes one very shrewd remark when he says:

To every one she gave some power at times—to all save Leicester.

Cecil and Walsingham in counsel and Essex and Raleigh in the field might have their own way at times, and even share the sovereign's power, but to Leicester she entrusted no high commands and no important mission. Why so? Simply because she loved him more than any of the rest; and, knowing this, she knew that if beside her love she granted him any measure of control or power, then she would be but half a queen, and would be led either to marry him or else to let him sway her as he would.

For the reasons given, one may say with confidence that while Elizabeth's light loves were fleeting, she gave a deep affection to this handsome, bold, and brilliant Englishman, and cherished him in a far different way from any of the others. This was as near as she ever came to marriage, and it was this love at least which makes Shakespeare's famous line as false as it is beautiful, when he describes "the imperial votaress" as passing by "in maiden meditation, fancy free."

# THE ROCKEFELLER INSTITUTE AND THE ROMANCE OF MEDICAL RESEARCH

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

IT has often been said, with truth, that only two classes of people receive truly expert medical attendance—the very rich and the very poor. The very rich can afford specialists and trained nurses. The very poor are taken to million-dollar hospitals, where the best is given to them, and then, perhaps, to convalescent country homes. The rest of us are at the mercy of the general practitioner and amateur nursing.

The general practitioner has usually been too busy to study since he left his medical college—and medical science to-day advances, changes ground, almost hourly. Naturally, he has also been too busy to specialize his observations upon one disease or group of diseases. He is effective, when he is effective, often not because he knows the real, chemical why or wherefore of his drugs, nor even because his diagnosis is skilful, but because Nature is something of a doctor herself.

Just as electric lights, telephones, a myriad scientific appliances are not invented in the machine-shops or factories where they are used, but in laboratories, after tireless theoretic experiment, so the advances in medicine and surgery are made by laboratory or clinical experiment, and only after their results are demonstrated beyond a reasonable doubt are they given to the world.

One of the greatest and most beneficent discoveries of the nineteenth century was Lord Lister's of antiseptic surgery. Before that discovery the horrors of blood-poisoning in hospital operations used to sicken even the surgeons. "Hospital gangrene" carried off thousands and thousands of our soldiers in the Civil War. The simplest wounds almost never healed without the formation of pus. The mortality from abdominal wounds and operations was ninety-nine out of every hundred!

Lord Lister changed all that. By one discovery, he cut down the mortality following operations to its present low figure. Where once it was ninety-nine per cent, it is now, with many operations, as low as one per cent. But he did this only after four years of patient laboratory experiment, chemical, bacteriological, and surgical, practising on animals.

Lord Lister's beneficent discovery, in turn, was made possible by Pasteur's laboratory experiments with fermentation, which put the English surgeon on the right track, suggesting the idea that blood-poisoning from wounds is the result of external infection by parasites in the air, on the original instrument of infliction, or on the hands and instruments of the surgeons.

## WHAT RESEARCH WORK HAS ACHIEVED

The entire modern science of bacteriology, which has resulted in our knowing where tuberculosis, bubonic plague, cholera, diphtheria, typhoid fever, spinal meningitis, and the like diseases come from, and in our already partially successful efforts to wipe out these diseases, is the result of long, patient, minute laboratory study and animal experimentation. The general practitioners had no more to do with it than the linesmen with the invention of the telephone. It was worked out by experts, by scientists, who gave their lives to study, and who practised medicine rather by teaching others how to practise it.

That is the "why" of the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research, founded by John D. Rockefeller in 1901, with a gift of ten million dollars.

The man who is engaged in research work, and thus is laying the foundations of medical practise, gets no fees, because he has no patients except guinea-pigs, mice, dogs, cats, and monkeys. The only way in

which he can work, then, unless he has a private income, is under an endowment.

Endowed institutions for research have existed for some time in France—as, for instance, the Pasteur Institute, founded by public subscription in 1885, following Pasteur's discovery of a cure for rabies—in Germany, and in England. In America we

Mr. Rockefeller felt it, and now, in New York, on East Sixty-Sixth Street, overhanging the East River, we have one of the finest institutions for medical research in the world, equipped with a five-story laboratory building and a superb hospital for clinical study as well. More than thirty carefully picked doctors are engaged in the work, un-



DR. SIMON FLEXNER, DIRECTOR OF THE LABORATORIES OF THE ROCKEFELLER INSTITUTE FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH

*From a photograph by Goldensky, Philadelphia*

had to wait till one of our fabulously rich men, rich as the result of our recent industrial development, felt the touch of the scientific and humanitarian spirit—which is also, paradoxically, an outgrowth of the nineteenth century.

der the direction of Dr. Simon Flexner. Each of them receives a salary, a comfortable salary, but by no means so large as he might expect to make by private practise. Men do not go into research work for the money.



None of them is allowed to practise outside. All their time and effort is given to the work of the institute, for the furtherance of medical science and the benefit of mankind, as was expressly stipulated by the founder in his deed of grant.

Furthermore, Mr. Rockefeller's example has been followed by other rich Americans, and to-day we have the Memorial Institute for the Study of Infectious Diseases, founded by Mr. and Mrs. Harold F. McCormick, in Chicago; the Institute for the Study, Treatment, and Prevention of Tuberculosis, founded by Henry Phipps; and the department of biological and chemical research of the Carnegie Institute, in Washington.

Now, in what way is mankind benefited, the reader asks, by the myriad minute and often, to the lay mind, meaningless experiments conducted at the Rockefeller Institute, and, by the same token, in the other research institutes throughout the civilized world?

It is not benefited, say the antivivisectionists. Let us see.

#### THE BATTLE WITH EPIDEMIC MENINGITIS

Let us take one of the best-known examples of the Rockefeller Institute's work, Dr. Flexner's investigation of epidemic spinal meningitis, and his discovery of an antiserum for its cure. That discovery alone has already saved, as the figures show, hundreds of human lives, and will go on saving thousands more, no doubt, in the future. It was the result of long, patient, careful experiment with animals, chiefly monkeys, in the laboratory.

Indeed, Dr. Flexner himself has never practised medicine in the ordinary sense. Perhaps two hundred animals were sacrificed in all. Without such sacrifice the discovery could not have been made. Unless you consider, then, a monkey's life as valuable as that of your son or daughter, it is hard to see how you can argue against vivisection and animal experimentation.

There are various forms of meningitis. The so-called epidemic meningitis, due to a well-recognized bacillus called *diplococcus intracellularis*, is an infectious disease, more common among children, though not confined to them. In 1905 it became epidemic in New York, whence it spread through the United States. Outbreaks have occurred since. Only last winter there were many cases in the steerage of a steamer that came to New York from Greece, and a

young doctor at Quarantine became infected and lost his life.

The mortality was as high as eighty per cent before Dr. Flexner's discovery. It was truly a deadly malady, and still remains so unless diagnosis is prompt and the antiserum injection made early.

Now, to study such a disease thoroughly, the cause of infection—the bacillus—must be isolated and controlled, the moment of infection must be known, all the stages of bodily dissolution must be observed; and if an antiserum is to be discovered, it must be after much experiment, some of which is bound to prove fatal to the patient.

Dr. Flexner found that characteristic human epidemic meningitis could be produced in monkeys by a cerebral injection of the disease germs, or cocci. Thus he was able to make a thorough study, something quite impossible without animal experiment. He transmitted the disease from monkey to monkey. He studied the effect of the bacillus on the tissues, its multiplication in the body, its presence elsewhere than in the spine—as in the nasal mucus, thus suggesting the channel of infection for human beings—and finally he began his experiments looking toward an antiserum, or cure.

In one instance—vaccination against smallpox—artificial immunity has been practised for over a hundred years, without, however, its principle being understood. The principle of immunity is now better known, though its ultimate chemical or organic mystery remains unsolved.

Immunity is based on the fact that the blood, when invaded by the parasites of disease, develops some property within itself to fight and kill them. If it did not, every mother's son of us would be dead of tuberculosis, typhoid, and a thousand other diseases long before now.

The leucocytes, or white blood cells, tend to absorb—actually to devour—the dangerous germs; and the cells, also, appear to secrete some antipoison to counteract the toxic poison thrown off by the parasites. After recovery from some diseases, such as yellow fever, the blood apparently never loses its fighting power thus developed, and the disease cannot recur. That constitutes what is called natural immunity.

#### HOW IMMUNITY IS ESTABLISHED

One of the great goals of modern medicine is to discover how to establish this immunity artificially, or to stimulate the fight-

ing properties of the blood. Jenner did it for smallpox, a century ago, by vaccination in advance of the disease. Recently it has been done for diphtheria and rabies, after those diseases have entered the system.

Dr. Flexner, then, in his meningitis experiments, set about establishing immunity in his monkeys and other animals. You may diminish the virulence of disease germs by lessening their number, by exposing them to a certain degree of heat, and so on. If, too, an animal is inoculated with very small or weak doses of the germ from time to time, not enough to kill, gradually the doses have to be increased to cause any ill effects; for its blood acquires fighting power in excess of the power of the germ.

Thus the problem becomes one of finding such a standard dose of the disease as will never kill the animal, but will be strong enough to produce an effective antigerm element in its blood, so that when the serum of its blood is injected into another sick animal, the second animal's blood will be reenforced sufficiently to conquer the disease.

Here is a nice balance of forces to bring about. The problem is further complicated by the fact that the blood serum from one animal, in too large doses, may kill an animal of another species, instead of helping it, and this is especially true of man. Experiment after experiment was made by Dr. Flexner. Immune goats' serum was found to kill monkeys, though it aided guinea-pigs, and the goat was an easy animal in which to establish immunity. But the serum from immunized monkeys was found to benefit other monkeys, when injected directly into the spinal cord.

Finally, by patient, intricate processes, the serum of an immunized horse, regulated to standard strength, so far as living matter can be regulated to a standard, was discovered to be most effective as an aid to recovery in monkeys infected with a fatal dose of the bacillus of epidemic meningitis. Because the disease in monkeys is in every effect closely allied to the disease in man, it finally seemed expedient to try the antiserum on a human patient—as early as possible after infection, for it was found that the sooner the serum was injected in animals, the better its results. The method of injection was intraspinal, or directly to the center of the disease. Experiments with intravenous injections of an antiserum worked out in Germany had failed.

Apparent success at once followed the experiments with human beings. Of the first four hundred cases treated with Dr. Flexner's antiserum, nearly eighty per cent recovered. Previously, the average of recovery was about twenty per cent. The figures were blessedly reversed.

But these experiments also showed that in man, as in animals, the sooner the presence of the disease is discovered, and the serum injected, the better are the patient's chances. Thus accurate and speedy diagnosis of the disease is imperative. A delay of twenty-four hours may still be fatal.

It is said to require one hundred thousand cases to establish a medical law. In the five years that the Flexner serum has been available for human use, nothing like one hundred thousand cases have been treated, though the serum has been shipped as far away as India. But Dr. Flexner says that the results continue to be good, and the percentage of recovery to remain above seventy-five in treated cases. There is every reason to believe that the serum is a permanent addition to remedial medicine.

Furthermore, in establishing by actual experiment the fact that the channel of infection for meningitis is through the nasal passages, Dr. Flexner made plain to anybody the highly infectious character of the disease, and the need of every possible sanitary precaution with sick patients and their attendants. Such precautions are as valuable to a community as a cure.

#### THE MYSTERY OF CANCER

Let us turn now to the Rockefeller Institute's investigations of cancer, one of the most deadly and mysterious scourges of humanity, and a scourge so much on the increase that already its death-rate among women in England is higher than that of tuberculosis.

Cancer has been studied for centuries, and practically nothing learned about it. In the nineteenth century, when the parasitic origin of many diseases was discovered, investigators at once set about finding a cancer parasite; but one was never found, nor could a cancer, apparently, be communicated from one living organism to another. The theory came to prevail that cancer was due to some mysterious change in the body cells, tending often to result from a bruise. No cure was known for it.

A decade or so ago, however, it was discovered that cancer could be transmitted

from one animal to another; and new hope sprang up of learning something about it.

Experiments showed, for instance, that a mouse tumor, which grew well in Berlin mice fed on milk, would scarcely grow at all in Copenhagen mice fed on carbohydrates. Thus there seemed reason for believing that practical therapeutic measures might some day be taken to arrest cancer in human beings.

Again, by animal experiments, it was found that such a thing as immunity to cancer exists. Animals which have recovered from a mild transplantation of tumor cells thereafter cannot be affected by the most malignant cancers.

These discoveries set the investigators to renewed labors; and now, at the Rockefeller Institute, Dr. Peyton Rous has made still another step forward. Experimenting with fowls, he developed a strain of tumor which, after transplantation through several generations, grew so very malignant that two weeks after injection into a healthy bird it would cause a tumor as big as a baseball. From such a malignant cancer growth as this, if anywhere, it seemed probable that the nature of the infection could be learned.

Accordingly, he strained the cancer substance through what is called a Berckfeld filter—a filter so fine that no germ visible to the microscope, and no tissue cell, can pass through. He thus secured a liquid free of microscopically visible germs, containing only dancing points of light under the rays of the ultra-microscope, and free, too, of cells.

To make absolutely sure that no cell life existed, he exposed this filtrate to conditions known to kill cells; and with this liquid he produced the same tumor in healthy chickens as with the transplanted tumor mass itself.

Thus he has proved that cancer is not a spontaneous cell disease. It is due either to a microscopically invisible parasite or to some chemical substance. Now, since no other disease is known to be caused by chemical poison generated from the cells, and other diseases are known to be caused by a submicroscopic parasite, the chances are for the parasitic origin of cancer.

Since, too, in other germ diseases where the channel of infection has been found—such as tuberculosis and typhoid—preventive measures have been made possible, and since for several such diseases antisera have been found, we may reasonably hope

that some day, thanks to the patient experiments of the investigators at the Rockefeller Institute and elsewhere, cancer will be made less terrible.

#### FIGHTING INFANT PARALYSIS

One of the diseases due to a submicroscopic parasite is infant paralysis. Led on by his success with meningitis in monkeys, Dr. Flexner next tackled this disease, which was recently epidemic in America, with a high rate of mortality, and even in cases of recovery leaving the victims frequently more or less crippled. Nothing was then known about the cause of infantile paralysis or the mode of its dissemination.

Dr. Flexner secured the spines of two human beings immediately after death from the disease, and injected the diseased matter as speedily as possible into the brains of monkeys. The monkeys became characteristically ill. This in itself would not be enough to prove the disease infectious, because it might have been caused by some toxic body in the human spines; but the disease was transmitted from monkey to monkey, proving its infectious character.

Moreover, infection was secured by injecting the nasal secretions of sick monkeys into the spinal cord of healthy ones, and finally infection was established through the nasal channel itself. This showed the manner in which it is undoubtedly transmitted to human beings, and demonstrated the absolute need for destroying all the secretions from the mouths and noses of those suffering from the disease, and for taking other precautions familiar in cases of infectious illness.

The cause of the disease may even be carried on the clothing of an attendant at a sick bed, Dr. Flexner says, and transmitted to others. Cleanliness and care are the means of preventing its spread.

Dr. Flexner discovered that the parasite of infant paralysis had not hitherto been isolated, because it belongs to the filterable viruses. A microscopically clear liquid, made by pressing infected matter through a Berckfeld filter, will set up the disease when injected into a healthy monkey, and its organic—not chemical—property is proved by the fact that its virulence can be destroyed by heat.

Will an antiserum for infant paralysis be discovered as a result of these illuminating experiments? The Rockefeller Institute is working toward such a discovery,

but Dr. Flexner will not yet say whether it will be found. He does state, however, that should infant paralysis become so general an epidemic as to be widely dangerous, it will probably be possible to practise a form of preventive vaccination.

Let us once more pause to point out that these discoveries were made by animal experimentation, and could not have been made in any other way. Which is the more important—the life of your baby or the life of a monkey?

#### SEEKING AN ANTITOXIN FOR PNEUMONIA

Another disease which the Rockefeller Institute is at present investigating, both in the laboratories and clinically in its superb (and free) hospital, is pneumonia. The bacillus of pneumonia is known, and it is known that we inhale it; but that is practically all we know at present about the disease. The secret of the resistance or non-resistance of the body, which determines recovery or death, at a certain point in the disease, has baffled all investigation.

Yet the disease is one of the most fatal, because the most widely spread, known to modern civilization. It is common to man and the animals. Since tuberculosis has been so largely reduced, it shares with that and cancer the leading place among the disease scourges.

Surely the further investigation of this malady, in all its phases, is work that cries to be done. When we consider that it is the disciples of medical research who have given us anesthetics and antiseptic surgery, who have made possible modern sanitary engineering, who have reduced by half the death-rate from tuberculosis, who have wiped out cholera, yellow fever, and plague from civilized countries, who have already discovered antitoxins for various deadly diseases, we cannot, as sane men, seriously question their attitude toward humanity, or the value of their experiments.

Yet that is precisely what the antivivisectionists do question. Only last winter they tried to put a bill through at Albany which would have forbidden the Rockefeller Institute's researches with animals.

The institute has already done much to conquer summer dysentery and similar children's diseases; to establish, working with the New York Health Department, a better milk supply; to open new tracts to surgery; to cure epidemic meningitis; to prevent infant paralysis; to gain better knowledge of

cancer, and many things more. Yet those well-meaning sentimentalists would make all such advances impossible, or infinitely more difficult, in the future.

The institute is working to-day toward the discovery of an antitoxin for pneumonia. Before any antitoxin can be tried with even reasonable safety on human beings, its effect must be closely and patiently studied on animals. If we are to have it at all, we must have it either at the cost of some monkeys and guinea-pigs, or some men. Perhaps, to save the monkeys, the antivivisectionists will volunteer to serve the cause of humanity. Step forward, gentlemen and ladies!

When yellow fever was conquered, it was at the expense of human lives, because this disease cannot be transmitted to animals. To prove that it is carried in the bite of a certain mosquito, men had to volunteer to be bitten. Were those men antivivisectionists? They were not; they were heroes engaged in medical research, or soldiers of the United States army. The first to lose his life was Dr. Lazear, and on his memorial tablet at Johns Hopkins President Eliot has written:

With more than the courage and the devotion of the soldier, he risked and lost his life to show how a fearful pestilence is communicated, and how its ravages may be prevented.

It is such men as he whose motives the sentimentalists question, and whose beneficent work they would prevent.

#### DR. CARREL'S SURGICAL EXPERIMENTS

Among the most spectacular achievements of the Rockefeller Institute are those of Dr. Alexis Carrel in surgery. He grafts the leg of one animal upon the thigh of another; he transplants kidneys, spleens, and other organs; he resects arteries, veins, and nerves, grafting in sections from another animal, sometimes preserved in cold storage; he operates on the thoracic cavity, thanks to a new method of insufflation and anesthesia discovered at the institute; and he actually operates on the heart itself.

"Cruelty! Horror! Bestial!" cry the antivivisectionists. "What earthly good can come of it?"

This is what good can come of it. Three years ago, the infant child of a New York doctor was rapidly dying of "hemorrhage of the new-born," which kills one child in every thousand. The father woke Dr. Car-



rel in the dead of night. Carrel hastened to the house. The father lay down beside his dying child. Dr. Carrel joined the artery of the father's arm pulse to a vein in the child's leg, and allowed his blood to flow into the baby.

The hemorrhage stopped instantly, and never returned. The child began to feed. His recovery from certain death was complete and rapid.

Blood transfusion had been tried and abandoned in the past, because no way had been discovered to join the arteries without rough edges, which caused fatal blood-clots to form. Dr. Carrel's experiments on animals were directed to discover the proper technique, and he did discover it, by a method of circular suture. His technique, so dramatically practised to save the baby's life three years ago, is now employed by surgeons everywhere. Blood transfusion has saved hundreds of human lives.

But his technique is employed not alone for blood transfusion. Dr. Carrel experimented with animals to see if he could not substitute sections of arteries. He removed, for instance, two or three inches of artery from a dog, grafted in a piece of artery from another dog, and closed the wound. The dog was soon well and running merrily about the canine hospital. It was found that even sections of arteries preserved in cold storage could be substituted, suggesting various interesting possibilities for human surgery.

And now these discoveries are being variously applied to human beings, not only with arteries but with nerves. An injured nerve may cause paralysis of the limb below the injury, an injured artery may necessitate amputation. By Dr. Carrel's methods, the limbs can be saved. To perfect his technique, of course, vivisection was absolutely essential.

When you see one of Dr. Carrel's dogs or cats hopping merrily about or sniffing for food, and realize that the animal's kidneys have been removed and the kidneys of another animal substituted, or when you realize that one of its glands, perhaps, has been transplanted from its head to its abdomen, you are amazed and probably a little bewildered.

"How on earth," you may ask, even as the antivivisectionists, "are such experiments as these of benefit to man?"

Perhaps you know that you yourself have thyroid glands in your neck, supplemented

by parathyroids. It wasn't so many years ago that the thyroid glands were considered of no importance, and the parathyroids were not known to exist. Surgeons used to remove them entirely in operations for goiter, with serious and often fatal results. Since 1880, however, thanks in large part to animal experiment, their vast importance to life has been demonstrated, and the therapeutic value of their extract learned. Moreover, the fact has been brought out that in animals, and presumably in man, they can be transplanted to other parts of the body, or grafts made in other parts of the body.

Dr. S. J. Meltzer, of New York, writes:

Surgeons abroad and in this country are trying to develop methods of grafting the parathyroids; they have been implanted in the abdominal cavity, in the spleen, and in the cavities of the long bones. The success, however, will become complete when surgeons learn to graft the organs—and the thyroids—by means of an end-to-end vascular suture by the now well-known method which was introduced into surgery especially by the experimental work of Alexis Carrel.

Here is only one illustration out of hundreds of the way in which Dr. Carrel's surgical experiments on animals do, or ultimately will, benefit mankind.

Dr. Carrel has successfully grafted new kidneys into dogs and cats, and he has successfully grafted a new hind leg upon a dog. Neither operation is yet practical for human surgery, though the leg graft has been tried once, in Bucharest; but they may yet be practical. Every decade since Lord Lister discovered antiseptics has seen new tracts of the human body opened to surgeons, and new lives saved.

#### NEW FIELDS FOR SURGERY

Dr. Carrel can already save your leg or mine, after an injury, by grafting in the arteries of a goat. It is not beyond the range of probability that some day he can substitute a whole leg, especially since he has learned that tissue may be preserved in cold storage and still resume its living functions.

He has also entered the thoracic cavity, and operated on the heart itself, by the aid of a method of intratracheal insufflation discovered at the Rockefeller Institute by Drs. Meltzer and Auer. By this method the functions of respiration are kept up without any muscular inflation and contraction of the lungs. Hitherto, thoracic operations



were only possible under a so-called Sauerbruch box, which was at best a clumsy and dangerous apparatus.

By the new method a tube is inserted into the bronchial passage almost to the bifurcation. The tube is smaller than the passage. Air is forced through by a pair of bellows, controlled by the foot of the surgeon or his assistant. The steady current passes into the lungs through the tube, and escapes by the waste space between the tube and the walls of the passage. Anesthesia is maintained by passing the air through ether vapor. The lungs are found to perform all their chemical and vital functions, though still as death.

This method is already in use for thoracic operations on human patients, made possible by Dr. Carrel's experiments in surgery on animals.

In all these animal operations, it must be borne in mind, the animal is invariably put under anesthetics, so that it feels no pain, and the operation is conducted with the utmost precaution against septic infection. No delicate technique could be perfected if the animal were not still, and no results of any scientific value could be obtained if the conditions were not absolutely antiseptic. The experiments are conducted as mercifully as possible, and would be of no value if conducted any other way.

Should Dr. Carrel some day be able to announce that he has made possible operations for valvular diseases of the human heart, as a result of his experiments on animals, perhaps fewer bills will be offered in the legislatures to prevent vivisection. Certainly he will never be able to make such an announcement without the long, patient, preliminary experiments on organisms a little less valuable than man's.

Already he has operated on the hearts of dogs, sometimes suspending circulation for five minutes—once for no less than twenty-one minutes—and then causing it to be resumed again. In all such cases, of course, the heart has absolutely ceased to beat, and the animal is to all intents and purposes dead. The Meltzer-Auer method of insufflation can also be used to restore persons apparently drowned.

Dr. Flexner, the director of the Rockefeller Institute, has been quoted as saying that there is a strong likelihood, as a result of these experiments, of a successful surgery of the human heart and lungs before many years have passed. Operations may

even be possible, for example, in advanced stages of tuberculosis, which will prolong the patient's life.

#### THE NEW VIEW OF DRUGS

The institute has, of course, made innumerable experiments with the effects of various drugs. The old *materia medica* is rapidly yielding, these days, to a newer science of chemico-therapy. The old-time method of drug administration was purely empirical, hit or miss, based on what this or that doctor had said worked well with some patient of his. The new method is truly experimental, the actual chemical action of drugs on the vital tissues being tested before they are administered to human beings.

The result is, incidentally, that fewer and fewer drugs are used in advanced medical practise. Most drugs hinder, rather than assist, nature. Pills for sore throats and stomach-aches, and for much more serious diseases, are becoming a thing of the past.

As an example of the newer science of experimental chemico-therapy, we may take the now famous "606," one of the greatest drug discoveries since quinin. It is called "606" because it is the result of the six hundred and sixth experiment made by its inventor in order to perfect his formula. It is an arsenic compound, and its use is based on the fact that arsenic will kill the so-called spirillic germs without killing the patient.

Various more or less deadly diseases are caused by the several varieties of spirilla, or spiral-shaped microbes, including African tick fever, European relapsing fever, and syphilis. Closely allied to these are the diseases caused by the trypanosomata, which resemble the spirilla in form and effect, but are protozoa, not microbes. The so-called sleeping sickness is the chief human disease of this type.

Numerous investigators have worked on the problems of these maladies, including Koch, who administered arsenic compounds to more than sixteen hundred negroes in Africa suffering from sleeping sickness. The problem has constantly been to find the compound which had the greatest possible power against the agents of the disease and the least possible poisonous effect upon the patient. The compound of arsenic, known as dioxy-diamido-arsenobenzol, or "606," seems to be the most successful at the present time. It was the discovery of

Dr. Ehrlich, of Germany, who experimented chiefly with mice for his preliminary work.

The drug is now being studied extensively in human syphilitic patients at the hospital of the Rockefeller Institute. Remember that it takes one hundred thousand cases to establish a medical law. Remember that the effects of the drug must not only be studied in all these cases at the time of its use, but for months or years later, to see what after-effects may develop. The value of a hospital, then, where patients may be kept as long as necessary, where various cases of a single disease may be observed, classified, compared, over a long period of time, is readily apparent.

The results from the use of "606" in the early stages of syphilis are already astonishingly good, so far as they appear at the Rockefeller Institute; and even in advanced stages great relief seems to be given.

One man came to the hospital on crutches, looking like one risen from the grave, and after a fortnight departed on his two legs, his cheeks flushed, his voice strong. He cannot recover permanently, but what was done seemed a miracle. It will require some years to establish the drug on an absolutely sure footing, to work out its standard dose, the frequency of injection, and so on; and all this beneficent work can be done properly only in such institutions for patient research and wise classification as the Rockefeller Institute.

At the Rockefeller Hospital, at this writing, the following diseases are under special investigation—acute lobar pneumonia, infant paralysis, syphilis, and various cardiac diseases. Patients are selected, so far as possible, with a view to their value for clinical study. The superb hospital is absolutely free, and you may remain there a year, if your case interests the investigators so long, without spending a cent. Naturally, there is a long waiting list.

No human surgery is at present practised in the hospital, though at any time some branch of surgery may be taken up for clinical study. The hospital directly adjoins the laboratories, and the laboratory research work is, so far as possible, kept in intimate relation to practical human cases.

#### THE RESEARCH PHYSICIAN

There is little enough external resemblance to the doctor of tradition in the young man sitting in a darkened room of the Rockefeller Institute watching a needle

as it traces lines on a bit of paper in an elaborate and costly electrical machine, or studying a photograph made from the records of such a machine. But from the machine a wire runs to some ward of the hospital, and ends in an instrument placed over a patient's heart. The photograph to the researcher is fraught with meaning, and perhaps may lead to the discovery of a new method of cure.

There is little resemblance to the doctor of tradition in a man bent over a microscope examining something on a slide. But that slide is smeared with a culture of possibly deadly germs, and the doctor bending over it may be risking his life to learn more about them, and hence more about the method of destroying them in the human body.

There is little resemblance to the doctor of tradition in the aproned young man in a chemical laboratory, with retorts boiling about him, test-tubes filled with various colored liquids, and cages of mice or guinea-pigs in the next room, variously labeled, or stained with distinguishing dyes upon their foreheads. Indeed, he looks more like the alchemist of the Middle Ages than a doctor.

But from his experiments with the intricate, baffling, and still mysterious chemistry of the living body may some day result the discovery which will save your life or mine, provided our "family physician" has had the opportunity and the intelligence to learn about it.

Incidentally, the research physician will be obliged to test his discoveries on those animals in the next room before their value, even their safety, for human beings can be demonstrated. We might call this needless cruelty had the researcher never made any discoveries beneficial to mankind; but since nearly all the great medical discoveries of the past half-century have been due to the researchers, to the disciples of pure medical science and experimentation, needless cruelty we cannot call it. The researcher has abundantly demonstrated his absolute right to our highest respect and even reverence, his right to freedom for his further work in the future.

"Some day," Dr. Flexner once said, "a statue will be erected in Central Park to the guinea-pig, in honor of his services to mankind."

But how about the men who pressed the guinea-pig into the service of mankind? Dr. Flexner's monument, perhaps, and the monuments of Lord Lister and Louis Pas-

teur and the other researchers, are the lives of the men and women they have saved.

It is the fashion just now to "muck-rake" the medical profession. We hear tales of exorbitant fees, of hospital graft, of similar blots on the professional ethic. But the men who are engaged in research work receive no fees; they have no patients; they work, like the teacher and professor, for a salary. As with the teacher, it is only the love of their work which keeps them at it or makes their results of any value. Nobody ever taught well who did not love to teach, who did not consider his payment to be the good that he was accomplishing. Nobody ever made any discoveries in any science who found his reward in terms of dollars, instead of joy at the tracking down of a new truth, a new law.

The truth that medical research is after is the exact nature of disease and health in the human body. No other science can have so direct a bearing on the welfare of mankind. No other science deserves more freedom, opportunity, encouragement. No other science leads its disciples into graver danger, keeps them in closer touch with human ills, requires more bravery and devotion. And no other science is so truly democratic, for its truths are of direct application to the lives and happiness of all men.

Said Pasteur, perhaps the greatest of medical researchers:

The true democracy is that which permits each individual to put forth his maximum of effort.

The sentence is double-edged. Medical science works for a democracy of health, for pure milk and water, for hospitals and methods of cure. But, in turn, democracy must permit the researcher to put forth his "maximum of effort." He cannot do it if the law restricts him by preventing animal experimentation. Even the diseases of the animals themselves cannot be conquered without such experiment. If restrictive laws of this nature ever are passed, they will be passed by sentimentalists who, to save a few dogs and guinea-pigs, will send thousands of human beings to their graves.

Shall we put our future in the hands of such men, or in the hands of a Dr. Flexner, who with one hundred monkeys and as many guinea-pigs, cut down the death-rate of meningitis from eighty per cent to twenty-five per cent? Shall we keep our guinea-pigs or the Rockefeller Institute? Shall we save our monkeys or our babies?

America is still a democracy, and we fancy her people will continue to answer, as they have answered in the past, in favor of their babies.

### THE HOPE-BEARER

NOTHING within her hands she brought;  
She idly clasped them round her knees;  
Her eyes the purple hilltop sought,  
Then, nearer, scanned the new-leaved trees.

Beyond the trees white spires in line  
Mark the still sleeping of the dead;  
She of their presence gave no sign—  
"How beautiful is life!" she said.

Four common words! My heart had throbbed  
Against a heavy load of toil;  
And often, in the long night, sobbed  
For one late laid beneath the soil.

When, without farther word, she went,  
There stayed here with me, in her place,  
A feeling of some new content,  
Back mirrored from her dream-lit face.

A soft wind stirred the growing leaf,  
The earth with waking hope seemed rife,  
And where my soul had nursed its grief,  
It sang: "How beautiful is life!"

*Cora A. Matson Dolson*

# EDITORIAL

## THE MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE PROBLEM

**I**N the last days of the summer session of Congress, Representative Norris, of Nebraska, introduced a resolution that ought to pass. It directs the President to call on all Governors of States to name commissioners for a convention to consider uniform marriage and divorce laws. It provides that the report of this convention shall be transmitted by the Secretary of State of the United States to all State governments; and it binds the national government to pay all the necessary expenses.

The resolution involves the concession that the Federal government has no business trying to reform marriage and divorce statutes, which are the concern of the States alone. Any effort at interference by the Federal government can only arouse the jealousy, breed antagonisms, and make uniformity, so much desired, a difficult and distant dream.

Mr. Norris proposes that the national government should frankly admit that it has no power to correct these evils, and then give its influence, its countenance, and its aid, in every proper way, to induce the States to effect uniformity among their own codes. This is the sane, possible, proper way to eliminate the "twilight zone" between the authority of the States and the powers of the nation. Let the nation recognize frankly what are its limitations; and beyond those limitations, let it appeal frankly to the States to do the work they have not yet done. Let it counsel, aid, guide them.

Marriage and divorce are only part of the great problem of dual jurisdiction which grows out of our dual government. If a start can be made at this point, there is every reason to hope that the same methods will carry the program of uniform laws into the sphere of corporation organization, control, and administration.

The Norris resolution ought to pass, first, because it is in itself a matter of prime importance to the whole nation, and second, because it suggests an effective method of dealing with difficult problems incident to our form of government.

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## SANITY IN CORPORATION REGULATION

**A** SHORT time ago, one of the two Public Service Commissions of New York was called to pass on issuing a charter to a railroad company to build a new line from Lake Erie to the Hudson River. The company wanted to build parallel to the New York Central, an average of twenty miles north of that system's four-track line across the State. It claimed that it would spend a hundred million dollars on its project, and that there was crying public necessity for the new service. The commission, having full power so to do, decided that the proposed road could not be built.

Great interest was excited, first, by the order prohibiting the construction of a railroad by people who claimed to have the money and the willingness to spend it; second, by the discovery that any State has a law giving such sweeping powers to a commission. And New York, of all States! The State of the octopus, the lair of the money power, the domain of Wall Street! If Kansas or Oregon should clothe a commission with such authority, it would not be so remarkable; but New York! It was unbelievable.

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NOTE—All editorials in this department were written before the end of August.

Regulation gone wild, some extreme people said. Regulation sane, clothed in its right mind, and courageous enough to stand for the other side in interest, said other people. Who was right?

The commission, after careful investigation, found that there was not business in sight to earn returns on the investment in such a line. It held that public interest would not be served by permitting money to be sunk in a hopeless enterprise. It intimated that an effort to hold up the New York Central and force it to buy out the new enterprise—as was done years ago with the West Shore—was not to the benefit of the community. There is, as we view it, the proper sphere of regulation. Investors should be protected against the practical certainty of loss. The public should be protected against the necessity of having railroad rates increased in order to pay returns on unwise investments.

The New York commission's hands will be stronger for its courageous stand in this case. It has protected the New York Central. Now, when some town in New York comes along demanding better service, the commission can safely say to the railroad company:

"We saved you from the necessity of meeting unreasonable competition; we protected your investment. Now it is up to you to give the public adequate service. You are ordered to increase the service to X., and will be required to build a branch to Y."

And the New York Central, knowing that it is going to have a fair chance in a fair fight; that public policy looks to conservation, not to confiscation; that its investment is expected to earn a reasonable return, will be disposed to stretch a point in order to satisfy a public that extends such treatment.

There are two sides to this question of regulation, as the New York commission has shown.

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## BUSINESS METHODS IN CITY GOVERNMENT

**I**F you should call on Mayor Darius A. Brown, of Kansas City, on any Monday afternoon, you would find him engaged in a performance which has interest and significance for every American citizen. You would see him holding what he calls his "mayor's cabinet"—a heart-to-heart session with a representative group of merchants, doctors, lawyers, engineers, and journalists about the affairs of the community.

Here is a precedent which helps to divorce politics from the business of running a city, and it is well worth looking into. It happens because a clear-headed and practical man is in the mayor's chair. When Mr. Brown assumed his office, he said:

"I don't think that any man is able to run a city as it should be run if he must depend solely upon the advice, counsel, and assistance of party leaders and politically elected officials. I know that I am not wise enough to do this. I need help."

So he asked a group of private citizens to meet with him and the heads of the various city departments once a week, and to talk over the city's business frankly and informally. Several of the men invited had bitterly opposed the mayor in his campaign; they thought that his new move was shrewd politics, and they were skeptical. But there has been no politics in these sessions. They have developed into helpful proceedings in which the city figures as a sort of corporation, with the mayor as president, his unofficial cabinet as the board of directors, and the paid heads of departments as foremen.

The hard sense of the local merchants is projected into the question of appropriations. The seasoned experience of leading doctors is used to protect the health of the community. The best minds at the city's bar help to safeguard the taxpayer, and so on. In short, a large and varied talent is crystallized for the general good. The cabinet has nothing to do with legislating; its function is to inject practical methods into the city administration.



This Kansas City experiment is more than an excursion into a new and constructive kind of municipal government. It marks a radical departure from the system which has created more inefficiency and graft in our civic affairs than anything else. Blocking the clean growth of most American cities is the obstacle of partizan politics, which is the full father of special favor and privilege. Remove this, and you get a clear track for progress and reform.

Kansas City is showing the way. She is making public business really public.

## THE EVILS OF UNCERTAINTY

WHAT this country needs now more than anything else is action—action of the sort that culminates in performance. The men who make laws must put them into effect, and the men who break these laws must, without needless delay, be punished. Laws which, because of their unwarranted complications and legal verbiage, are not clearly understood either by the community or the judiciary, ought, if necessary, to be rewritten, simplified, made plain, and enforced.

We are, as a people, prone to preparation. We have developed a mania for setting the stage, charging a large fee for admission, piping up the orchestra, and then postponing the performance.

There is no greater evil than uncertainty. It is bad enough when the individual vacillates, halts, and retards his progress, fearful that a step forward may be a plunge into oblivion. This constant dread of making a single move unfits the hesitant to move at all, and he finds himself ultimately a palsied monument to his own indecision. But when organizations, legislative bodies, and governments are guilty of irresolution, posterity pays the bills.

After Waterloo, Napoleon, vanquished and consigned to St. Helena, spent his declining years criticizing Grouchy, the field-marshal of indecision. But even the vehemence of Napoleon's denunciation of his tardy general did not wipe out Waterloo. The dire consequences of Grouchy's inaction eliminated from the field the most active maker of history since the dawn of time, and a sword that had been plunged repeatedly into the heart of the world was sheathed forever. Wellington, setting the wreath of certainty upon his own brow, reaped the rewards of decision.

What might have been had Admiral Villeneuve attacked the British fleet in 1805 instead of shilly-shallying around the Spanish harbors, history will never record. Napoleon had his suspicions, but he never knew.

What more conspicuous instance of fatal vacillation than General Boulanger, "the man on horseback," who, had he once spurred his horse in the flank, might have ridden into Paris, which was ripe for a *coup d'état*? But Boulanger stopped at the gates of the city, turned, and galloped away. When he drew rein and turned again toward Paris, the portcullis, so to speak, had been dropped. France remained a republic. Boulanger, undecided as to the future, retired to Brussels, and killed himself.

Alas, how pitiful is the spectacle of a man whose courage is unequal to his ambition! It is far better to move forward and make some mistakes, along with a high percentage of accomplishment, than to jeopardize the present and the future because of indecision. Experience is an asset only when it serves to point out the broad highway that leads onward, and that highway is divided into daylight, twilight, and darkness. When we march forward with the sun, we reap the warmth and the glory of its effulgence. When we reflect and deliberate and reason, we are in the twilight. Vacillation, delay, and uncertainty mean the darkness.

Even at the risk of failure, it is better, after all, to "start something." It is possible to recover from an error—to set your feet finally in the right direction. But to stand still until you are buried under the ashes of the stars is unpardonable.

Get up and dust yourself; view calmly the particulars at hand; select your building material as best you can, and begin.

In the language of the genial street-car conductor, "Step lively!" And while you are about it, do your best to get on a car going in the right direction.

## DISPENSING WITH THE SYMBOLS OF MOURNING

CROWNING a life of generous service to the living by a protest in behalf of the dead, a Southern physician of recognized skill and eminence urges that all outward symbols of mourning should be abandoned. For many years, as occasion has offered, he has expressed his views. He has won over a large number of people who see no reason why the heart "which knoweth its own bitterness" should advertise its sorrow by the conspicuous insignia of gloom.

The grief that must vaunt itself falls under suspicion. Custom is the only excuse for the depressing trappings of woe which add to the general fund of human sorrow. So, among the reforms of a period which is taking a general inventory of itself, is it not worth while to consider an abandonment of these somber memorials of tradition, which become a mockery if insincere, and are worse than useless where the sorrow itself is deep?

There are, or have been, peoples wiser in their generation. The Romans of the days of the republic wore blue as a sign of mourning. It is the proper thing in Asia Minor now. The Turk mourns in violet, and the Persian in pale brown. Until a French queen set the present fashion in the latter half of the fifteenth century, white was the color of grief in Europe, as it is now in China.

According to our Southern propagandist, if the dead could speak, they would ask that their passing should not augment the general gloom. To cheer the spirits with delicate and pleasing hues would be a fitter memorial. It is a part of the Epicurean philosophy, which was not wholly bad, that we pass this way but once, and that smiles are better than tears. There is no good reason why death, the inevitable, should spread a contagion of sorrow. *Memento mori* should not wantonly be written on the face of a world as fair as this.

## STUFFING A HERO

IT would doubtless be an interesting disclosure if courtesy and diplomacy should open the lips of the silent Togo in comment on the manner in which the world honors the great. What would the stern and simple warrior have to say of the gold lace, the interminable receptions, the elaborate dinners, and the formal banalities that have marked his progress around the world? Think of the man to whom the regimen of arms has been second nature since childhood at bay amid the gewgaws and ostentation that his presence makes necessary!

Togo is a Samurai—which means that, in an intensely modern and mechanical age, he holds the personality of a medieval knight. He was brought up in a school as stern as that of the Spartans. His habit has been to spurn ease and comfort. In his philosophy, the best man is the grimmest fighter. His reception to his officers on the eve of the decisive battle with the Russians disclosed him waiting in silence with the sword of hara-kiri across his knees as the eloquent comment upon the event. Yet for such a man the world finds no medium in which to express its admiration save that of the dead level of senseless social custom.

Most men who attain to greatness are of the same quiet and immobile diffidence. Like Togo, they rarely laugh. Like him, they are little moved by applause or by show. Perhaps their very greatness leads them to see and understand how really insignificant

are all human appanages—including greatness. No doubt they look upon the adulation to which they are subjected as the price which a man must pay for doing his work well.

At the same time, it is a pity that the genius of admiration seems to halt at the feat of stuffing its victims. A man who has faced the dangers of a hostile fleet ought not therefore to be put to the wearing ordeal of a continued round of formal meals. Taking his life in his hands, the little Japanese admiral went bravely from this luncheon to that dinner, from this reception to that elaborate breakfast. Stoically he ate his way through the menus. His secretary, a man of less stern stuff, fainted in New York while at dinner. Still the admiral ate and drank his part, with what acceptance of fate only he can know. At Boston he, too, gave up the unequal contest. What all the gunners of the Russias had failed to do the Frenchmen of the kitchens at length accomplished.

If it shall appear that his American reception has made *pâté de foie gras* out of so seasoned a specimen as Togo, the quarter-deck may yet give way to the guest table, and the thirteen-inch gun to the more subtle but no less terrible attack in twenty courses.

## THE BUSINESS OF SPORT

THAT sport has become a business means, more than all else, that the instinct for play survives in the practical necessity of work. The public in general, the busy man in particular, has no time for relaxation in the sense of personal participation in the sports that were once common pastimes. Only the very rich or the very idle can make a practise of doing so. Hence the business of providing them games to look at and think about.

For more than half the year the busiest of business men are the professional ball-players, whose work must suffice to take the place of the sport in which the public can indulge only in a vicarious manner.

There has recently been "released"—that is, discharged—from one of the larger league clubs a pitcher who for twenty years has been an idol of the baseball public. Cy Young, we are told, is a great veteran, a "grand old man" of the national game. He has participated in eight hundred and seventeen major league battles, of which he has won five hundred and seven and lost three hundred and ten. He was the first ball-player to pitch a "no-hit-no-run-no-man-reach-first" game. Wherever he has played—and he has played in most of the baseball cities of both East and West—he has given himself to his profession with a passion and love of his work that have placed him in the front rank. But sport, like business, is not sentimental. Young is "old." His sun has set. Younger men are pushing him aside. He has his "release"!

It is, however, illuminating to consider that this old man of baseball is just forty-four years old. An active and regular life has left him a splendid physique. Habits of economy have provided him a competence saved from his earnings. Many a man of thirty can well envy the physical vigor and mental soundness with which this veteran of baseball is preparing to retire from his profession.

Young's example, and that of others who have been heroes of the diamond, suggest more than the fact that the physical man is shorter-lived than the intellectual. It hints a broader and better philosophy with respect to the use and conservation of life. Reason and experience in every line of effort display the warning signal of the flood-tide of effectiveness. There is a menopause of brain as well as body. The individual has so much fuel—no more, no less. He can squander it or save it. But life, also, holds its rewards both for high speed and the slower but better-sustained effort.

This veteran of baseball can thank the care he has taken of his body, the intelligence he has put into his work, for an equipment which yet leaves him many years of usefulness. Nearly a generation of young enthusiasts has grown old watching him pitch. Now he is ready to join them in the grand stand, as young and as eager as the best of them.

# SOME WOMEN LEARN — MRS. HEWITT DID

BY JANE BOYD ROBINSON

MRS. HEWITT was like many, many women who start out after the glamorous days of honeymoon to be an ideal wife. Mr. Hewitt, like almost every man similarly situated, accepted it all as a matter of course. He had never been married before, and did not realize that all wives do not make it a special point to study and gratify their husbands' every desire and whim.

He only knew that Mary did so; and secretly it flattered him immensely. He also knew that he had made no mistake in choosing her as the only girl in the world for him, for the last three years had been the happiest he had ever experienced.

Mary blamed herself entirely. She could not weep copiously and say she was an unhappy, disillusioned woman. She often said she was a silly little fool, probably while on her way—supremely happy—to make his favorite salad, or while rushing to the door to meet him. It also appealed to her sense of humor to see how her plans never developed as she planned them.

But it was all her fault. Did not the women's magazines remind her each month of her big mistake? If she had only read their admonitions in time! Often she felt tempted to write an article with a title that would attract all girls expecting a husband to manage—which meant that every girl would read it. In it she would tell them that the one big secret of marital happiness—for woman, at least—was to *start just as you wished to continue throughout your married life.*

She sincerely loved George Hewitt, with his matter-of-fact, deliberate manner; his methodical habits; his loathing to part with money unnecessarily; and his cleverness—for he was very successful in the business world. She could overlook everything but the money question. It wasn't that she was

extravagant, though it would scarcely have been a crime if she had been, for George's income could have well stood it; but her idea of money was that it should provide the necessities and comforts that make happiness, and that any money so used was never to be considered a waste.

To-night she both wished and dreaded George's arrival home. She had bought some new goods for a dress, and for once he simply had to like it. He had acquired the habit of disliking every dress she bought; and she had let it grow and prosper, as she had let his other objectionable habits grow. The first and only thing that had ever got upon her nerves was his slow, deliberate, repeated remark about every dress she purchased:

"Well, I don't believe I would have bought an expensive dress this time of the year. Besides, I do not think it's a particularly pretty color, nor do I think it will wear well."

To-night she had it all planned. He would enjoy the unusually good dinner; then he would put on his smoking jacket, and settle down comfortably in the morris chair; while she hung up his coat in the little closet under the stairs, he would light his cigar; and after she had read to him the portion of the evening paper that he had not finished on the car, then she would show him the new goods. Not only—so she planned—was he going to like the goods, but he would be so interested as to insist on seeing the style of dress like which it was to be made.

How do things happen in just the opposite way, especially when you plan them so explicitly? Mrs. Hewitt had asked herself this question a hundred times. To-night, when George had not been in ten minutes, and was both cold and hungry, she was suddenly seized with the most in-

ordinate desire to show her new dress; and before she quite realized what she was doing, she had done it.

There is such a thing as the psychological moment. This was not it. Mary knew it about five minutes too late.

"Isn't it beautiful, George?" she fairly urged.

"Expensive?" he asked.

"Well, I never get cheap things, because it doesn't pay. You know—or, of course, you don't know about women's clothes; but the man said—"

"What man?"

"Why, the salesman—he said that it wore splendidly, and was the most popular shade of the year."

Oh, if George wouldn't, wouldn't, *wouldn't* say it! She wished this with enough power for a prayer; but for some reason it failed.

"Well"—it was coming—"I don't believe I would have bought an expensive dress at this time of the year; besides, I do not think it is a particularly pretty color, nor do I think it will wear well."

## II

THE gong that announced dinner gave excuse for the quick little jerk of the goods. Before many minutes, the blue silk was whisked away, and so were the sudden, hot tears that seemed to spring in Mary's eyes. She was seated at the table, and her cheeks had only a little more color in them than usual. George took his dinner absolutely unconcerned.

There was a sharp little pain at Mary's heart, but she told herself that she was sensitive and silly. She recalled the one thing that always brought her comfort—the fact that George never made a comment as to the expense of food, though they did have a good table, and a good table does cost money. The fact that money never figured in things which George personally enjoyed did not occur to Mary. She wasn't that kind.

"I came home with Bob Huntley to-night," he said, as the dinner dishes were being removed.

Knowing that he did so nearly every evening, she inferred that something further was to be added.

"Yes?" she questioned.

The pain would not go away.

"Fine fellow!"

He was leading up to something.

"How are they getting along?" she suggested, with mild interest.

"Well, I should say splendidly. You know that man never saved a nickel before he married. The best investment any man can make is to marry a sensible, economical woman. He got one. Do you know their grocery bill is only—"

Most opportunely, yet at the same time inopportunely, the maid brought in the dessert, which was planned to be the *pièce de resistance* of the meal. It made Mrs. Hewitt's eyes shine with delight, but had a different effect on Mr. Hewitt, who impetuously ejaculated:

"What? Are those strawberries, this time of the year?"

"Yes, isn't it lovely? My, I had such a time getting them! In fact, they were a special order from the city."

"But, my dear girl, aren't strawberries very expensive this time of the year, and—"

What he said further she didn't hear. Something had burst upon her consciousness with such force that her head throbbed. She saw, already, the beginning of the end.

"Besides"—she was listening now—"I don't think they are very sweet when picked so early, and then, too, they require cream. How much is your milk bill?"

"Eight dollars a month."

She was calm, but perfectly aware of the new, strange feeling that surged within her.

"Isn't that high?"

"I presume so, but we need it, or we shouldn't get it."

"Well, I didn't realize how well we live. Now, for instance, Mr. Huntley was telling me that his wife manages on—"

"Have some cake, George?" Her tone was decided.

"Why," said Mr. Hewitt in surprise, "have we cake, too, to-night? No anniversary, is it?"

"None that I know of. We have never had strawberries without cake."

"That reminds me—Mr. Huntley was speaking of a three-egg cake his wife makes. I presume this has about five?"

"No, it has nine—*nine*," she repeated emphatically; and although she was angry, she felt a strange joy in saying what she knew would be a mortal pain to her husband.

"Why, surely you are mistaken?"

George looked really worried.

"I am not, for I made it."

"Well, taking the dinner as a whole, it



has been rather expensive. The roast was—"

"One twenty," she answered indifferently.

"Do you know, Mary, I wish you and Mrs. Huntley were better friends! That little woman must be a wonder. I dare say you could be of assistance to each other in household affairs, for she must be exceedingly clever in that line. Mr. Huntley was telling me their grocery bill was—"

He was unconscious of a sigh, but he realized that Mary was looking at him. When he met her gaze, he faltered, but continued:

"Ten dollars a week."

"Then they must live very poorly," she said flatly.

"No, I imagine quite the contrary. Of course, they do not live on unseasonable delicacies. I imagine Mrs. Huntley is a sensible, economical woman."

The strawberries really were rather bitter.

Mary felt so strange. Did anger always produce such feelings? She had never before been angry to the boiling-point. She wondered if her expression conveyed any of the tumultuous emotions within her.

That night Mary's walking restlessly around the room, although it was unusual, did not disturb George Hewitt, who was deep behind a magazine. He did not notice how red her cheeks were, and that her lips were moving; nor did he see her expression as she suddenly sat down in a chair behind him.

The end had come. She had stood many things, but these two crowning insults were too much. If the price of food was to be the topic of the evening meal, and other women's management was to be thrown in her face, the limit had been reached. It meant that everything would eventually be considered from the standpoint of money. It must be stopped!

### III

THE next morning Mr. Hewitt left home after enjoying the kind of breakfast to which, in the course of three years, Mary had accustomed herself. He had quite forgotten the little feelings of compunction which he had felt last night to such an extent that he almost told Mary about them. He would have told her, he believed, had she not shown by her quiet manner that she had not noticed anything, so that it would have been silly to suggest it to her

mind. But he did mean to tell her that he had not seen her look so pretty for a long while; and he would have said so, if he had not suddenly thought of some papers that he had almost forgotten.

When he had gone, Mrs. Hewitt hastened up-stairs. She packed her suit-case with clothes that would last a week, for George never did anything in a hurry. Then she went into the sitting-room and sat down at her desk. It was an hour later that she was interrupted by the maid, who asked what she was going to order for the day.

"Nothing, Julia," she replied. "To-night we are going to have a dinner prepared with the left-overs from last night. Out of the cold meat make a meat pie, and out of the cold potatoes, croquettes. For dessert, make a cottage-pudding out of the stale bread. I don't believe raisins are necessary; and instead of cream, make a sauce." She tried to ignore Julia's dazed expression. "And, by the way, I won't be here, but I presume Mr. Hewitt will dine at the usual hour, and I wish you to place these slips at the proper places. You will notice that this one is marked 'meat pie,' and so on. Please see that these directions are carried out to the letter. That's all."

Things went splendidly until half past four, when Mary was in the very act of pinning her veil. She had been so dazzled by this new spirit that seemed to have come to her to-day that she had scarcely realized the step she was taking. She looked over the light, dainty room with its fresh chintz curtains. She wondered if George would miss her. She thought rather bitterly that he would miss having his bath-robe laid out, and his shirt fixed.

Suddenly, instinctively, she darted to open the closet door, and threw a bath-robe on the bed. Hurriedly she drew a shirt from the chiffonier-drawer, and with deft and swift fingers inserted the buttons.

Then she wavered over the thought of putting them back. She was actually her foolish old self again! Her new self perceived many things, and one thing particularly—that George demanded and accepted everything without reciprocating. The hardest part of it all was the fact that he was utterly unconscious of his selfishness. How this action of hers would surprise him!

It would be best to tell him why she was leaving, and she would write the truth, too. Mary's face looked altogether different with

determination stamped upon it; and at times, while she sat writing at her desk, it grew more determined than ever.

But suddenly she stopped. She sat still for a long time, looking out of the window. She raised her veil, because the tears were just ruining it. The things she had written seemed so bitter!

She was thinking of a day in spring, and of the things she had said that day. Spring would soon be here—the grass was fast becoming green—suppose she should miss the blooming of the flowers? George would see the asters with which she had meant to surprise him. It was *her* garden, it was *her* home, everything in the world she cared for was here! She simply couldn't do it!

The note was finished most impulsively in one line, and a new, relieved light came into her eyes.

Well, what if her plans were changed? Had she ever done anything just as she planned it? The usual laugh came, but it was tremulous and short-lived; suppose—suppose—

Whatever this new thought was, it produced a fresh onslaught of tears.

A little later, with no sign of any emotion on her face or in her voice, she asked Julia for the last slip, and wrote a postscript with a hand as firm as one incased in a kid glove can well be. But the other two notes which she held were tremblingly put in their places—especially the one that she slipped under the cover of the library table. The other she dropped on the hall table.

She looked out of the front door, her hand on the knob, for several moments, before she slowly opened it and slipped out into the lonely, soft dusk—with her suit-case.

#### IV

GEORGE HEWITT had never realized how much difference it made to have the lights lit. To-night the house was in darkness. It had never happened before, except when he and Mary were out together. Usually the hall and living-room were lighted, and Mary was always waiting for him. He felt quite abused; but consternation took the place of resentment as he read the note on the hall table:

Have gone home, but have been careful to arrange so that you will not miss me. My answers are all written out.

He read the note three times, and then repeated it aloud. What on earth did Mary

mean? What could have happened at her home? Why didn't she phone or telegraph, so that he could at least have gone to the train with her?

It sounded so very unlike Mary. Had he not known that practical jokes were a thing quite apart from her, he would have suspected this to be one.

"Have been careful to arrange so that you will not miss me. My answers are all written out."

What could it mean? Mr. Hewitt felt a disagreeable twinge, but he also felt completely at a loss to conjecture anything. He decided to eat dinner and telegraph to Mary for an explanation.

He was thinking so deeply that the maid had to sound the gong loudly twice before he turned his attention to the viands before him. The white papers on each dish at once attracted his attention. He picked up the first one and read:

This is a meat pie made from last night's roast. Potatoes, one quart of flour—value, 15 cents.

So it was some sort of joke, after all! George smiled rather grimly as he picked up the papers on the potatoes, the butter, and the bread.

These are potato croquettes, made from last night's cold potatoes rolled in cracker crumbs—cost, 6 cents.

This square of butter, 2 cents.

Bread, half a loaf, 2½ cents.

Mr. Hewitt helped himself to the meat pie and croquettes very deliberately and with a dark face. He and Mary were too settled for such childish pranks. He would show her plainly, once for all, that he did not enjoy them.

But where *was* Mary? She had evidently been called home. That gave no excuse for the miserable dinner with its sarcastic explanations, nor for her failure to telephone him. She might have foreseen that he would be anxious; and she knew that this was practically the only meal in the day that he enjoyed. Last night's delicious dinner loomed up before him. The well-seasoned roast, the creamy potatoes—and then he thought of the strawberries. It was impossible to eat this dinner; he would ring for the dessert.

It appeared, with its slip. He placed the paper aside unread, and with a set face helped himself to the pudding. But presently—either from curiosity, or because he

thought the pudding needed an explanation—he picked up the note, and read:

This is a dessert which I am sure you will enjoy, because it practically cost nothing, being made from stale bread. You will notice it lacks raisins, but I thought you would consider raisins a useless extravagance. I shall go over and ask Mrs. Huntley to teach me how to make raisins, for I know there is nothing that that sensible, economical little woman cannot do. Instead of cream, there is a sauce, which really cost next to nothing. I sincerely hope you enjoyed the dinner.

P. S.—You will find another note under the cover of the library table.

## V

GEORGE HEWITT was not given to fast walking. He had the same methodical rate for everything; but to-night he got into the library in a remarkably short time—for George Hewitt. To work in the dark—to see any one not working in the sane, open light—irritated him exceedingly. Whatever further explanation Mary had to give of her mysterious and altogether ridiculous actions, he hoped would be found in this last note, which he opened at once and read.

I believe it is the custom, both in books and in real life, when such little events as a departure in a family occurs, that one note is sufficient to reveal the fact. However, as I wished to look after your comfort on this evening, which I am sure has proved a surprise, I left several slips to explain things in which I am sure you are interested. To consult your comfort still further—because you might think, and a man who has worked hard all day in his office should relax and enjoy his home, and not be bothered over puzzling thoughts—I felt that I ought to explain why I am giving you this revelation.

Unfortunately, I am a woman, endowed with the feelings that woman has born within her. Unfortunately, too, I have to wear clothes; but I never get more than I absolutely need, for I am not keen on being unhappy. *Your* clothes are an

event—or were an event; I was so much interested in them, and so anxious to see them.

Unfortunately, you are a man with money enough to make it a spur for more, and you tried to let this dominate your home. If you are going to live under the sign of the dollar, there will be no room for me, with my need of clothes and my menus. If you are going to let another man's bills have such an effect that from it I can see exactly to what our home is coming, I might as well take this step immediately, for it would have to come sooner or later.

To-night I have given you just such a dinner as the Huntleys probably have. If you enjoyed it, you can make it one of your habits. Julia knows how to prepare it.

Of course, we all make mistakes. I am not infallible, for I have for three years let you be my first, last, and only interest. I have made your happiness mine. But when I see what your happiness is going to consist of, I realize that I must resign. I am not able to cope with a situation where the expenditure of money is invariably the first thing to be considered.

Have you ever thought it necessary to consider my happiness? Did you ever try to make me a little happier, except by giving me a home to make comfortable for you? I know you loved me, or you wouldn't have married me; but that is my only assurance.

I hope you will not think me bitter, I am being merely what you so ardently admire—perfectly sincere, just as much so as on that day in spring—

There were a few more lines of writing, but they were blurred. Indeed, it looked as if a spring shower had descended upon them. Nevertheless, George Hewitt made them out, holding the paper close to his eyes with hands that trembled ever so slightly. Below them there was written, in a firmer hand, just one line, and it read:

I did not go home—I am next door.

George Hewitt arose, and did a most unusual thing. With a most unusual light in his eyes, he ran—for his wife.

## A LITTLE SONG

A MERRY little song—

And one word all it sings:

"Love!" And the whole day long

The lilting measure rings:

"Love!" And the little song,

Laughing and rippling on,

Flows like a brooklet clear

To reach her heart so dear,

And bid her love and lose herself in me,

Like tiny brooklet lost in mighty sea.

*Elizabeth K. Reynolds*

# COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE\*

BY LEROY SCOTT

AUTHOR OF "TO HIM THAT HATH," ETC.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

ALL Westville is deeply interested in the approaching trial of Dr. West, who is accused of accepting a bribe in connection with the installation of a filtering-plant at the city's new water-works, of which he is superintendent. Dr. West is a scientist of high repute, a student and something of a recluse; and the management of his defense falls mainly upon his daughter Katherine, a Vassar graduate, who has studied law, and who has been engaged in legal work for the Municipal League, a New York civic association.

Dr. West's chief accuser is Dr. Sherman, a young clergyman who is the leading preacher in Westville; and so strong is the general sentiment against him that he has difficulty in finding a lawyer willing to appear for him in court. Katherine appeals to Harrison Blake, the leader of the local bar, who was her suitor in her college days; but he also declines the case. In desperation, she determines that she herself will act as counsel for the defense.

In that capacity she investigates every possible source of information, but can find no evidence to rebut Dr. Sherman's charge that her father took money from an agent of the Acme Filter Company. Finally, on the day before the trial, she goes to ask advice from Harrison Blake, telling him that she believes the accusation to be part of a plot to discredit the city water-works and the whole movement for municipal ownership. Blake is so much disturbed by what she says that she becomes convinced that such a conspiracy is afoot, and that he is concerned in it. She calls upon Arnold Bruce, editor of the Westville *Express*, and tells him what she has learned. Naturally, Bruce is greatly excited.

## VIII (Continued)

KATHERINE stared at Bruce in bewilderment.

"Oh, won't this wake the town up?" he murmured to himself. He dropped into his chair, jerked some loose copy-paper toward him, and seized a pencil. "Now, quick—the details!"

"You mean—you are going to print this?" she breathed.

"Didn't I say so?" the editor answered sharply.

"Then you really had nothing to do with Mr. Blake's—"

"Oh, rot! I beg your pardon. But this is no time for explanations. Come, come"—he rapped his desk with his knuckles—"don't you know what getting out an extra is? Every second is worth half your lifetime! Out with the story!"

Katherine sank weakly into her chair, beginning to see new things in this face that she had so lately loathed. "The fact of the matter is," she confessed, "I fear I

stated my information a little—a little more definitely than it really is."

"You mean you haven't the facts?"

"I'm afraid not—not yet."

"Nothing definite that I could hinge a story on?"

She shook her head.

"I didn't come prepared for—for things to take this turn. It would spoil everything to have this made public before I had my case worked up."

"Then there's no extra!" He flung down his pencil and sprang up. "Nothing doing, Billy," he called to Harper, who that instant opened the door; "go on back with you." He began to walk up and down the little office, scowling, his hands clenched in his trousers-pockets. After a moment he stopped short, and looked at Katherine half savagely. "I suppose you don't know what it means to a newspaper man to have a big story laid in his hands and then suddenly jerked out?"

"I suppose it is something of a disappointment."

\* Copyright, 1911, by Leroy Scott. This story began in the August number of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*

"Disappointment!" The word came out half groan, half sneer. "Disappointment! If you were waiting in church, and the bridegroom didn't show up; if—oh, I can't make you understand the feeling!"

He dropped back into his chair and scratched viciously at the copy-paper. She watched him in a sort of fascination till he abruptly looked up. Suspicion glinted behind the heavy glasses.

"Are you sure, Miss West," he asked slowly, "that this whole affair isn't just a little game?"

"What do you mean?"

"That your whole story is nothing but a hoax? Nothing but a trick to get out of a tight hole by calling another man a thief?"

Her eyes flashed.

"You mean that I am telling a lie?"

"No. You lawyers doubtless have a better-tasting word for it. You would call it, say, a 'professional expedient.'"

She was still not sufficiently recovered from her astonishment to be angry. Besides, she felt herself by an unexpected turn put in the wrong regarding Bruce.

"What I have said to you is the absolute truth," she declared defiantly. "Here is the situation—believe me or not, just as you please. I ask you, for the moment, to accept the proposition that my father is the victim of a plot to steal the water-works, and then see how everything fits in with that theory. Bear in mind, as an item worth considering, my father's long and honorable career—never a dishonoring word against him till this charge came."

She went on and outlined the reasoning that had led her to her conclusion.

"Now, does not that sound possible?" she demanded.

He had watched her with keen, half-closed eyes.

"H'm! You reason well," he conceded.

"That's a lawyer's business," she retorted. "So much for theory; now for facts."

She gave him her experience of half an hour before in Harrison Blake's office. The editor's boring gaze was fixed on her all the while.

"And now I ask you this question—is it likely that even a poor water system could fail so quickly and so completely as ours has done, unless some powerful person was secretly working to make it fail? Do you not see it never could? We all should have seen it, but we've all been too busy, too

blind, and thought too well of our town, to suspect such a thing."

His eyes were still boring into her.

"But how about Dr. Sherman?" he asked.

"I believe that Dr. Sherman is an innocent tool of the conspiracy, just as my father is its innocent victim," she answered promptly.

Bruce sat with the same fixed look, and made no reply.

"I have stated my theory, and I have stated my facts," said Katherine. "I have no court evidence, but I am going to have it. As I remarked before, you can believe what I have said, or not believe it. It's all the same to me." She stood up. "I wish you good afternoon."

He quickly rose.

"Hold on there!" he said.

She paused at the door. He strode to and fro across the little office, scowling with thought; then he paused at the window and looked out.

"Well?" she demanded.

He wheeled about.

"It sounds plausible."

"Thank you," she said crisply. "I could hardly expect a man who has been the champion of error to admit that he has been wrong and accept the truth. Good afternoon!"

Again she turned away and reached for the door-knob.

"Wait!" he cried. There was a ring of resentment in his voice, but his square face, which had been grudgingly non-committal, was now aglow with excitement. "I believe you're right!" he cried. "There's an infernal conspiracy! Now, what can I do to help?"

"Help?" she asked blankly.

"Help work up the evidence? Help reveal the conspiracy?"

She had not yet quite got her bearings concerning this new Bruce.

"But why should you help? Oh, I see," she said coldly; "it would make a nice sensational story for your paper."

He flushed at her cutting words, and his square jaws set.

"I suppose I might follow your example of a minute ago, and say that I don't care what you think; but I don't mind telling you a few things, and giving you a chance to understand me if you want to. I was on a Chicago newspaper, and had a big place that was growing bigger. I could have



sold the *Express*, when my uncle left it to me, and stayed there; but I saw a chance, as owner of a paper, to try out some of my own ideas, so I came to Westville. My idea of a newspaper is that its function is to serve the people—to make them think—to bring them new ideas—to be ever watching their interests. Of course, I want to make money—I've got to, or go to smash; but I'd rather run a candy-store than run a sleepy, apologetic, afraid-of-a-mouse, mere money-making sheet like the *Clarion*, that would never breathe a word against the devil's fair name so long as he carried a half-inch ad. You called me a yellow journalist yesterday. Well, if to tell the truth in the hardest way I know how, to tell it so that it will hit people square between the eyes and make 'em sit up and look around 'em—if that is yellow, then I'm certainly a yellow journalist, and I thank God for inventing the breed!"

As Katherine listened to his snappy, vibrant words, as she looked at his powerful, dominant figure and into his determined face with its flashing eyes, she felt a reluctant warmth creep through her being.

"Perhaps—I may have been mistaken about you," she said.

"Perhaps you may!" he returned grimly. "Perhaps about as much as I was about your father. And, speaking of your father, I don't mind adding something more. Ever since I took charge of the *Express*, I've advocated municipal ownership of every public utility. The water-works, which were apparently so satisfactory, were a good start; and I used them constantly as a text for working up municipal ownership sentiment. The franchises of the Westville Traction Company expire next year, and I had been making a campaign against renewing the franchises, and in favor of the city taking over the system and running it. Opinion ran high in favor of the scheme; but this wretched scandal completely killed the municipal ownership idea. That was my pet, and if I was bitter toward your father—well, I couldn't help it. And now," he added rather brusquely, "I've explained myself to you. To repeat your words, you can believe me or not, just as you like."

There was no resisting the impression of the man's sincerity.

"I suppose," said Katherine, "that I should apologize for—for the things I've called you. My only excuse is that your

mistake about my father helped cause my mistake about you."

"And I," returned he, "am willing not only to take back publicly, in my paper, what I have said against your father, but also to print your statement about—"

"You must not print a word," she put in quickly, "till I get my evidence. Printing it prematurely might spoil my case."

"Very well. And as for what I have said about you, I take back everything, except—" he paused; she saw disapprobation in his eyes—"except the plain truth I told you that being a lawyer is no work for a woman."

"You are very dogmatic!" she said hotly.

"I am very right," he firmly returned.

"Excuse my saying it, but you appear to have too many good qualities as a woman to spoil it all by going out of your sphere and trying—"

"Why—why—" She stood gasping. "Do you know what your uncle told me about you?"

"Old Hosie?" He shrugged his shoulders. "Hosie's an old fool!"

"He said that the trouble with you was that you had not been thrashed enough as a boy. And he was right, too!"

She turned quickly to the door, but he stepped before her.

"Don't get mad because of a little plain truth. Remember, I want to help you."

"I think," said she, "that we're better suited to fight each other than to help each other. I'm not so sure that I want your assistance."

"I'm not so sure that you can help taking it," he returned coolly. "This isn't your father's case alone. It's the city's case, too; and I've got a right to mix in. Now, do you want me?"

She looked at him a moment.

"I'll think it over. For the present, good afternoon."

He hesitated, then held out his hand. She hesitated, then took it. After which, he opened the door for her and bowed her out.

## IX

WHEN Harrison Blake's door closed upon Katherine, half an hour before, Blake gazed fixedly after her for a moment, and his face, now that he was alone, deepened its sickly, ashen hue. Then he strode feverishly up and down the room, his lips twitching nervously, his hands clenching and unclench-

ing. Next he unlocked a cabinet against the wall, poured out a drink from a squat, black bottle, gulped it down, and forgot to relock the cabinet.

After this he dropped into his chair, gripped his face in his two hands, and sat there, breathing deeply, but otherwise without motion. Had Westville seen him at this moment it would have been bewildered, for never had the city guessed its idol might have such a mood as this.

Presently his door opened.

"Mr. Brown is here to see you," announced a voice.

He slowly raised his head, and stared for a moment at his stenographer in dumfounded silence.

"Mr. Brown!" he repeated huskily.

"Yes," said the young woman.

He continued to stare at her in sickly stupefaction.

"Shall I tell him you'll see him later?"

"Show him in," said Blake. "No, wait till I ring."

He passed his hand across his moist and pallid face, paced his room again several times, then touched a button and stood stiffly erect beside his desk. The next moment the door closed behind a short, rather chubby man with an egg-shell dome and a circlet of gray hair. He had a cheery, fatherly manner, and eyes that twinkled with good-fellowship.

"Well, well, Mr. Blake! Mighty glad to see you!" he exclaimed as he crossed the room.

Blake, still pale, but now with a tense composure, took his visitor's hand.

"This is a pleasant surprise, Mr. Brown," he said politely. "How do you happen to be in town?"

Mr. Brown disposed himself comfortably in the chair that Katherine had lately occupied.

"To-morrow's the trial of that Dr. West, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, I thought I'd better be on the ground to see how it came out."

Blake did not respond at once. With his lips very tight together, he sat gazing at the ruddy face of his visitor.

"Everything's going all right, isn't it?" asked Mr. Brown in his cheery voice.

"About the trial, you mean?" Blake asked with an effort.

"Of course. The letter I had from you yesterday assured me that conviction was

certain. Things still stand the same way, I suppose?"

Mr. Blake's whole body was taut; his dark eyes were fixed tensely upon Mr. Brown.

"They do not," he said quietly.

"Not stand the same way!" cried Mr. Brown, half rising from his chair. "Why not?"

"I am afraid," replied Blake with his strained quiet, "that the prosecution will not make out a case."

"Not make out a case!"

"To-morrow Dr. West is going to be cleared."

"Cleared? Cleared?" Mr. Brown stared.

"Now, what the devil—see here, Blake, how's that going to happen?"

Blake's tense figure had leaned forward, and his tightly clenched hand came down with a thud upon his desk.

"It's going to happen, Mr. Brown," he burst out, with a flashing of his dark eyes, "because I'm tired of doing your dirty work, and the dirty work of the National Electric and Water Company!"

"You mean you're going to see that he's cleared?"

"Yes, I'm going to see that he's cleared!"

"What—you?" ejaculated Mr. Brown, still staring. "Why, only in your letter yesterday you were all for the plan! What's come over you?"

"If you had experienced what I have just experienced in this office—" Blake suddenly checked his passionate reference to his scene with Katherine. "I say enough when I say that I'm going to see that Dr. West is cleared! There you have it!"

No further word was spoken for a moment. The two men, both leaning forward, gazed straight into each other's eyes. Blake's powerful, handsome face was blazing and defiant; the fatherly kindness had disappeared from the other, and it was keen and hard.

"So," said Mr. Brown cuttingly and with an infinity of contempt, "it begins to appear that Mr. Harrison Blake has got a white liver!"

"You know that's a lie!" Blake fiercely retorted. "You know I've got as much courage as you and your infernal company put together!"

"Oh, you have, have you! From the way you're turning tail—"

"To turn tail upon a dirty job is no cowardice!"

"But there have been plenty of dirty jobs you haven't run from! You've put through quite a few in the last two or three years!"

"But never one like this!"

"You knew exactly what the job was when you made the bargain with us."

"Yes! And my stomach turned against it even then!"

"Then why the devil did you tie up with us?"

"Because your big promises dazzled me. Because you took me up on a high mountain and showed me the kingdoms of the earth."

"Well, you thought the kingdoms were pretty good-looking property!"

"Good enough to make me forget the sort of thing I was doing. Good enough to blind me as to how things might come out. But I see now, and I'm through with it all!"

The chubby little man's eyes were on fire, but he was too experienced in his trade to allow much liberty to anger.

"And that's final—that's where you stand?" he asked with comparative calm.

"That's where I stand!" cried Blake.

"I may have got started crooked, but I'm through with this kind of business now. I'm going back to clean ways, henceforward; and you, Mr. Brown, you might as well say good-by!"

Brown was an old campaigner. He never abandoned a battle merely because it apparently seemed lost. He leaned back in his chair, slowly crossed his short legs, and thoughtfully regarded Blake's excited features. His own countenance had changed its aspect; it had shed its recent hardness, and had not resumed its original cheeriness. It was eminently a reasonable face.

"Come, let's talk this whole matter over," he began in a rather soothing tone. "Neither of us wants to be too hasty. There are a few points I'd like to call your attention to, if you'll let me."

"Go ahead with your points," said Blake; "but they won't change my decision."

"First, let's talk about the company," Mr. Brown went on in his mild, persuasive manner. "Frankly, you've put the company in a hole. Believing that you would keep your end of the bargain, the company has invested a lot of money and laid a lot of projects. We bought up practically all the stock of the Westville street-car lines, when that municipal ownership talk drove the price so low, because we expected to get

a new franchise through your smashing this municipal ownership fallacy. We have counted on big things from the water-works when you got hold of them for us. We have plans on foot in several other cities of the State, and we've been counting on the failure of municipal ownership in Westville to have a big influence on those cities, and to help us in getting what we want. In one way and another, this deal here means a lot to the company. Your failing us at the last moment means—"

"I understand all that," interrupted Blake.

"Here's a point for you to consider, then—since the company has banked on your promise, since it will lose so heavily if you repudiate your word, are you not bound in honor to stand by your agreement?"

Blake opened his lips, but Brown raised a hand.

"Don't speak! I just leave that for you to think about. So much for the company; now for yourself. We promised you, if you carried this deal through—and you know how we keep our promises—we promised you Grayson's seat in the Senate. And after that, with your ability and our support, who knows where you'd stop?" Brown's voice became yet more soft and persuasive. "Isn't that a lot to throw overboard because of a scruple?"

"I can win all that, or part of it, by being loyal to the people!" Blake replied doggedly.

"Come, come, Mr. Blake," said Brown reprovingly, "you know you're not talking sense. You know that the only quick and sure way of getting the big offices is by the help of the corporations. You must realize what you're losing."

Blake's face had become drawn and pale. He closed his eyes, as if against the vision of the kingdoms that Brown had conjured up.

"I'm ready to lose it!" he cried.

"All right, then," Brown went on mildly. "So much for what we lose, and what you lose. Now for the next point—the action you intend to take regarding this case against Dr. West. Do you mind telling me just how you propose to undo what you have done so far?"

"I haven't thought it out yet; but I can do it."

"Of course," pursued Brown blandly, "you propose to do it so that you will not appear to be involved in any way?"

Blake was thinking of Katherine's accusation.

"Of course," he said.

"Suppose you think about that point for a minute or two."

Brown paused. When he spoke again, he spoke very slowly, and accompanied each word with a gentle tap of his forefinger on the desk.

"Can you think of a way to clear Dr. West without incriminating yourself?"

Blake gave a start.

"What's that?"

"Can you get Dr. West out of his trouble without showing who got him into his trouble? Just think that over."

During the moment of silence Blake grew yet more pale.

"I'll kill the case somehow," he breathed desperately.

"But the case looks very strong against Dr. West; everybody believes him guilty. Do you think you can suddenly, within twenty-four hours, reverse the whole situation, and not run some risk of having suspicion shift around to you?"

Blake's eyes fell to his desk, and he sat staring whitely at it.

"And there's still another matter," pursued Brown's gentle voice, now grown apologetic. "I wouldn't think of mentioning it, but I want you to have every consideration before you. I believe I never told you that the directors of the National Electric and Water Company own the majority stock of the Acme Filter Company."

"No, I didn't know that."

"It was because of that mutual relationship that I was able to help out your little plan by getting Marcy to do what he did. Now, if some of our directors should feel sore at the way you've thrown us down, they might take it into their minds to make things unpleasant for you."

"Unpleasant? How?"

Brown's fatherly smile had come back now; it was full of concern for Blake.

"Well, I'd hate, for instance, to see them use pressure to drive Mr. Marcy to make a statement."

Blake gave a start.

"Mr. Marcy? A statement?"

"Because," continued Brown, in his tone of fatherly concern, "after Mr. Marcy had stated what he knows about this case, I'm afraid there wouldn't be much chance for you to win any high places by being loyal to the people."

For a moment after this velvet threat Blake turned upon Brown an open-lipped, ashen face. Then, without a word, he leaned his elbows upon his desk and buried his face in his hands.

For a long space there was silence in the room. Brown's eyes, kind no longer, but keenest of the keen, watched the form before him, timing the right second to strike again.

At length he recrossed his legs.

"Of course, it's up to you to decide, and what you say goes," he went on in his amiable voice; "but speaking impartially, and as a friend, it strikes me that you've gone too far in this matter to draw back. It strikes me that the best and only thing is to go straight ahead."

Blake's head remained bowed in his hands, and he did not speak.

"And of course," pursued Brown, "if you should decide in favor of the original agreement, our promise still stands good—Senate and all."

Brown said no more, but sat watching his man. Again there was a long silence. Then Blake raised his face—and a changed face it was, indeed, from that which had fallen into his hands. It bore the traces of a mighty struggle, but it was hard and resolute—the face of a man who has cast all scruples behind.

"The agreement still stands," he said.

"Then you're ready to go ahead?"

"To the very end!" said Blake.

Brown nodded.

"I was sure you'd decide that way," he replied.

"I want to thank you for what you've said to bring me around," Blake continued in his new incisive tone. "But it is fair to tell you that this was only a spell—not the first one, in fact—and that I should have come to my senses anyhow."

"Of course, of course." It was not Brown's policy, once the victory was won, to discuss to whom that victory belonged.

Blake's eyes were keen and penetrating.

"And what I said a little while back will not affect your attitude toward me in the future?"

"Why, all that has already passed out of my other ear! Oh, it's no new experience," Brown went on, with his comforting air of good-fellowship, "for me to run into one of our political friends when he's sick with a bad attack of conscience. They all have it now and then, and they all pull



out of it. No, don't you worry about the future; you're O. K. with us."

"Thank you."

"And now, since everything is so pleasantly cleared up," continued Brown, "let's go back to my first question. I suppose everything looks all right for the trial to-morrow?"

Blake hesitated a moment, then told frankly of Katherine's discovery.

"But it's no more than a surmise," he ended.

"Has she guessed any other of the parties implicated?" Brown asked anxiously.

"I'm certain she has not."

"Is she likely to raise a row to-morrow?"

"I hardly see how she can."

"All the same, we'd better do something to quiet her," returned Brown meaningly.

Blake flashed a quick look at the other.

"See here—I'll not have her touched!" he said sharply.

Brown's scanty eyebrows lifted.

"Hello! You seem very tender about her!"

Blake looked at him sternly a moment; then said stiffly:

"I once asked Miss West to marry me."

"Eh! You don't say!" exclaimed the other, amazed and confused. "That is a queer situation for you!" He rubbed his naked dome. "And you still feel—"

"What I feel is my own affair!" Blake cut in sharply.

"Of course, of course!" Brown agreed quickly. "I beg your pardon!"

Blake ignored the apology.

"It might be well for you not to see me openly again like this. With Miss West watching me—"

"She might see us together, and suspect things—I understand. Needn't worry about that; you may not see me again for a year. I'm here, there, everywhere. But before I go, how do things look for the election?"

"We shall carry the city easily."

"Whom will you put up for mayor?"

"Probably Kennedy. He's the prosecuting attorney."

"Is he safe?"

"He'll do what he's told."

"That's good. Is he strong with the people?"

"Fairly so; but the party will carry him through."

"H'm!" Brown was thoughtful for a space. "This is your end of the game, of course—and I make it a point not to inter-

fere with another man's work. The only time I've butted in here was when I helped you about getting Marcy. But still, I hope you don't mind my making a suggestion."

"Not at all."

"We've got to have the next mayor and council, you know—simply got to have them. We don't want to run any risk, however small. If you think there's one chance in a thousand of Kennedy losing out, suppose you have yourself nominated?"

"Me!" exclaimed Blake.

"It strikes you as a come-down, of course. But you can do it gracefully—in the interests of the city, and all that, you know; you can turn it into a popular hit. Then you can resign as soon as our business is put through."

"There may be something in it," said Blake.

"It's only a suggestion. Just think it over, and use your own judgment." Brown stood up. "Well, I guess that's all we need to say. The whole situation here is entirely in your hands. Do as you please, and we ask no questions about how you do it. We're not interested in methods, but results."

He clapped Blake heartily upon the shoulder. "And it looks as if we were going to get results—especially you! Why, with this trial successfully over, with the election won, with the goods delivered, you—" He suddenly broke off, for the tail of his eye had sighted Blake's open cabinet.

"Will you allow me a liberty?"

"Certainly," replied Blake, in doubt as to what his visitor desired.

Brown crossed to the cabinet, and returned with the black bottle and two small glasses. He tilted an inch into each tumbler, gave one to Blake, and raised the other on high, his face illumined with his fatherly smile.

"To our new Senator!" he said.

## X

WHEN the door had closed upon the pleasant figure of Mr. Brown, Blake pressed the button upon his desk. His stenographer appeared.

"I have some important matters to consider," he said. "Do not allow me to be disturbed until Dr. and Mrs. Sherman come with the car."

His privacy thus secured, Blake sat at his desk, staring fixedly before him, his brow compressed into wrinkles, his dark



face, hard and set, still showing a yellowish pallor. He mentally reviewed the entire situation; and as his consuming ambition contemplated the glories of his anticipated success in the political world, and of a series of successes that led up and ever up, his every nerve was afire with an excruciating, impatient pleasure.

For a space, while Katherine had confronted him, and after she had gone, he had shrunk from the scheme that he was pledged to carry through. But he had spoken truthfully to Mr. Brown when he said that this revulsion was but a temporary feeling, and that of his own accord he would have come back to his original decision. He had had such revulsions before, and each time he had swung as surely back to his purpose as does the disturbed needle to the magnetic pole.

Westville considered Harrison Blake to be a happy blend of the best of his father and mother; whereas, in point of fact, his father and his mother lived in him with their personalities almost intact. There was his mother, with her idealism and her high sense of honor; and there was his father, with his boundless ambition and his lack of principles.

In the earlier years of Blake's manhood, his mother's qualities had dominated. He had sincerely tried to do great work for Westville, and had done it; and the reputation he had then made, and the gratitude he had then won, were the seed from which had grown the great esteem in which Westville now held him. But as the years passed, he had found that to rise by honorable means was a slow process, and beset with barriers. His ambition became impatient. Now that he was a figure of local power and importance, temptation began to assail him with offers of rapid elevation if only he would be complaisant.

In this situation, his father rose into the ascendancy; he had compromised and yielded, though always managing to keep his dubious transactions secret. Ambition now ruled him, though as yet its sway was not undisputed, for conscience now and then rose in unexpected revolt and gave him many a bitter battle.

When Blake was told that Dr. and Mrs. Sherman were waiting at the curb, he descended with something more like his usual cast of countenance. Elsie and her husband were in the car, and as Blake crossed the sidewalk she stretched out a nervous

hand and greeted him with a worn, excited smile.

"It is so good of you to take us out to the Sycamores for overnight!" she exclaimed. "It's such a pleasure—and such a relief!"

She did not need to explain that it was a relief because the motion, company, the change of scene, would help to crowd from the mind the dread of to-morrow, when her husband would have to take the stand against Dr. West. She did not need to explain this, because Blake's eyes read it all in her pale, feverish face.

Blake shook hands with Dr. Sherman, dismissed his chauffeur, and took the wheel. They spun out of the city and down into the River Road—Westville's favorite drive, which followed the stream in broad, sweeping curves and ran through arcades of thick-bodied, bowing willows and sycamores lofty and severe, their foliage now a drought-crisped brown. After half an hour the car turned through a stone gateway into a grove of beech, elm, and sycamore. At a comfortable distance apart were perhaps a dozen houses, whose outer walls were slabs of trees with the bark still on. This was the Sycamores, a little summer resort established by a small group of the select families of Westville.

Blake stopped the car before one of these houses—"cabins," their owners called them, though their primitiveness was all in that outer shell of bark. A rather tall, straight, white-haired old lady, with a sweet nobility and strength of face, was on the little porch to greet them. She welcomed Elsie and her husband warmly and graciously; then, with no relaxation of her natural dignity into emotional effusion, she embraced her son and kissed him. To her, as to Westville, he was the same man as five years before; and to him she had given not only the love a mother gives her only son, but the love she had formerly borne her husband, who had been a bitter grief to her during his last years.

Blake returned the kiss with no less feeling, for his love of his mother had long been the talk of Westville. It was the one noble and unselfish sentiment which he still allowed to sway him with all its original sincerity and might.

They had tea out upon the porch, with its view of the river twinkling between the trees in the valley below. Mrs. Blake could see how agitated Elsie was, and under what

a strain Dr. Sherman was laboring, and she guessed the cause. Accordingly, like the wise and experienced hostess that she was, she guided the conversation away from the morrow's trial. She led it around to the lecture-room which was being added to Dr. Sherman's church—a topic of high interest to them all, for she was a member of the church, Blake was chairman of the building committee, and Dr. Sherman was treasurer of the committee and active director of the work.

The expedient was but a moderate success. Blake carried his part of the conversation well enough, and Elsie talked with a feverish interest, which was too great a drain upon her meager strength; but her husband's nervous tension, which he strove to conceal, seemed to grow greater rather than to decrease.

Presently Blake excused himself and Dr. Sherman, and the two men strolled down a winding, root-obstructed path toward the river. As they left the cabin behind them, Blake's manner became cold and hard, as in his office, and Sherman's agitation, which he had kept in hand with such an effort, began to escape his control. Once he stumbled over the root which a beech thrust across their path, and would have fallen had not Blake put out a swift hand and caught him. Yet at this neither said a word, and in silence they continued walking till they reached a retired spot upon the river's bank.

Here Sherman sank to a seat upon a mossy, rotting log. Blake, erect, but leaning slightly against the mottled body of a sycamore, at first gave no heed to his companion. He gazed straight ahead down the river, which had shrunk in the drought till the boulders of its bottom protruded through the surface like so many bones—with the ranks of austere sycamores keeping their stately watch on either bank—with the sun, blood red in the September haze, suspended above the river's westernmost reach.

Thus the pair remained for several moments. Then Blake looked slowly about at the clergyman.

"I brought you down here because there is something I want to tell you," he said calmly.

"I suppose so—go ahead!" responded Dr. Sherman in a choked voice, his eyes upon the ground.

"You seem somewhat disturbed," remarked Blake in the same cold, even tone.

"Disturbed!" cried Dr. Sherman. "Disturbed!"

The young clergyman's voice told how preposterously inadequate was the word. He did not lift his eyes, but sat silent for a moment, his white hands crushing each other, his face bent upon the rotted wood beneath his feet.

"It's that business to-morrow!" he groaned; and at that he suddenly sprang up. His fine face was wildly haggard, and worked in convulsive agony. "My God," he burst out, "when I look back at myself as I was four years ago, and then look at myself as I am to-day—oh, I'm sick, sick!" A hand gripped the cloth over his breast. "Why, when I came to Westville I was on fire to serve God with all my heart and never a compromise—on fire to preach the new gospel that the way to make people better is to make this an easier world for people to be better in!"

That passion-shaken figure was not a pleasant thing to look upon. Blake turned his eyes back to the river and the sun, and steeled himself.

"Yes, I remember you preached some great sermons then," he commented in his cold voice. "And what happened to you?"

"You know what happened to me!" cried the young minister in wild passion. "You know, even if you were not in that group of prominent members who gave me to understand that either I should have to change my sermons or they would have to change their minister!"

"At least they gave you a choice," returned Blake.

"And I made the wrong choice! I was at the beginning of my career—it seemed a great chance for so young a man—and I did not want to fail at the very beginning. And so—and so—I compromised!"

"Do you suppose you are the first man that has made a compromise?"

"That compromise was the cause of to-morrow!" the young clergyman went on in his passionate anguish. "That compromise was the beginning of my fall. After the prominent members took me up, favored me, it became easy to blink my eyes at their business methods. And later, it became easy for me to convince myself that it would be all right for me to gamble in stocks."

"That was your great mistake," said the dry voice of the motionless figure against the tree. "A minister has no business to fool with the stock-market."

"But what was I to do?" Dr. Sherman cried desperately. "No money behind me—the salary of a dry-goods clerk—my wife up there, whom I love better than my own life, needing delicacies, rest, careful attention, a long stay in Colorado! What other chance, I ask you, did I have of getting the money?"

"Well, at any rate, you should have kept your fingers off that church building fund."

"God, don't I realize that? But with the market falling, and all the little I had about to be swept away, what else was a half-frantic man to do but to try to save himself with any money he could put his hands upon?"

Blake shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, if luck was against you when that church money was also swept away, luck was certainly with you when it happened that I was the one to discover what you had done."

"So I thought, when you offered to replace the money and cover the whole thing up; but I never dreamed you'd exact such a price in return!" He gripped Blake's arm and shook it, and his voice was a half-muffled shriek. "If you wanted the water-works, if you wanted to do this to Dr. West, why did you pick me to bring the accusation? There are men who would never have minded it—men without conscience and without character!"

Blake steadfastly kept his steely gaze upon the river.

"I believe I have answered that a number of times," he replied in his hard, even tone. "I picked you because I needed a man of character to give weight to the charges; a minister, the president of our reform body—no one else would serve so well. And I picked you because—pardon me, if in my directness I seem brutal—because you were all ready to my hand; you were in a situation where you dared not refuse me. Also I picked you, instead of a man with no character to lose, because I knew that you, having a character to lose and not wanting to lose it, would be less likely than any one else ever to break down and confess. I hope my answer is sufficiently explicit."

Dr. Sherman stared at the erect, immobile figure.

"And you still intend," he asked in a dry, husky voice—"you still intend to force me to go upon the stand to-morrow and commit—"

"I would not use so unpleasant a word if I were you!"

"But you are going to force me to do it?"

"I am not going to force you. You referred a few minutes ago to the time when you had a choice. Well, here is another time when you have a choice."

"Choice?" said Dr. Sherman eagerly.

"Yes. You can testify, or not testify, as you please. Only, in reaching your decision," added the dry, emotionless voice, "I suggest that you do not forget that I have in my possession your signed confession of that embezzlement."

"And you call that a choice?" cried Sherman passionately. "When, if I refuse, you will expose me, ruin me forever, kill Elsie's love for me! Do you call that a choice?"

"A choice, certainly. Perhaps you are inclined not to testify. If so, very well; but before you make your decision I desire to inform you of one fact. You will remember that I said in the beginning that I brought you down here to tell you something."

"Yes. What is it?"

"Merely this—that Miss West has discovered that I am behind this affair."

"What?" Dr. Sherman fell back a step, and his face filled with sudden terror. "Then—she knows everything?"

"She knows little, but she suspects much. For instance, since she knows that this is a plot, she is likely to suspect that every person in any wise connected with the affair is guilty of conspiracy."

"Even—even me?"

"Even you."

"Then—you think—"

Blake turned his face sharply about upon Sherman—for the first time since the beginning of their colloquy. It was his father's face—his father in one of his most relentless, overriding moods; the face of a man whom nothing can stop.

"I think," said he slowly, driving each word home, "that the only chance for people who want to come out of this affair with a clean name is to force the thing right through as we planned."

Dr. Sherman did not speak.

"I tell you about Miss West, first, in order to let you know the risk you're in; and second, in case you decide to testify, that you may be forewarned, and be prepared to outface her. I believe you understand everything now?"

"Yes," was the almost breathless response.

"Then may I be allowed to ask what you are going to do—testify, or not testify?"

The minister's hands opened and closed; he swallowed with difficulty.

"Testify, or not testify?" Blake insisted.

"Testify," whispered Dr. Sherman.

"Just as you choose," said Blake coldly.

The minister sank back to his seat upon the mossy log, and bowed his head into his hands.

"Oh, my God!" he breathed.

There followed a silence, during which Blake gazed down upon the huddled figure. Then he turned his set face down the glittering, dwindled stream, and, resting one shoulder lightly against the sycamore, he watched the sun there at the river's end sink softly down into its golden slumber.

## XI

KATHERINE'S first thought, on leaving Bruce's office, was to lay her discovery before Dr. Sherman; for she was certain that with her entirely new knowledge, and with her entirely new point of view, they could quickly discover wherein he had been duped—for she still held him to be an unwitting tool—and thus quickly clear up the whole case. But for reasons already known she failed to find him; and learning that he had gone away with Blake, she well knew that the lawyer would keep him out of her reach until the trial was over.

In sharpest disappointment, Katherine returned home. With the trial so few hours away, with all her new discoveries buzzing chaotically in her head, she felt the need of advising with some one. Bruce's offer recurred to her, and she found herself analyzing the editor again, just as she had done when she had walked away from his office.

She rebelled against him in her every fiber, yet at the same time she felt an angry liking for him. He was a man with big dreams—a rough-and-ready idealist—an idealist with sharply marked limitations, some areas of his mind being very broad, some dogmatically narrow. Opinionated, obstinate, impulsive, of not very sound judgment, yet dictatorial because supremely certain of his rightness—courageous, unselfish, sincere—such was the editor of the *Express* as she now saw him.

But he had sneered at her, sharply criticized her, and she hotly spurned the

thought of asking aid of him. Instead, that evening, she summoned old Hosie Hollingsworth to her house, and to the veteran lawyer she told everything. Old Hosie was astounded, but he felt sure that she was right.

"And to think that the good folks of this town used to denounce me as a worshiper of strange gods!" he ejaculated. "What'll they think when they learn that the idol they've been wearing out their knee-caps on has got clay feet that run clear up to his Adam's apple?"

They decided that it would be a mistake for Katherine to try to use her new theories and discoveries openly in defense of her father. She had too little evidence; and any unsupported charges hurled against Blake would leave that gentleman unharmed and come whirling back upon Katherine as a boomerang of popular indignation. She dared not breathe a word against the city's favorite until she had incontrovertible proof. Under the circumstances, it seemed to be her best course to ask for a postponement on the morrow, to enable her to work up further evidence.

"Only," warned Hosie, "you must remember that the chances are that Blake will get the proper word to Judge Kellogg, and there'll be no postponement."

"Then I'll have to depend upon tangling up that Mr. Marcy on the stand."

"And Dr. Sherman?"

"There'll be no chance of entangling him. He'll tell a straightforward story; how could he tell any other? Don't you see how he's been used? He has been made spectator to a skilfully laid scheme which he honestly believes to be a genuine case of bribery."

At parting, old Hosie held her hand a moment.

"D'you remember the prophecy I made the day you took your office—that you would raise the dickens in this old town?"

"Yes," said Katherine.

"Well, that's coming true—as sure as plug hats don't grow on fig-trees! Only not in the way I meant then—not as a freak, but as a lawyer!"

"Thank you." She smiled and slowly shook her head. "But I'm afraid it won't come true to-morrow."

"Of course a prophecy is no good, unless you do your best."

"Oh, I'm going to do my best!" she assured him.



The next morning, on the long-awaited day, Katherine set out for the court-house, throbbing alternately with hope and fear of the outcome. Mixed with these emotions was a perturbation of a very different sort—an ever-growing stage fright. For this last there was good reason. For months the city and the countryside had been talking about the trial of Dr. West; for trials were a form of recreation as popular in Calloway County as gladiatorial contests in ancient Rome, and this case was the greatest and most sensational of the year. Moreover, it gained added interest from the fact that, for the first time in recorded history, Calloway County was going to see a woman lawyer in action.

Hub to hub about the hitch-racks of the square were jammed buggies, surreys, spring-wagons, and other country equipages. The court-room was packed an hour before the trial, and in the corridor were craning, straining, elbowing folk who had come too late. Framed in the open windows—the court-room was on the ground floor—were the busts of eager citizens whose feet were pedestaled on boxes, the sale of which had been a harvest of small coin to neighboring grocers. In the elms without young Nicodemuses perched on advantageous limbs and strained to get a view of the proceedings.

Old Judge Kellogg, who usually dozed on his twenty-first vertebra through testimony and argument—once a young fledgling of a lawyer, sailing aloft in the empyrean of his eloquence, had been brought tumbling confusedly to earth by the snoring of the bench—attested to the unusual interest of the occasion by being upright and awake. Bud White, the clerk, called the court to order, not with his usual masterpiece of mumbled unintelligibility, brought to perfection by long years of practise, but with real words that could have been understood had only the audience been giving heed.

But their attention was all fixed upon the counsel for the defense. Katherine, in a plain white shirt-waist and a black sailor, sat at a table alone with her father. Dr. West was painfully nervous; his long fingers were constantly twisting among themselves. Katherine was under an even greater strain. She realized, with an intenser keenness now that the moment for action was at hand, that this was her first case; that her father's reputation, his happiness,

perhaps even his life, were at stake; and she was well aware that all this theater of people, whose eyes she felt burning into her back, regarded her as a curiosity.

Behind her, with young Harper at his side, she had caught a glimpse of Arnold Bruce, eying her critically—and skeptically, she thought. In the audience she had glimpsed the fixed, inscrutable face of Harrison Blake.

But she clung blindly to her determination; and as Bud White sat down, she forced herself to rise. A deep hush spread through the court-room. She stood trembling, voiceless, a statue of stage fright, wildly hating herself for her impotence. For a dizzy, agonizing moment she saw herself a miserable failure—saw the crowd laughing at her as it filed out.

A youthful voice, from a balcony seat in an elm-tree, floated in at the open window.

"Speak your piece, little girl, or set down."

There was a titter. She stiffened.

"Your—your honor," she stammered, "I move a postponement in order to allow the defense more time to prepare its case."

Judge Kellogg thoughtfully fingered his patriarchal beard. Katherine stood hardly breathing while she waited his momentous words; but his answer was as Old Hosie had predicted.

"In view of the fact that the defense has already had four months in which to prepare its case," said he, "I shall have to deny the motion and order the trial to proceed."

Katherine sat down. The hope of deferment was gone; there remained only to fight.

A jury was quickly chosen; Katherine felt that her case would stand as good a chance with any one selection of twelve men as with any other. Kennedy then stepped forward, and with an air that was a blend of his pretentious if rather raw-boned dignity as a coming statesman, of extreme deference toward Katherine's sex, and of the sense of his personal belittlement by being pitted against such a legal weakling, he outlined to the jury what he expected to prove. After which, he called Mr. Marcy to the stand.

The agent of the filter company gave his evidence with that degree of shamefacedness proper to the man, turned State's witness, who has been an accomplice in the dishonorable proceedings he is relating. It



sounded, and looked, so true—so very, very true! When Katherine came to cross-examine him, she gazed at him steadily a moment; she knew that he was lying, and she knew that he knew that she knew it. But he met her keen gaze with precisely the abashed, guilty air appropriate to his assumed rôle.

What she considered her great chance was now before her. Calling up all her wits, she put questions that held distant, hidden traps for Marcy; but when she led him along the devious, unsuspecting path that conducted to the trap, and then suddenly shot at him the questions that should have plunged him into it, he very quietly and nimbly walked around the pitfall.

Again and again she tried to trap him, but ever with the same result. He was abashed, ready to answer—and always elusive. At the end she had gained nothing from him, and for a minute she stood looking silently at him in baffled exasperation.

"Have you any further questions to ask the witness?" old Judge Kellogg prompted her, with a gentle impatience.

For a moment, stung by her defeat, she had an impulse to turn about, point her finger at Blake in the audience, shout out the truth to the court-room, and announce what was her real line of defense. But she realized the uproar that would follow if she dared to attack Blake without evidence, and she controlled herself.

"That is all, your honor," she said.

Mr. Marcy was dismissed. The lean, frock-coated figure of Mr. Kennedy arose.

"Dr. Sherman!" he called.

Dr. Sherman seemed to experience some difficulty in making his way up to the witness-stand. When he faced about and sat down, the difficulty was explained to the crowd. He was plainly a sick man. Whispers of sympathy ran about the court-room; every one knew how he had sacrificed a friend to his sense of civic duty, and every one knew what pain that act must have given a man of high-strung conscience.

With his hands tightly gripping the arms of his chair, his bright and hollow eyes fastened upon the prosecutor, Dr. Sherman began in a low voice to deliver his direct testimony. Katherine listened to him rather mechanically at first, and even with a twinge of sympathy for his obvious distress. But though her attention was centered here in the court-room, her brain was subconsciously ranging over all the details

of the case. Far down in the depths of her mind the question was faintly suggesting itself—if one witness is a guilty participant in the plot, then why not possibly the other?

At that very moment she saw Dr. Sherman give a quick glance in the direction where she knew Harrison Blake sat. That glance brought the question surging up to the surface of her conscious mind, and she sat bewildered, mentally gasping. She did not see how it could be, she could not understand his motive, but in the sickly face of Dr. Sherman, in his strained manner, she now read guilt.

Thrilling with an unexpected hope, Katherine rose and tried to keep herself before the eyes of Dr. Sherman like an accusing conscience. But he avoided her gaze, and told his story in every detail just as when Dr. West had been first accused. When Kennedy turned him over for cross-examination, Katherine walked up before him and looked him straight in the eyes for a full moment without speaking. He could no longer avoid her gaze. In his eyes she read something that seemed to her like mortal terror.

"Dr. Sherman," she said slowly, clearly, "there is nothing you would like to add to your testimony?"

His words were a long time coming. Katherine's life hung suspended while she waited his answer.

"Nothing," he said.

"There is no fact, no detail, that you may have omitted in your direct testimony, that you now desire to supply?"

"Nothing."

She took a step nearer to the witness, bent on him a yet more searching gaze, and put into her voice its fullest tone of conscience-stirring power.

"You wish to go on record, then, before this court, before this audience, before the God to whom you have appealed in your oath, as having told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

He averted his eyes and was silent a moment. For that moment Blake, back in the audience, did not breathe. To the crowd it seemed that Dr. Sherman was searching his mind for some possible trivial omission. To Katherine it seemed that he was in the throes of a final struggle.

"You wish thus to go on record?" she solemnly insisted.

He looked back at her.

"I do!" he said.

She realized now how desperate was this man's determination, how tightly his lips were locked. But she had picked up another thread of this tangled skein, and that made her exult with a new hope; and she went spiritedly at the cross-examination of Dr. Sherman, striving to break him down. So sharp, so rigid, so searching were her questions that there were murmurs in the audience against such treatment of a sincere, high-minded man of God. But the swiftness and cleverness of her attack availed her nothing. Dr. Sherman, nerved by last evening's talk beside the river, made never a slip.

From the moment she reluctantly discharged him she felt that her chance—her chance for that day—was gone. But she was there to fight to the end, and she put her only witness, her father, upon the stand.

His defense—that he was the victim of a misunderstanding—was smiled at by the court-room, and apparently with good reason, since Kennedy, in anticipation of this line of defense, had introduced the check from the Acme Filter Company which Dr. West had turned over to the hospital board, to prove that the company's donation was in Dr. West's hands at the time when he had received the bribe from Mr. Marcy. Even Katherine had to admit within herself that the story appeared absurdly lacking in plausibility, compared to the truth-visaged falsehoods of the prosecution. Nevertheless, when Kennedy had concluded his rather perfunctory address—the case seemed too easy to be worthy his most strenuous exertion—she called up her every resource, she remembered that truth was on her side, and she presented the case clearly and logically, ending with a strong and eloquent plea for her father.

As she sat down, there was a profound hush in the courtroom. Her father squeezed her hand; tears stood in his eyes.

"Whatever happens," he whispered, "I'm proud of my daughter!"

Stimulated by the emotion of the moment, aroused by her own speech, and by her sense of the righteousness of her cause, Katherine watched the jury go out with a certain hope. She still clung to that hope when, after a short absence, the jury filed back in. She rose and held her breath while they took their seats.

"You have reached a verdict, gentlemen?" asked Judge Kellogg.

"We have," answered the foreman.

"What is it?"

"We find the defendant guilty."

Dr. West let out a little moan, and his head fell forward into his arms. Katherine bent over him and whispered a word of comfort into his ear; then rose and made a motion for a new trial. Judge Kellogg denied the motion, and haltingly asked Dr. West to step forward to the bar.

Dr. West did so, and for a space the two old men, who had been friends since childhood, looked at each other. Then, in a husky voice, Judge Kellogg pronounced sentence—one thousand dollars fine, and six months in the county jail. It was a light sentence, but enough to blacken an honest name for life—enough to break a sensitive heart like Dr. West's.

A little later Katherine, holding an arm of her father tightly within her own, walked with him and fat, good-natured Sheriff Nichols over to the old brick county jail. And yet, a little later, erect, eyes straight before her, she came down the jail steps and started homeward. As she was passing along the square Harrison Blake came out of his stairway, immediately before her, and started across the sidewalk to his waiting car. Discretion urged her to silence; but passion was the stronger. She stepped squarely up before Blake and flashed him a blazing look.

"Well—and so you think you've won!" she cried in a low voice.

His color changed, but instantly he was master of himself.

"What, Katherine? You still persist in that absurd idea of yesterday?"

"Oh, drop that pretense! We know each other too well for that!" She moved nearer, trembling from head to foot, and her passionate defiance burst all bounds. "You think you have won, don't you?" she hotly cried. "Well, let me tell you that this affair is not just a battle that was to-day won and ended! It's a war—and I have only begun to fight! And my father, whom you've sent to jail in shame, shall come out in a blaze of glory!"

Sweeping quickly past him, she walked on into Main Street and down it through the staring crowds—very erect, a red spot in either cheek, her eyes defiantly meeting every eye.

*(To be continued)*

# THE STAGE

HO, FOR THE AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT!

**A**LTHOUGH Henry W. Savage tells us that out of fifteen musical productions in Vienna last season there was not a single real success, the city on the Danube will keep on supplying the demand that followed the phenomenal hit of "The Merry Widow," and the more recent success of "The Spring Maid."

Heinrich Reinhardt, the composer of the

latter piece, is said to have turned out a new one which is sensational to a degree, starting with the very title—"Napoleon and the Women." The three acts show Napoleon respectively in his modest apartment in Paris, as a lieutenant; again at the Tuileries, as emperor, and finally at the castle of Schönbrunn, near Vienna, where he has an adventure with a young peasant girl who tells him:

"To-day Napoleon loses his first battle!"



CHRISTINE NORMAN, WHO WAS LAST SEEN IN NEW YORK WITH "THE AVIATOR"

*From her latest photograph by Maffett, Chicago*



GERTRUDE DALLAS, LEADING WOMAN IN  
"THE GREAT NAME"

*From a photograph by Maffett, Chicago*

The Continental journal which is my authority for the foregoing adds that "Napoleon and the Women" will be produced on the same day in Vienna, London, and New York. This is not likely to prove correct, but it would not be a bad advertising coup. Fancy the opportunity it would give the press-agent to have the notices in the three cities cabled from one to the other!

But it seems rather ungrateful in Mr. Savage, considering the fortune he made out of "The Merry Widow," to run down Vienna just because in the past season he did better with American goods like "Everywoman" and "Excuse Me." In the report cabled from London from which I have already quoted, he announced that the playwrights of the United States were likely to have everything their own way, as they best understand the needs of the American people. Watch what Mr. Savage will say this time next year in case the native goods he is preparing to produce turn out to be shoddy!

As an instance of the triumphant march of the American drama, Mr. Savage cites the Parisian production of "Alias Jimmy Valentine"—never under his management, by the way—which I see that a French critic describes as a "clever American piece which has obtained a great success. The public," he adds, "invariably rejoices to see the detective foiled and Polichinelle win out." The Paul Armstrong piece was brought out at the Renaissance on June 23 as "The Mysterious Jimmy."

In the same week another play which had first made a vogue in New York was shown to London. This was



KITTY GORDON, STARRING IN THE NEW OPERA, "THE ENCHANTRESS"

*From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York*

"Pomander Walk," by the Anglo-American author, Louis N. Parker, with its scene in a London suburb during the days of George IV. It would appear, however, that this idyllic comedy has not been received in England with the enthusiasm with which it was greeted on its showing at Wallack's last winter, although one reviewer, who damns it with faint praise, starts off by saying:

The success gained in America by Louis N. Parker's presumably Georgian comedy with the prettily quaint title of "Pomander Walk" will probably be repeated at the Playhouse, for the piece is fraught to a certain extent, like "Rosemary," with the fragrancy of idyllic romance and innocent charm, even though the working out of a simple, if double-barreled, love story appears to be managed in a rather disconnected and discursive fashion.





FRANCES RING, LEADING WOMAN IN THE ORIGINAL COMPANY OF "GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD,"  
NOW PLAYING IN BOSTON

*From her latest photograph by White, New York*



BLANCHE RING, SISTER TO FRANCES, NOW STARRING IN THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY,  
"THE WALL STREET GIRL"

*From her latest photograph—copyright, 1911, by Strauss-Peterson, Kansas City*



KATHLEEN CLIFFORD, WHO IS NOW APPEARING IN THE ENTERTAINMENT AT THE  
FOLIES-BERGÈRE, NEW YORK

*From a photograph by Sarony, New York*

Cyril Maude chose the rôle of the *Admiral* for himself, while his young daughter Margery played that of *Marjolaine*, which in New York fell to the daughter of the playwright.

come to New York for its successful plays. It is to be noted, however, that Mr. Brady brought an English actor with him to be leading man for Grace George, and that he will include no fewer than four British-



JULIA MARLOWE, STARRING WITH E. H. SOTHERN, IN SHAKESPEARE REPERTOIRE

*From her latest photograph—copyright, 1911, by Straus-Peterson, Kansas City*

Not long after Mr. Savage came back from foreign parts with a pat on the back for the American playwright, William A. Brady stepped off another arriving steamer with the prediction that London will soon

made plays in his list of 1911-1912 productions—"Charlemagne the Conqueror," by Justin Huntly McCarthy, for Robert Mantell; "The O'Flynn," another piece of McCarthy's; "A Gentleman of Leisure,"



JEAN MURDOCH, WHO IS LEADING WOMAN AS MICI WITH CHARLES CHERRY IN THE HUNGARIAN COMEDY, "SEVEN SISTERS"

*From a photograph by McFett, Chicago*



by John Stapleton and P. G. Wodehouse, for Douglas Fairbanks; and "The Earth," by James B. Fagan, which has already failed here under another management.

We get a lot of buncombe about American plays from these home-coming managers. Every August they make the eagle scream when the ships bring them back from raking the foreign markets with a fine-tooth comb. It was really refreshing to read Lee Shubert's list of European purchases, with never an apology for going there to get them.

To console our American playwrights, however, let them read what was said by an English dramatic critic who lately gave up his job and wrote an article telling the reason why. In this he alluded to the charges that British playwrights bring against the London managers:

They will not look at anything out of the ordinary. Their aim is either to produce pieces which have had a success in Paris or America, where conditions are different; or else to imitate as closely as possible some play that has had a long run in London.

By the way, here is a piece of advice to the aspiring American dramatist—let him avoid juvenile characters. In four of our chief cities—Chicago, Boston, Baltimore, and New Orleans—the law now interferes with the appearance of children on the stage, and managers cannot but take this fact into consideration in passing on new material offered to them.

#### ECHOES FROM THE LONDON BOARDS

In London, at the height of the season there—the early summer—the situation, so far as the advance of the British drama is concerned, was little, if at all, better than last year. Revivals or importations were the order of the day, with "The Marriage of Kitty," formerly in Marie Tempest's repertoire, at the Duke of York's, "The Scarlet Pimpernel" once again at the New, "The Only Way" at the Lyceum, and "The Importance of Being Earnest" at the St. James. "Baby Mine," an American farce, had been running since February, and "Kismet," by an American, since April.

Of new dramas by well-known British names, the only one to be found on the billboards, before "Pomander Walk" arrived via New York, was "The Passers-By," by Haddon Chambers, at Wyndham's. Even in musical comedies, barring "The Arcadians," which is just about to terminate its

twenty-seven months' run at the Shaftesbury, the longest-lived of the list is F. C. Whitney's New York importation, "The Chocolate Soldier," on the boards at the Lyric since September 10, 1910. The next in point of stage longevity is "The Quaker Girl," on view at the Adelphi since November 5. This latter piece is to be shown to New Yorkers at the Majestic by H. B. Harris. It has enjoyed the unique distinction of being sent to Paris, in June, for a two-weeks' term at the Chatelet, with our Joseph Coyne from the London cast. The transfer left Coyne's understudy to have his fling at the rôle of *Tony Chute*, naval attaché to the American Embassy in Paris, to be done in America by Clifton Crawford.

One of the French critics, in commenting on "The Quaker Girl," which he praised highly, took occasion to remark:

It is to be noted that all the recent operettas of English, American, or Viennese make, which have scored a big hit and have made the tour of the world, have one, if not two, of their acts laid in Paris. It is obligatory, for is not Paris the very heart of that world where one makes merry with song and dance?

The same writer furthermore observes:

The subject of the operetta is simple, and not at all questionable. A great deal of the dialogue leads up to a dance, not a rough-and-tumble dance, nor a cancan, as we would say, but a dance as proper in every sense as it is graceful. The actress, be she principal, chorus member, or show girl, frequently lifts her skirt, but seldom above the ankle; it is only on rare occasions that she displays the entire limb in flinging it toward the head of her partner. We are now in the country of "cant."

For this French fortnight, George Edwardes sent over Phyllis Dare for the name part, instead of Gertie Millar. He took Miss Dare from the same post in his other London production, "Peggy," which has been on at the Gaiety since March 4.

Edwardes's latest and possibly his biggest London hit has been Franz Lehar's "The Count of Luxembourg," brought out at Daly's on May 20, with a waltz up a staircase as its *pièce de resistance*. In Vienna there were only eight steps, but in London there are twelve, and they are built on a curve, making the feat still more difficult. Klaw & Erlanger have the American rights; they hope to obtain the services of Lily Elsie, the English favorite for the part of *Angele*. I should not be surprised to see

several steps added to the staircase when they bring out the piece at the New Amsterdam—if "The Pink Lady" will ever cease crowding that theater.

Apropos of "The Pink Lady," I do not hesitate to predict a hit for this charming musical comedy when it is presented in the West End. Its composer is a great favorite in London, having been leader of the orchestra at the Gaiety there for a number of years. Its author, under his *nom de plume*, wrote "The Belle of New York," which was a bigger favorite in London than it was in the city for which it was named. Furthermore, there is not an American character in the piece, its entire action taking place in and about Paris.

If Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger still have doubts about the success of "The Pink Lady" in London, they may settle them by sending over the creator of the title-rôle, Hazel Dawn, and the original *Bebe*, John E. Young. Miss Dawn is the Utah girl who made her first stage appearances in London, and Mr. Young's speaking voice alone is worth a fortune to the production on its humorous side. With all these assets, "The Pink Lady" is not likely to be handicapped even by Mr. Klaw's candid remarks about British playgoers, given to an interviewer for the *Westminster Gazette*.

I think we are making greater headway in the United States in serious drama than you are here, but I think I discern some improvement in your comedies. Your women smoke fewer cigarettes, and the men talk less about bridge. You people here can strum longer on one string than anywhere I know outside of a Chinese orchestra.

What I cannot understand is why you are continually catering to that handful of people known as West-Enders. All of your plays seem to invite them, and you forget that great middle class which supports the drama as it does everything else, in London as well as everywhere else. You overlook them entirely, leaving their entertainment to the music-halls, which as a consequence are declaring big dividends. You seem to be content to leave the censorship of your playhouses in the hands of seven rows of stalls, occupied mostly by people who go to the theater to kill the interval between dinner and supper. We recognize the middle class in the United States, and as a consequence our playhouses are more prosperous.

My own observation indorses every word Mr. Klaw said. The "seven rows of stalls" to which he refers are the division of the orchestra floor between the stage and the pit, reserved at ten shillings and sixpence a seat for the people in full dress; and it is

to this small minority of the audience that managers and playwrights seem to cater.

Just now divorce and married incompatibility appear to be the topics in which this class are believed to be most interested. Take Lewis Waller's latest offering at the Globe over there—"A Butterfly on the Wheel," written by Edward G. Hemmerde—who is a king's counsel and a member of Parliament—and Francis Neilson. The kernel of its theme is to show the mental agony of a woman tortured on the rack of a divorce-court because she had compromised herself by certain innocent "frisks and follies."

In the very next week Charles Hawtrey brought out, at the Prince of Wales's, "Better Not Inquire," adapted from the French of the "Two Schools," suggesting that for her peace of mind a wife should not investigate whether or not her husband is faithful.

Refreshing in contrast of subject-matter, at any rate, and at this writing with as long a run to its credit as either of the foregoing, is "Fanny's First Play," produced by Miss Gertrude Kingston at her Little Theater. Miss Kingston's playhouse was opened last autumn, after more ado than was contemplated, because "Pains and Penalties," by Laurence Housman, selected as the first offering, was forbidden by the censor. The piece was banned, not by reason of its morals, but because Mr. Redford, the censor, objected to certain references to King George IV. A howl of protest immediately went up, and in the ensuing controversy the defunct Hanoverian monarch had more mud thrown at him than ever. In an interview, Mr. Housman took occasion to remark:

My play is a sincere treatment of a big subject, to which the historical facts of the time are absolutely necessary. There are no gratuitous personalities. My object is not to rake up old scandals about a sufficiently notorious debaucher, but to deal dramatically with a supremely great and typical instance of man's inhumanity to woman.

But the censor was firm. "Pains and Penalties" was shelved, and the Little Theater was inaugurated, after a week's delay, with something else—"Lysistrata," the scene of which is laid safely in Athens in the fifth century before Christ.

A novelty in Miss Kingston's management is the withholding of the name of the author until the Monday following the production. When "Fanny's First Play" came to the

boards, it was its description on the bills as an "easy play for a little theater," and the fact that four of its characters were dramatic critics, that immediately revealed George Bernard Shaw as the man behind the script.

There is an introduction and an epilogue, showing how *Fanny's* first play came to be produced, and what happened afterward. The play itself, in three acts, has for its theme the need for a society that will protect children from their parents. *Fanny* lives in Venice with her father, *Count O'Dowda*, but having been to Cambridge, insists that her first effort be produced there before an audience of real critics, who are brought down from London for the occasion. The piece has been secured for America by Lee Shubert, who also has "*Bunty Pulls the Strings*," the Scottish play by Graham Moffat, which was Herbert Trench's final offering at the Haymarket before he gave up the repertory idea at that house.

Speaking of Herbert Trench, his recent resignation as director of the London Haymarket signalizes another failure of a repertory experiment over there, to be added to that achieved by Charles Frohman at the Duke of York's. Mr. Trench's experience extended over two seasons, and included two such notable successes as "*The Blue Bird*" and "*Don*"; but such is the enormous expense attendant on running a theater in a metropolis that even successes, it appears, could not be made to pay the piper. The announcement of his withdrawal contained a severe criticism of the public taste in drama:

Popular taste is flaccid, jaded, and ignoble to the last degree. It is subject to a law of inevitable degradation, due to the increasingly heavy pressure of town rent and taxation. . . . It is not possible to provide London with a permanent repertory theater, in a first-rate West End house, without public or private endowment.

Meanwhile, England still awaits the completion of the fund for the erection of the proposed National Theater as a memorial to Shakespeare, although the theatrical press over there is already mooted the matter of a manager for the institution, with Sir Herbert Tree a leading favorite in the running.

A big hole in the ground, extending from Forty - Fourth to Forty - Fifth Streets, just west of Broadway, bears witness to the progress made on New York's second New Theater, which is not scheduled to open until a year hence. At this writing, there is silence as to whether a new director is to be appoint-

ed. If any change is made, I should not be surprised to find that the new man's initials come very close to the beginning of the alphabet.

Reverting to Mr. Trench's statement, he appears to regard the "inevitable degradation" as being shown by the tendency to desert the theater for the music-hall, and the music-hall for the motion-picture house—than which, we are left to infer, disgrace could bite no more deeply. By a coincidence, just at the time when Mr. Trench's pronouncement against the cinematograph theater was issued, the best motion-picture entertainment yet produced was offered in London and New York. I refer to the so-called kinemacolor views of scenes connected with the coronation of George V, reproduced by a new device, the Urban-Smith patent. Much stress is laid upon the announcement that the films are not painted, tinted, or retouched in any way, and that they faithfully reproduce all the colors of nature. The spectator may notice, however, that there is a curious predominance of two strong tints—a bright red and a vivid green, always of precisely the same shade.

The show is, nevertheless, a remarkably good one of its kind. It was put on at the beautiful but unlucky Scala Theater in London, and in two New York houses—one of them the Herald Square, which was crowded at twenty-five and fifty cents a seat, top prices for motion pictures. The audience's enjoyment is doubled by its certainty of the fact that the participants in the processions and reviews did not pose for the cameras, but were snapped, as it were. Take, for instance, the incident of the lord mayor of London presenting the civic sword to the King when the royal carriage reached Temple Bar, the ancient boundary-mark of the city. The mayor's horse became restive, and gave that portly dignitary a momentary scuffle when it came to remounting—which must have been most disconcerting to the official in the presence of his sovereign, however diverting it may be to the film-viewers.

The coronation scenes were preceded by samples of normal London, and the spectacle of a motor-bus careering at terrific speed down the Haymarket incline never fails to awaken a ripple of laughter in the American audience, which does not realize that street traffic in New York is slow compared with that which now obtains in England's capital. Indeed, an English visitor said to me the other day that the deliberateness with which

the American did everything was the one dominating impression he had received of this country.

#### A WEAK START FOR THE NEW SEASON

New York's theatrical season of 1911-1912 opened at the Criterion, one of Charles Frohman's theaters, on August 7, but not with a Frohman attraction, Joseph M. Gaites being the man behind the pocketbook.

If it were left to me to define the offering, I should not employ the word "attraction" in the process. It was, indeed, a luckless day for the playgoing community when "Three Twins," thanks to one or two clever people in the cast, made good, for the indefatigable Otto Hauerbach and Karl Hoschna have since had no difficulty in getting before the footlights any sort of trash that they turn out—or turn up from their trunk of former rejections. I should surmise that "The Girl of My Dreams" must have been a product of their teens. If it be a recent work, they should have been old enough to know better.

Frank Smithson, who staged this musical play—which, I understand, ran for some time in Boston and Chicago—is the one individual deserving to have his name in big type on the bills. I do not except either of the stars, John Hyams and his wife, Leila McIntyre, who will doubtless go back to vaudeville, whence they came, if dependent on Broadway's unbiased judgment. I believe that the one really attractive number in the entire piece—"Dr. Tinkle Tinker," the Santa Claus song—was transferred from their two-a-day act.

Miss McIntyre is rather pretty in a baby-faced way, and does not sing badly, but she possesses not the least particle of magnetism. I could not rid myself of the impression, while listening to her, that she despised her audience for having no better sense than to pay money for so poor a show.

The second offering of the new theatrical year was made four days later, at the Maxine Elliott Theater. While in itself a weak enough contribution, it had the benefit of a star than whom we have few better equipped for comedy portrayals. More's the pity, then, that Henrietta Crosman finds so much trouble in securing a vehicle worthy of her talents, for "The Real Thing" certainly is not such. Written by a new playwright—Catherine Chisolm Cushing, editor, I understand, of *Harper's Bazar*—its movement is constantly clogged by the author's endeavor

to solder in an idea after she has already driven it home. An elimination of the superfluous matter would reduce the dimensions of the piece from three-acts to two, but surely a clever curtain-raiser would be much less objectionable than an unnecessary act.

Miss Cushing's idea is that mothers—some mothers—are in the way of devoting themselves to their children at the risk of losing their hold on their husbands. In short, "The Real Thing"—which I take to be love of a man for a woman, and *vice versa*—would seem to be a sort of answer to "Mother." Miss Crosman's rôle is that of the wife's sister, who sees the way matters are going and proceeds to set them right in the good old John Drew fashion. But the piece is full of wearisome reiteration. Miss Cushing apparently believes the average audience to consist of children who must be taught the meaning of phrases, just as youngsters are taught the multiplication table, by constant repetition.

As to the two children in the play, the critics belabored them so severely that their lines were forthwith cut down with an ax.

Miss Crosman's own work, as I have said, is marked throughout by that keen intelligence and convincing thoroughness of delineation for which she is so justly famed. There is a point in the last act where a movement of her head might make things clearer to her audience, but the consensus of comment was so favorable to the work of the star, and so condemnatory of that of the playwright, that there may after all be some consolation for the actress.

She has certainly not stinted in her support, with people like Minnie Dupree for the wife and Frank Mills as the husband. But oh, for a play as good as "Mistress Nell," whose author, by the way, has never turned out another winner!

Miss Crosman has essayed almost every dramatic line, even to appearing as *Christian* in a stage version of "The Pilgrim's Progress"; but of late she has manifested a strong leaning toward the domestic, as witness "Sham" of two seasons ago, and her present rather wobbly vehicle. Why doesn't she try for something military, I wonder! She is the daughter of Major George H. Crosman, Jr., United States Army; granddaughter of Major-General George H. Crosman, who served in the Mexican and Civil Wars; and niece of the late Commander Alexander F. Crosman, of the navy.

Matthew White, Jr.



# FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

BY JOHN GRANT DATER, SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF  
THE MUNSEY PUBLICATIONS

## A MILLION SHAREHOLDERS

**I**NQUIRIES made within the year by three New York publications—the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, the *Journal of Commerce*, and the *Wall Street Journal*—each acting independently of the other, have resulted in showing that the stockholders of the leading American corporations are steadily on the increase. In other words, despite financial unsettlement, political agitation, Federal investigations and litigation, and various other seemingly deterrent influences, more and more persons each year grow to believe in the honesty and stability of the country's representative corporations, and evince that confidence by purchasing their shares.

Of the inquiries above referred to, that made by the *Wall Street Journal* is the most recent and in some particulars the most interesting, for it gives the numbers of individual shareholders in conspicuous corporations at three different periods—1901, 1906, and 1911—thus furnishing a basis for comparison illustrative of the growth of personal investment in the leading incorporated enterprises of the nation. A summary of the returns of two hundred and forty identical companies, in the years above stated, gives the following result:

Year .....	1901.	1906.	1911.
Shareholders .....	226,956	431,279	864,684

Roughly, the increase in 1911 has been one hundred and seventy-five per cent over 1901, and seventy-five per cent over 1906. Between this latter and the present date there occurred the panic of 1907 and the market disturbances of July, 1910, and of August last. As the actual number of investors has increased during these intervals of financial trouble, it seems a not unreasonable conclusion that the speculator, not the investor, has been the one rendered uncomfortable by such happenings.

Out of the necessities of speculators the opportunities of investors are created. When a man who has overtraded, or overbought securities on borrowed money, is forced to let go, or is frightened into selling, stocks decline to very low levels. It is on such occasions that the bargain-counter is spread out in Wall Street, and the true investor, the man who buys for cash, may purchase his stocks to advantage.

This suggests the idea that good bonds and good stocks at present prices are selling on a basis that warrants the attention of the investing public. Stocks of the standard railway companies and some of the leading industrial corporations have recently sold at figures which give a return ranging from five to nearly seven per cent on the money laid out in their purchase.

Of course, it is never desirable to look for too large a return from an investment. Many people—such as widows, orphans, or dependent persons—are so situated that it is desirable for them to confine their investment operations to bonds or to mortgages on real estate; but the risk one runs in buying stocks can be minimized if one purchases high-grade issues.

Pennsylvania, Illinois Central, and New York Central, for instance, have unbroken dividend records, the former of fifty-five, the second of forty-seven, and the third of forty-two consecutive years. All have recently sold at prices that would give a return of five per cent on the money laid out in their purchase.

An extreme case is that of Union Pacific, which has a dividend record of twelve years. That stock has been selling to yield a trifle better than six per cent. Good securities, such as Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, Great Northern, Southern Pacific, and the like, among railways, are certainly on a basis that warrants the consideration of careful buyers.

NOTE—All matter in this department was written before the end of August.



But to return to the lists of shareholders in the country's leading corporations. How these have multiplied in a brief interval of five years is shown by the following companies, a few only of the many that made returns to the *Wall Street Journal*:

Company.	1906.	1911.
United States Steel.....	65,000	120,000
Pennsylvania .....	40,153	66,520
Atchison .....	17,420	30,000
American Sugar Refining....	12,312	19,551
American Smelting.....	4,505	10,455
Pullman Company.....	8,122	11,424
American Telephone.....	17,783	41,128
New York Central.....	9,766	20,486
Baltimore and Ohio.....	6,880	10,887
Norfolk and Western.....	2,955	4,612
Standard Oil.....	3,832	6,101
Union Pacific.....	17,791	19,862
Southern Pacific.....	11,918	12,941
St. Paul.....	5,887	9,780
Swift & Co.....	8,300	18,000
Delaware and Hudson.....	3,571	6,370

The above companies have been selected at random, merely for the purpose of illustrating the tendency of the community to participate in the country's constructive investment. Instead of the corporations being owned by a limited group of Wall Street capitalists—which is ever the cry of the shallow demagogue and his busy allies, the prospectus-company man and the stock-selling shark—a careful inspection of the transfer books discloses the fact that most well-established corporations are owned by many small holders. With but few exceptions, the corporations of the country are owned by investors who possess less than one hundred shares apiece.

Some highly interesting facts have been unearthed by the *Wall Street Journal* in the course of its investigation. For instance, it has discovered that from thirty to fifty per cent of the shareholders of the great corporations are women. The percentage of women shareholders in the United States Steel Corporation is somewhere between thirty-five and fifty per cent. It is estimated, also, that more than twenty-five thousand employees of the Steel Corporation own stock in the concern. Nearly one-half the shareholders of the American Sugar Refining Company are women; and of 19,551 investors in that concern, 9,500 own amounts of ten shares or less.

Naturally, the large increase in the number of shareholders in the leading American corporations suggests the idea that the stocks

of well-established companies are passing rapidly from the hands of speculators to those of investors. Such a development means a great deal to the country, for it places the control of great properties where it belongs—in the hands of the actual owners. For a long time the belief has been current in banking circles that the financial market is becoming less speculative with each passing year, and the heavy increase in the number of individual investors goes a long way in confirmation of this theory.

### GET-RICH-QUICK FICTION

**I**N examining the literature sent out by promoters of doubtful or hazardous undertakings, and by persons engaged in out-and-out swindling enterprises, one is struck by the general similarity of the arguments and illustrations used by prospectus-writers in their efforts to sell shares. For instance, one is almost sure to encounter somewhere in the masses of "fiscal agency" matter, some reference to an alleged tremendous fortune that certain mythical persons obtained, or could have obtained, if they had been shrewd enough to purchase Bell Telephone stock at some remote period of the company's history.

A few other corporations figure in much the same way in current "get-rich-quick" offerings; but while references to these enterprises are made semioccasionally, the Bell Telephone yarn is seldom omitted. It serves as the nucleus for fully nine-tenths of all the glowing and alluring material in circulation by prospectus companies, and I suppose it has brought the stock-selling sharks more victims than any other fanciful story told since the birth of time.

Naturally, if you have any familiarity with "get-rich-quick" literature, you are aware that a prospectus-writer does not have to confine himself to facts. Facts are dull things at best. They are of no earthly use in selling shares of undeveloped or worthless companies; it takes imagination for that.

Some of the fiction-writers have a livelier fancy than others, and for this reason the amount of the alleged fortune won from the suppositious investment in Bell Telephone in the early days varies widely.

I have seen it placed as low as \$122,628.17 and as high as \$581,411.99. Careless writers use round figures, ranging from \$200,000 to \$500,000, but adroit crafts-

men, such as are engaged in promoting patented devices of a mechanical or electrical character, usually employ odd dollars and cents to give verisimilitude to their assertions. Oddly enough, very few prospectuses mention the amount of the alleged original investment, but that is a trifle. The impression created is that it was about a dollar.

If I had not been made painfully aware of the fact, in recent months, that this fabulous story had baited many a hook and landed many a credulous victim, I should regard its employment, in many cases, as screamingly funny. Even if it were true, what connection could there be between an offering of shares in a cracker bakery in the promotion stage to-day and the fortune which some individual made out of stock in the telephone enterprise in its infancy? Yet not long ago I read the prospectus of a concern which invited investors to buy cracker-baking stock because some one could have made a big fortune if he had purchased Bell Telephone stock thirty-five years ago.

I have received countless prospectuses and many hundred pounds' weight of literature from correspondents who have been urged to invest in oil-wells; in gold, silver, copper, manganese, iron, and coal mines; in Mexican rubber and banana plantations; in soap factories; in pecan and orchard projects; in Florida land schemes; in printing-presses; in printing telegraph companies, and other devices for alleged quick telegraphic transmission; in boat and engine manufactories; in wall-paper corporations; in machine-shops and automobile plants; in automatic vending enterprises; in marble quarries, and in countless other things in no way related to a telephone. The vendors of the shares, however, in each instance, have pointed to the mythical telephone fortune as a reason why the prospective victim should buy shares in some risky, undeveloped, or fraudulent scheme.

In glancing over the last annual report of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which is the present owner of the Bell telephone system, I find several references to the manner in which the name of the latter concern has been used in "get-rich-quick" literature. Gullible persons, who have been carried away by what they have heard of the alleged tremendous fortune derived from telephone stock in the early days, will do well to read and ponder over the following extract:

In spite of facts and figures shown from year to year in our annual reports; in spite of reports to the contrary of every public or semipublic body which has examined and reported on the value of the property of the Bell system; in total disregard of information at the disposition of every one, there are many who for some purpose or other—sometimes to induce credulous investors to take some worthless securities in hope of extraordinary and impossible returns; sometimes for political purposes, sometimes for sensation or notoriety—continue to spread the reports of fabulous overcapitalization of the Bell system as a whole and of its component parts.

I have not the slightest idea that President Vail's emphatic statement will have any effect upon the prospectus-writers. Some of them, no doubt, have used the story so often that they probably believe it themselves. As it is an accepted classic of "get-rich-quick" literature, it will doubtless survive the official denial to the end of time; like the fabled stories of Romulus and Remus and the she-bear, and King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.

Elsewhere in the annual report of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company is another pointed reference to illegitimate finance. It is made in connection with President Vail's comments upon corporate abuses, and the spirit of hostility displayed toward corporations in various parts of the country:

What is and should be condemned, prevented, and punished is the abuse made of corporate machinery to the detriment of the public welfare, and such abuse as has been and is being practised so extensively for purely speculative and oftentimes swindling enterprises.

It is largely this abuse by professional speculative promoters and swindling security vendors, mostly on a comparatively small scale, not in any way associated or connected with the general business organizations or systems, that has been the cause of most of the popular odium surrounding this necessary machinery of business. It does not seem possible that the only way of reaching such offenders is through penalties for "misuse of the mails"; but however or by whomever the remedy is applied, he who does it should receive the heartiest thanks and appreciation of the community.

The surest way to correct what now amounts to a national disgrace—the open public swindling of the community through fraudulent promotions—would be for every State in the Union to pass what is known as the prospectus law, making it a misdemeanor or felony punishable both by fine and by imprisonment for a company pro-

moter to make any false or fraudulent statement concerning a property, for the purpose of selling its shares.

Nine or ten States of the Union already have such statutes, Massachusetts and Kansas having recently joined the ranks. New York, which is the headquarters for the most adroit fraudulent promoters that the country has ever known, has failed in its duty in this respect.

The Post-Office Department has done splendid work during the year in rounding up the crooks, but it has not as yet reached all of them. One great drawback to the work of the government is the fact that the postal officials cannot act until fraud is clearly proven. It is for this reason that

in practically every case where the government has made arrests during the year, the money of the public—huge sums of it—has already been lost, past all recovery.

The time to check such swindling is assuredly before the thieves have come to the end of their fraudulent schemes, and have made off with their plunder. This could be done through local prosecuting authorities, if the State of New York had on its statute-books a law like that recently enacted by Massachusetts and in force in several other States, and similar to that recommended to Governor Hughes, of New York, by the committee which he appointed to investigate the stock and commodity exchanges.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

### RECENT TELEPOST DEVELOPMENTS

What do you think of the stock put upon the market by the Sterling Debenture Corporation, known as the Telepost? Is it an unusual invention, and with what success is it meeting? What per cent of the proceeds from the stock sold goes to the fiscal agent, and how much reaches the company's treasury? What about the future of the concern?  
C. S. W., Louisville, Ky.

This assuredly is a much-belated inquiry, but the general subject of the Sterling Debenture Corporation and its justly celebrated promotion, the Telepost, is never lacking in interest. In consequence, for the benefit of those who are unfamiliar with the enterprise, and for those who may be interested in recent Telepost and Sterling Debenture developments, I refer again to this familiar subject.

To begin with, C. S. W. is not quite correct in assuming that the Sterling Debenture Corporation has put any Telepost stock on the market. The fiscal agent has sold voting trust certificates of one of the ten concerns bearing the general name of "Telepost"—the Telepost Company, incorporated in Maine. There are two such concerns chartered in that State, one of which, having an authorized capital of \$18,000,000, has deposited all its stock, with the exception of fifteen shares, with trustees. These "fifteen qualifying shares of the directors" appear to control the aggregation of Teleposts, which have a combined authorized capital of \$33,210,000. What are in the hands of the public are voting trust certificates of a holding company issued against the stock in the trustees' hands.

A voting trust, I may explain, is a clever device invented by Wall Street company promoters and syndicates desiring to control a company while having only a limited property interest in it. It has been said that this is the only known way by which promoters can "eat their cake and have it, too."

In former years, corporations were often controlled by stock pooled and voted by small groups of manipulators at a company's election. Pooling stock to control a corporation was declared illegal in some States, because it deprived minority shareholders of their rights. To get around this, syndicates and promoting groups invented the voting trust.

The authorities have always viewed such arrangements with disfavor. The laws of various States limit the duration of a voting trust to five years, holding that no shareholder should be denied a voice or vote in his company for a longer period. The ostensible purpose of the Telepost voting trust is to prevent the company from being gobbled up by the alleged telegraph trust—of which, however, there is no danger, for the company is not operating upon a commercial basis.

The Telepost is not a listed security, and there is no free market for its trust certificates. These are sold to individuals by the fiscal agent at \$10 each. There being no ready market, if a purchaser desires to resell his certificates, he experiences much difficulty, or he has to make sacrifices in selling through brokers of a certain class, who specialize in prospectus companies. Recent quotations by such brokers are:

Telepost, Series A, \$4.75; Series B, \$4.

There are no late quotations by brokers for Series C, which is said to be unsalable. It is the junior series, and apparently the least desirable of the lot, though many people have never been able to discover any important difference between the three classes.

As to the merits of the Telepost, opinions differ. It is a device for the quick transmission of telegraphic messages, which performs its work by puncturing a tape, and the promoters claim that it is capable of transmitting something like one thou-

sand words per minute. Under favorable experimental conditions, it is said to have developed a high speed. The general principle is not new, however; and, according to telegraph experts, when working out of doors, under varying or unfavorable atmospheric conditions, the results have not been satisfactory.

Several letters have reached me from persons who claim to have worked in the offices of the Telepost Company, now closed, asserting that the equipment was out of commission much of the time, and that when these breakdowns occurred the Telepost was forced to transmit its messages by an ordinary instrument, or to utilize the telephone for the transaction of business. The above statement is also made definitely in newspaper articles detailing the closing of a branch office of the Telepost at Kansas City during the first week in August.

As to the future of the Telepost, it is impossible to make predictions. It is possible that the difficulties experienced in its working might be overcome in time; but, if so, it will take years to live down the gross misrepresentations of the project, and of its progress, made by the company itself and by the Sterling Debenture Corporation. Much has already been said on this subject in articles printed in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*.

Recently the Telepost has fallen upon very hard times through the inability of the Sterling Debenture Corporation to sell a sufficient quantity of the voting trust certificates to keep up the unprofitable operations of the various companies. In March last operations were suspended at five branch offices in Boston; at Lowell, Lawrence, and Haverhill, Massachusetts; at Portland and Dover, New Hampshire; and at Biddeford, Maine. The stations at Exeter, New Hampshire, and Saco and Old Orchard, Maine, were abandoned some time before.

The reason given at the time for closing these offices was the alleged fact that the Telepost had planned a vigorous campaign in the West. The New England offices, the company's president said, were never intended for other than experimental work, and to train operators, and by abandoning them the company could save expenses. It was admitted that they were not paying their keep. A report to the Massachusetts Highway Commission showed that the Boston-Portland line, for the year ended June 30, 1910, had gross earnings of only \$2,620.38, as against operating expenses of \$4,009.25.

Recent advices from the West are to the effect that the Telepost stations at St. Louis, Kansas City, Sedalia, and other points where they were established for a brief interval, have also been closed. A Kansas City newspaper reports the abandonment of the local office under the caption "The Telepost Bubble Bursts." The St. Louis offices were closed about the same time, after a walkout of thirty employees, including two branch managers and the messenger boys, who asserted that their salaries were three weeks in arrears. At

this writing, it is impossible to ascertain if any offices have been reopened.

As a voting trustee certificate-holder of the Telepost Company, I have received no official notice of the trouble in the Western offices, and no announcement of a change in the company's financial plans, but I have read that one has taken place. President H. Lee Sellers recently imparted this information to a reporter of a New York newspaper. According to his statement, the fiscal agent was finding it difficult to sell any more voting trust certificates, and this made it impossible to keep on paying salaries. It was only a temporary difficulty, he added, due to certain attacks upon the Sterling Debenture Corporation. Sales of voting trust certificates will be continued in the future, however, if buyers can be found.

The most interesting statement made by President Sellers, however, was that a "syndicate of wealthy men" had decided to advance capital for the Telepost enterprise. This, of course, marks a decided modification in the plan of securing money for the undertaking. As originally outlined, the capital was to be raised wholly from individuals. The Telepost was to be owned by the common people, in opposition to the iniquitous telegraph and telephone trust. There was to be nothing that smacked of Wall Street methods in the proposition; but now comes a "syndicate of wealthy men," and if that is not suggestive of Wall Street, capitalists, combinations, and trusts, of what is it suggestive?

I cannot say, because I have never been able to ascertain, what proportion of each dollar received for Telepost certificates goes to the Sterling Debenture Corporation and what proportion reaches the company's treasury. As no official statement has been made, I cannot say what amount of commission or "rake-off" the "syndicate of wealthy men" will receive for furnishing the Telepost with new capital.

The closing of the company's offices for the reason that stock sales have come to a halt, and that in consequence salaries could not be paid, confirms the statements previously made, that the Telepost is not operating upon a commercial basis or at a profit anywhere in the country.

The reports of all the Telepost companies filed with the Bureau of Internal Revenue at Washington, in connection with the Federal corporation tax law, and showing operations for the calendar year 1910, are blank. I obtained the privilege of inspecting these returns a few weeks ago. The eighteen-million-dollar Telepost Company of Maine, which is believed to have sold voting trust certificates to an amount of about \$3,000,000, reports no expenses of maintenance, no amount of losses, no depreciation, no taxes paid to any State or to the United States, and no net income. The same is true of all the sub-Telepost companies; no valuable assets or net earnings are disclosed anywhere, though the company has been selling certificates, and has claimed to be doing business, for four years.



For the life of me I cannot tell what has become of all the money the Sterling Debenture Corporation has received from sales of Telepost certificates. Three million dollars is a great deal of money, and I should think that there ought to have been enough left in the company's treasury to pay, at least, the salaries of messengers. Ordinarily such boys receive about four dollars a week.

### TO AN INEXPERIENCED INVESTOR

I wish to invest a few hundred dollars in some high-grade, dividend-paying stock, such as you recommend, preferably the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Now how is it possible for me to obtain them? Is it not true that the authorized capital stock of this company is already outstanding? How, then, would it be possible for me to buy any of its shares, unless the present shareholders should sell? If they sell only during a cycle of high prices, will not the stock depreciate in value after I buy? Is there any way to avoid this?

I see quoted each day on the financial page of a newspaper: "Total sales, 100,000 shares," or some other amount. Do these shares actually change hands, or are they bought on a margin by speculators and not outright? Can you tell me how this is done? I do not wish to speculate but to invest, and I seek the information to make my investments more secure.

W. L. N., Watertown, S. Dak.

There is much that is purely elementary in the above questions, but countless letters that reach this department from all parts of the country indicate that there is urgent need for elementary instruction on financial subjects. In consequence, I shall answer these simple inquiries, not for W. L. N. alone, but for the benefit of many others who have only very vague ideas on buying and selling stocks.

The best manner for a person living in a small or remote community to proceed in buying stock listed upon the New York Stock Exchange is to make the purchase through his local bank. If the home institution has no banking correspondent in New York, it will undoubtedly have one in some other city through whom the transaction can be concluded. The stock will be transferred into the name of the purchaser, and the certificate will be mailed to him through the bank after his name and address has been duly entered in the books of the corporation.

It is not true, as W. L. N. assumes, that the entire capital stock of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is outstanding. The total share capital authorized is \$600,000,000; the amount issued and outstanding at the present time is \$450,961,500. The only shares available for purchase, however, are those outstanding and listed. The remaining portion can be issued only after due formalities. They are not available for purchase and sale until all the requirements of issuing and listing the shares on the Stock Exchange have been complied with. In this there is a great safeguard for investors.

The listing of a security on the premier exchange of the country guarantees the legitimacy and regularity of the original stock issue and of the subsequent stock issues. On the other hand, "fiscal agency" and prospectus companies are beholden practically to no one. There is no independent

supervision over their capital issues. Such corporations often increase or assess their stock without consulting shareholders at all. Few of them make reports, and such reports as are made are in most instances valueless.

The listing of a stock establishes for it a public market in which men may trade freely. That is why it is possible for W. L. N. or any one else to buy or sell shares of leading railroad and industrial companies established many years ago, although every dollar of their capital stock may be issued and outstanding.

No unlisted stock has as free a market as a listed stock, and of course there is practically no market at all for shares of concerns of the fiscal agency and prospectus variety. Such companies cannot comply with the listing requirements of the exchange. To conceal this fact, and to cloak their general worthlessness, the fiscal agents advertise that they have nothing to do with "Wall Street." Of course the truth of the matter is the other way around—the Stock Exchange will have nothing to do with these wretched concerns.

Naturally, it takes two persons to make a bargain. Shareholders may sell in "cycles of high prices," or in "cycles of low prices," or in any other cycle known or conceivable. In order to sell they must find a buyer; and so, if some shareholder has bought in a "cycle of high prices," some other shareholder must have sold. It is also true that there must be both a buyer and a seller in a low cycle or in an intermediate cycle of prices.

Some men make advantageous bargains in securities, as in grain, or live stock, or lumber, or any other article, and some do not. Securities fluctuate in price, as does almost everything else that is bought and sold in a free market. Countless considerations govern the changes in the prices of stocks, such as the prevalence of good times or bad times in the country, or the prosperity or adversity of the corporation itself. The developments which may influence a stock favorably or otherwise are limitless; and the same is virtually true of the great commodities, such as wheat, corn, and cotton.

No one should ever buy a stock without full appreciation of the fact that its market price is subject to fluctuations, and that its dividend rate may vary as the business of the corporation changes. In consequence of such possibilities, it is very much better for inexperienced investors to leave stocks alone, and to employ their surplus funds in first mortgages on real estate, in municipal bonds, and in bonds of established railways, industrial corporations, or public service companies.

The shares which are bought and sold daily on the New York Stock Exchange, and which go toward making up the item "total sales, 100,000 shares," of which W. L. N. speaks, actually change hands. They are all bought and paid for in cash—or, rather, by certified check. They represent the transactions of brokers with one another. Whether the brokers are acting for investors, banks, insurance companies, and other corporations, or for



individuals who buy for cash, or whether they represent transactions for speculators who buy on margin, cannot be determined from the mere totals of purchase and sale. A customer arranges the details of his personal business with his broker, and these details are not ordinarily a matter of public knowledge.

It may happen, for instance, that two customers in a stock-broker's office, one an investor and the other a speculator, decide to purchase one hundred shares apiece of Union Pacific. The broker, in executing the orders, may be able to buy the two hundred shares from another broker on the floor of the exchange at one price; or he may have to buy from two brokers at different prices. He will have to pay cash for two hundred shares to the seller or sellers of the stock. Two hundred shares will be reported sold, and will figure in the total of the day's transactions.

When the purchasing broker comes to deal with his two customers, the procedure differs. The investor pays him the full amount involved, and takes the certificate for one hundred shares away with him. The speculator pays on account of his purchase, say, ten per cent of the par value of the stock, or one thousand dollars. That amount is the purchaser's "margin." He does not receive the certificate; the broker retains it as security for the balance of the purchase price, which he has advanced to his customer in buying the stock; or perhaps the broker uses the shares as collateral in borrowing money from a bank.

It will be seen: from the above that the two transactions, which are identical on the floor of the exchange, differ widely in the broker's office. The investor owns his stock by right of purchase. It is his; no one can take it away from him, and he need not worry much about fluctuations in its quoted price. The speculator has paid only a small amount toward the purchase of the stock, and he has no intention of paying the balance. He has bought largely with money borrowed from the broker, hoping that the shares will advance in price, enabling him to sell, to pay off the debt he has incurred, and to make a profit.

The speculator is very deeply concerned with fluctuations. If his stock declines, say, five points, he will probably be called upon by his broker to put up additional margin, to the amount, perhaps, of \$500. If it declines five points more, he will again be called upon for margin. If he cannot respond, he may be sold out, losing all the original margin, or more.

Speculating on margins is a risky business, and this department has no sympathy with it. That is why we urge our readers continually that if disposed to deal in stocks they should purchase good, dividend-paying, listed securities outright, not on margins.

It is true that some business transacted on the Stock Exchange originates with brokers who deal for their own account, not for customers. These are professional traders. They may buy and sell a dozen times a day, dealing in the shares of the

self-same companies that others purchase for investment; but each of their transactions must be completed by the payment and receipt of money. In former days, professional traders sometimes "paired off" their transactions—that is, they canceled a purchase of stock by a sale of stock, or the other way round; but a transaction of that kind now would subject a broker to suspension or expulsion from the exchange.

#### THE COLUMBIAN-STERLING COMPANY

I have read with interest, in your September issue, a reference to the merger of *Hampton's Magazine* with the *Columbian-Sterling Company*. You are probably aware that the plan has been modified so that the new concern now offers one hundred per cent of its common stock for Hampton's preferred stock, instead of fifty per cent of the new for one hundred per cent of Hampton's stock, as originally proposed, and as stated in your article.

How can this be done, and does it improve the position of Hampton's shareholders? Are they not giving up a seven-per-cent stock preferred as to dividends and assets for a common stock? And does the new company get the accumulated dividends from Hampton's preferred shares? Will not these dividends accumulate if I do not exchange my shares? Hampton's will issue no treasurer's report, and I should like to know what you advise for the protection of shareholders in this case.

M. S. C., Winchester, Ky.

The modification in the merger plan by which the *Columbian-Sterling Publishing Company* takes over *Hampton's Magazine* was announced in a circular letter to shareholders dated August 2, a few days after the September issue of this magazine went to press. As the above correspondent and many others have pointed out, instead of offering fifty cents on the dollar in new common stock for Hampton's preferred, which was the basis of exchange made public nearly two months before, the offer has been raised to one hundred per cent.

Actually the basis of exchange is still a little less than par for par, for, in order to receive one hundred per cent in new *Columbian-Sterling* stock, a shareholder of Hampton's surrenders one hundred per cent of the preferred stock issue together with fourteen per cent accumulated unpaid dividends and such proportion of Hampton's common stock as was given to him as a bonus.

The circular letter of August 2, announcing the modification of the basis of exchange, like the others that preceded it, contains no financial statement of any kind, no balance-sheet, inventory, or income account. In consequence, I am no more able to determine the value of the shares or the merits of the proposition upon the new basis than under the original arrangement. I do not know how the shareholders can ascertain the desirability of the plan unless they know all about the assets and earnings of the companies concerned.

It is quite clear that Hampton shareholders will now receive twice as much stock in the *Columbian-Sterling Company* as was originally offered them. Perhaps they may regard a larger quantity of stock as sufficient compensation for giving up shares preferred as to dividends and assets in exchange for ordinary shares. Personally, however, I know of no way in which a shareholder can legitimately be deprived of any special privileges acquired

through preferred stock unless a corporation becomes insolvent. In consequence, if a shareholder retains such shares, instead of exchanging them, I do not see how he can sacrifice any rights.

But so many essential details of this entire merger are lacking that I cannot undertake to express any opinion upon the proposition, or to advise this correspondent, or any other, upon what course he should pursue. That is a matter which each individual must determine for himself after studying the legal records and financial statements on file in the company's office.

Of course, a corporation cannot lawfully sell its property, increase its stock, or alienate any right of a shareholder, except in compliance with the terms of its charter and in accordance with the laws of the State in which it was incorporated. There must be due notices setting forth the purposes of the meetings; stock votes, in which a majority determine the question, must be taken; and other formalities must be complied with in order to insure the validity of an important action.

### AN UNLUCKY INVESTOR

I enclose a letter recently received from the Spar Products Reorganization Committee. What do you think of it? Will my investment be a total loss? I also own a few shares of Telepost, Series B. What are they worth? P. E. B., Old Orchard, Me.

The circular to which this correspondent refers is not from the so-called Reorganization Committee of the Spar Products Company, but from a firm of attorneys. It is not individually addressed to the stockholder, and it bears a printed signature. It mentions no depository for securities, but concludes with a request to "let us know how much more stock you will subscribe for"—stock of an insolvent corporation, at the very high price of eighty per cent. The entire proceedings are not in accordance with any methods of reorganizing a bankrupt company with which I am familiar, and I cannot say that they are regular.

Shareholders who read the glowing statements contained in the booklet "A Million Dollars a Word," and in the advertisements which appeared in some of the stock-selling magazines, must be disagreeably surprised to find that an attorney, not the secretary, now reports only \$12,000 on hand as a result of efforts at rehabilitation. It seems that the committee has made an offer of \$6,500 to the receivers for a part of the property; but the offer "does not include the factory, the soap factory, or other machinery."

These would seem to be essential appurtenances for the concern if it intends to do business. The situation with the Spar Products Company is in sharp contrast with the good old days when the corporation, ostensibly selling its own stock, permitted a "fiscal agent" to retain \$112,447 of shareholders' money out of total sales of \$275,473 preferred stock, only \$163,026 of the investors' capital ever reaching the treasury.

I am disposed to the opinion that P. E. B. is not likely to receive anything of value out of the

Spar Products Company as the result of the rehabilitation plan.

As to his investment in Telepost, Series B., he will find some reference to that concern and its stock on an earlier page.

### PRINTING TELEGRAPH PROMOTIONS

Three years ago I invested \$500 in the Burlingame Telegraphing Typewriter Company. The company was demonstrating a machine in this city. After selling all the stock they could, they closed their office and moved to New York and Boston. I personally visited the office in the latter city a little more than a year ago. They had a machine and a line which they said was working between Boston and Providence.

Mr. Burlingame told me at that time that the company had all the money they wanted, that they had ceased selling stock, and that they were going to manufacture machines. A few months later I received a circular informing me that the Consolidated Printing Telegraph Company had acquired Burlingame stock, and notifying me if I wanted to come in I could do so by depositing my stock and paying \$1 a share.

I did not deposit my stock, for I did not like the company's methods. Has the stock any value?

M. H. M., San Francisco, Cal.

Can you furnish any information in regard to the Consolidated Printing Telegraph Company, of New York? STOCKHOLDER, Boston, Mass.

The above are two of many inquiries which have been received bearing upon the Burlingame Telegraphing Typewriter and the successor company, the Consolidated Printing Telegraph Company. The latter is a concern with \$15,000,000 authorized capital stock, formed for the purpose of taking over the patents of Burlingame, Swenson, Rae, and Barclay, all of which cover machines, or parts of machines, for the transmission of English characters over a wire.

The way in which the Burlingame Company sold its stock throughout the country amounted to a public scandal, and the manner in which the Consolidated Company has proceeded in acquiring Burlingame stock is not very much better. It offered to take the stock over—"purely from moral and sentimental reasons," by the way—in exchange for Consolidated shares on the payment of \$1 a share, afterward raised to \$2 a share, by the Burlingame holders.

The Consolidated circulars said that Burlingame stock has no market value. This raises the interesting question of how it figures in the balance-sheet of the Consolidated Company, which claims to own 855,000 shares of this marketless security.

In regard to its own stock, the Consolidated is refreshingly frank. It says that there "is no established market price for it," and by way of emphasis it underscores the words quoted. The Burlingame Company, and some concerns which it acquired before the consolidation, never developed into successful commercial enterprises. Whether the new company will be more fortunate, I cannot undertake to say.

The company asserts that it has many patents, and that it is engaged in constructing a new machine which will combine the favorable features of these patents. There are some two hundred other printing telegraph devices already patented, I am informed.

"The value of the Consolidated stock," according to one of its circulars, "is in its speculative features." As such this department cannot recommend it, for we are continually urging against speculative and hazardous enterprises in favor of safe securities.

#### THE "MISSING HEIR" FRAUD

Will you please inform me where the Sir Francis Drake estate of England is located, and also how long before it will revert to the crown? If the proper heirs are identified, can they obtain the estate at this time? If contracts, duly and properly signed by the heirs, are sold, would they be available in case of settlement?

M. V. S., Monmouth, Ill.

If this correspondent refers to Sir Francis Drake, freebooter and admiral of England, who in 1588 assisted in defeating and dispersing the Spanish Armada, and who died off Porto Bello in 1596, three hundred and fifteen years ago, it may safely be said that the estate exists wholly in imagination. It is located exclusively in the insinuating literature of some modern adventurer or buccaneer, worse than any that ravaged the Spanish Main in bygone centuries.

About the oldest type of fraudulent scheme is that which deals with alleged tremendous fortunes held by the British crown for "missing heirs." The falsity of this oriental dream has been exposed again and again by the British authorities. Nevertheless, several generations of swindlers have enriched themselves at the expense of credulous persons, who either were made to believe that they were direct heirs to the mythical fortune, or were induced to join with others in attempting to prove the claims of alleged rightful owners, in return for an assigned share of the imaginary estate.

The letter of M. V. S. suggests that the old game has been revived, possibly in some modified form. For the benefit of this correspondent and others, who have been bamboozled into crediting the stories of hidden treasures and of vast fortunes awaiting claimants, it may be stated that no such things are lying around loose. Great as was the wealth that Sir Francis Drake is said to have obtained from the captured galleons and sacked cities of the Spanish Main, it was as nothing compared to the amount of money that these modern buccaneers have extorted from their dupes.

Stories of missing heirs and unclaimed English estates are mere inventions—pure fiction, and finely spun at that.

#### THE DAN PATCH RAILWAY

What do you think of the Minneapolis, St. Paul Rochester and Dubuque Electric Traction Company as an investment?

J. L. D., Mt. Union, Pa.

This is the corporate title of the so-called Dan Patch Electric Railway. A reference was made to the concern in the July number, under the caption "Mixing Medicines and Railroads," to which J. L. D. is referred. The promoters assert that forty miles of the road have been built and are in

operation, and that construction is progressing. Whatever may be the company's future, however, the stock at the existing stage of development, and with the present method of promotion, is in no proper sense an investment.

In offering shares to the public—one of preferred and one of common, par value \$100 each, for the lump sum of \$125—the company furnishes no report of earnings or operations, makes no financial statement, and supplies no details of the amount of capital authorized or the amount of stock sold and outstanding. Though constructing a line in Minnesota, the concern was incorporated in Maine, in September, 1907, with an authorized capital of \$25,000,000, of which \$10,000,000 is six-per-cent preferred and \$15,000,000 is common stock.

There is always a serious element of risk in buying shares in a non-reporting company in the development stage. No one can foretell the future, and in this respect a person who puts money into such an enterprise is like a man who takes a leap in the dark. He cannot tell where he will fetch up.

#### INVESTING FOR PROFIT, OR LOSS?

Can you give me any information regarding the standing and responsibility of H. L. Barber & Co., of Chicago, dealers in "investment securities," and publishers of a magazine entitled *Investing for Profit*?

H. C. G., Baltimore, Md.

H. L. Barber does not figure as a member of the Chicago Stock Exchange, or of any other recognized exchange, so far as I am aware. If you write to him for a copy of his investor's guide, you speedily find yourself inundated with a mass of literature. At the outset, it deals with investment principles; but gradually you are led on and on until investment and investment principles are thrown to the winds, and you are invited to purchase shares in oil companies, or mining companies, or some other proposition in the development stage.

If you fail to rise to the lure at the first cast, the correspondence continues. It becomes first affectionate—you are addressed as "dear correspondent"—then it becomes regretful, pleading, almost tearful. It reads something like this:

Dear correspondent, why have you not bought Consolidated Midway Chief Oil Company? Time is slipping away.

Dear client, I must express my surprise and also my regret that I have not as yet received your application for a block of the Tungstan Mountain Mines Company. You can buy it for a few cents now, but of course the price is going to advance.

Perhaps, after you have received several pounds' weight of literature, you will receive a letter addressed to "dear clients and correspondents," which again inform you that "time is passing," and that you "are denying yourself present and future prosperity and a comfortable old age." Mr. Barber feels sure that you want to make your fortune in short order. His is a way to get rich quick. He wants you to "get in on the ground floor." He asserts that you will make a very

serious mistake if you don't send your money to him; and there is much more of the same sort. \*

To my mind, *Investing for Profit*, of which H. L. Barber figures as editor, is misnamed. The promotion methods employed, and the character of the properties recommended by the editor to his dear clients, correspondents, and friends, are vastly more suggestive of "investing for losses."

#### THE CONTINENTAL WIRELESS FRAUD

As I bought a number of shares of the Continental Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company's stock about one year ago, I write to get your opinion on the investment.

M. T. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

As an investment, this stock has about such value as one may obtain for it from a junk-dealer. Reground into pulp, such material may be used, it is said, in making an inferior quality of wallpaper. Several of the company's leading officials are now under indictment on a charge of using the United States mails for purposes of fraud.

#### SOME SPECULATIVE STOCKS

\*Please give me some information regarding Wheeling & Lake Erie stock, which is quoted around 3 on the New York Stock Exchange, also the first and second preferred stocks of this company.

Do you know anything about the Square Deal Gold Company? Its office is said to be in Kansas City.

R. L. W., Baltimore, Md.

The Wheeling and Lake Erie Company is in the hands of receivers. None of its various stock issues is an investment.

If a person has made an unfortunate purchase of stocks in a road which becomes bankrupt, it is probably as well to stay by it and pay the assessment when the reorganization plan is announced, for by such action he may recover some of his losses. It is never regarded as desirable, however, to buy into a lawsuit, or to purchase stock in a bankrupt road in anticipation of some speculative advance. This department does not concern itself with speculation, but I know enough about the subject to say that if any one desires to speculate, it is better to confine such operations to solvent corporations.

I have no information bearing upon the Square Deal Gold Company. This department considers mining companies speculative and hazardous undertakings at best, and does not advise the purchase of such shares.

#### ANOTHER "SURE THING"

Will you kindly let me know if you consider Rendall Steel stock a desirable investment?

J. H. W., Rutherford, N. J.

Rendall Steel is not an investment in any sense of the word. The stock is being boomed in Sunday newspaper advertisements as a "sure thing," which, if bought for a few dollars, will advance to \$500 a share. This, of course, is preposterous. It is on a par with the extravagant predictions of

the same promoters with a concern known as the American Nickel Company several years ago. It is unnecessary to say that these promises remain unfulfilled to this day.

It must have been things such as these that the Psalmist had in mind when he asserted that "a fool and his money are soon parted." Promoters of doubtful, hazardous, and experimental undertakings always proceed upon that principle, and their success in exchanging their stocks for the money of inexperienced persons demonstrates clearly that the statement is as true to-day as it was when first uttered some thousands of years ago.

#### A HARD-WORKED PIECE OF FICTION

Kindly advise through your magazine if you consider stock in *Parson's Magazine* a good investment. Is the statement in the enclosed literature authentic?

J. B. G., Cleveland, O.

We have expressed our views on publishing propositions as an investment on numerous occasions, and cannot repeat them here. This correspondent will find the subject thoroughly discussed in an article entitled "Highly Colored Financial Allurements," printed in the February issue, page 683. Later references appeared in the July number, page 577, under the heading "A New Magazine Promotion," and in the September number, page 836, with the title "The Lewis Failure."

The literature that J. B. G. sends us contains the familiar story of tremendous fortunes derived from the publishing business. As usual, MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE figures prominently in the oriental dream, and we read again of the mythical "one hundred dollars" which is now "worth about \$12,000, and would be earning the astonishing dividends of about \$1,200 a year."

This, as we have said before, is a mere figment of the imagination.

#### A LOS ANGELES LAND COMPANY

What do you know of the National Homestead Association of Los Angeles, California? I have heard that it has experienced some difficulties.

L. A. N., New York.

Los Angeles seems to be flooded with land companies, which are circularizing the country with prospectuses, newspapers booming their schemes, and the like, to aid in selling stocks, bonds, villa plots, and homesteads. I am informed that some of them are successful concerns, but I cannot undertake to express any opinion upon such enterprises. They do not fall within the scope of this department.

I have no knowledge of the company about which this correspondent makes inquiry, beyond the fact that I have read a news item to the effect that Ellis C. Redman, president of the National Homestead Association, with headquarters in Los Angeles, was recently arrested on a charge of using the mails to defraud. This suggests that it is wise to be extremely cautious in dealing with land companies advertising through the mails.



# HIS GREAT PLAY

THE STORY OF A YOUNG DRAMATIST, A NAPOLEONIC MANAGER,  
AND A STAR ACTRESS

BY GEORGE MIDDLETON

AVERY TABB nibbled his finger-tips for a second, and, seeing the determination stubbornly settle on Ruggleheimer's fat face, hesitated.

"My boy," he heard the manager shout in a voice which nearly filled his office, "can't you see for yourself that your title would kill the play—kill it dead?"

Avery resolved on one more protest.

"But my title has dignity. I wrote my play around that title, and now you want to change it. It exactly expresses my serious idea, and—"

"Ain't I told you titles are to draw the people, not to please the author? Get them in and give them what they want—that's my motto—but get them in. Your title is rotten; wouldn't draw them in on a transfer. 'Redemption!' Truck! Anybody seeing that on a three-sheet would think your play was about a pawn-shop. That'd keep them away, I tell you; suggests the wrong kind of tears. People want to cry, but not over anything that touches their pocketbook. You've got to cut it out. Mine will draw better—'A Wife's Sacrifice'—that's a bird! Every woman will come, because every woman thinks sacrifice is her business; every man will follow, because they'll make them. So it goes, do you hear? And I am glad you see it for yourself."

He stamped his hand down upon the desk, and for the first time in his life Avery felt the uselessness of further argument. He sat a moment in helpless silence, until Ruggleheimer, smiling with self-satisfaction, as if he had tamed some wild animal, reached to a large roll of paper. After flattening it out, and holding it down with his hairy hands, the manager called in a more conciliatory tone for Avery to come nearer.

"Cast your look on this red and black. I'll paper every stand in town with it. That'll hit them between the eyes and make them see only one star—mine!"

He guffawed raucously, and apparently watched with his beaded eyes as Avery gazed on the rough sketch outlined for the lithographs. It read:

SAMUEL RUGGLEHEIMER

presents

America's Greatest Actress

ANITA FOX

in

"A Wife's Sacrifice"

by

AVERY TABB

Avery glowed with satisfaction as he saw his name for the first time upon a poster. He did not observe till afterward that it was in very small type—much smaller than Ruggleheimer's. He read the wording over and over again, thoroughly fascinated; and thus, resting under the hypnotic magic of his own name, he gradually forgot his resentment over the changed title.

It was right, of course, that he should make some harmless concessions, being only a beginner. He was glad that Ruggleheimer had asked nothing more, as so many managers might have done. He was sure, too, that the critics would recognize the inherent quality of his great play. They would not make fun because of its title; they would treat him with the respect they always gave to the dignified attempt.

He was lost in the anticipated glory of celebrity when the telephone-call rang. He could scarcely help listening as Ruggleheimer's voice lost its roughness on discovering that his star—Miss Anita Fox—was talking.



"Certainly—certainly! Have the book—yes, the 23d. That'll give us three weeks. Will send the scene models up to-morrow. Certainly—anything you say—quite agree with you, but you'd better talk it over with him yourself. I'll come up later. Wait!"

He looked up at Avery.

"Can you go and have a talk with the little lady to-night? She wants to go over the manuscript with you—says she has a few small suggestions about her part."

Ruggleheimer hung up the receiver after communicating the playwright's great pleasure and willingness to go.

"I thought, Mr. Ruggleheimer," Avery suggested, "that Miss Fox was too ill to see any one—nervous prostration, the papers said."

Ruggleheimer guffawed.

"Nerves, nothing! It ain't she what's broke down; it's the play. People didn't like it, so I closed suddenly. You couldn't hire them to go—which I wasn't doing."

"But the papers said—"

"Say, you are green!" The manager leaned back in his chair, wet his lips, and puffed a cigar. "I sent that press stuff to them myself. The guys on the outside believe everything they read about us, and I always look over the paper myself to find out what I'm not doing. Bad business to acknowledge failure, my boy! There was Mary Parlow last season. 'Bad attack of tonsillitis,' they said. 'Doctor orders complete rest.' Tonsillitis? Tommy rot! She was playing to thirty dollars a night, and her leading man scored too much of a hit. Remember when Robert Montgomery ate lobster-salad and went to a hospital with blood-poisoning or something? Hospital? Ha! ha! He was rehearsing a new piece on the quiet in Hoboken! When a lady gets a 'sprained ankle,' it generally means that the play has failed to stand on its own legs, or that the manager's got cold feet. That's what's the matter with Anita—her play failed! That's how I happened to take yours, and open with it immediately. Don't suppose I'd take chances with an unknown unless I had to, do you? I'm a theatrical manager, not an explorer. Let somebody else discover your ability, and I'll pay good when the other fellow has risked his dough. I've got a bunch of the big guys writing for Anita, with a lot of advanced royalties liable to go to seed, too; but none of them was ready with the goods. I had to have some-

body, and you happened along in the pinch."

Avery was offended.

"I thought you took my play because you thought it was a good play—because you believe in it."

Ruggleheimer ran his hand through his dark, shiny hair, and smiled.

"I believe in nothing, but I'm always willing to be surprised."

## II

As Avery Tabb went out into the gray autumn twilight, to kill the intervening time before the proud moment when he was to sit *tête-à-tête* with the famous star, it was with feelings strangely ruffled. The actual experience was not exactly the anticipated.

He stopped before a restaurant famous for its chops and its shelter for theatrical celebrities, and finally went in. There, however, with the easy adjustment of a creative temperament, it suddenly seemed as if he had a right to the conspicuous corner seat he had chosen. After all, he was the author of a play already announced in the papers, and actually to be produced. He wondered whether people would recognize him, for he felt that he looked like a successful dramatist.

He ordered more than he cared for, or could afford; and soon he glowed again with that genial complacency which his imagination had encouraged as a refuge in the past hours of despondency and disappointment. He was on the road to fame at last! In a few weeks his name would be hailed and known. He would have justified his breaking with the home ties.

He smiled as he recalled his uncle's letter, which had followed him when he first arrived in the city with only a few hundred dollars as his capital. He knew it by heart.

### DEAR AVERY:

You are a fool. I give you a year to prove it to your own satisfaction. I am disappointed in you; but you're not the first fellow to chase a laurel-wreath and have somebody else put a bunch of immortelles over a dead one.

Don't dig your grave with a pen. Any time you get sense, and want to do something respectable, come back, and I'll give you an interest in my soap-factory. If you're anxious to do good to humanity, as you say—keep them clean. There's poetry, common sense, and incidentally a decent living in soap.

Until you come back, don't do the baby act and call upon me. Your aunt, being a sentimental fool because she brought you up, sends her love.

I have forbidden her to write you; but she probably will and lie to me about it, like every sensible woman.

Yours sincerely,  
JONATHAN MARSH.

That was three years ago. Avery had eked out a living somehow by free-lancing, with an occasional unsolicited check from his aunt, which he did not return, for fear of hurting her feelings. In the hours of deepest depression, when he had no false hope to trick him into courage, he never washed without thinking of the soap proposition. The street-car advertisements of his uncle's saponaceous brand haunted his vision, and their rimes ran in his ears. He grew to hate soap; it was his symbol of temptation. Twice only had he heard from his uncle since the separation, and each time, at Christmas, a box of the best soap had been expressed to his address with his uncle's boasting business card, and a sarcastic "Happy New Year" on the other side.

He had been sustained solely by the consciousness of his high aims. He had never compromised in his plays; he had written what he felt was the best in him, and "Redemption" would go a long way to fill a deep want in the public's demand, and to help the stage to its needed reform. It was to be his great mission!

And now, at last, his serious play was to be produced exactly as he had written it, by Ruggleheimer and the great star who wrote of "Dramatic Art" and "Stage Ideals" for the magazines. He was indeed fortunate. She would sympathize with his high aims, and perhaps, in the future, hand and hand, they might establish a tradition.

This pleasant mood hovered about Avery even after he had left the restaurant and walked through the dark streets, till a nervous thumping before Miss Fox's house warned him that the beginning of one of life's great moments was at hand.

When he had entered the cozily lighted room, with its large sofa yawning invitingly before the leaping fire, he was scarcely prepared for the shock of his first personal contact with the actress. He had frequently admired her on the stage, but he never suspected that her dark, languishing eyes were in reality a catty green, or that her wonderful mouth, away from aid of cosmetics and footlights, was coarse and sensuous. As she spoke in a soft, studied voice, whose beauty alone he recognized, he could not avoid noticing her bad complexion, and the rough

skin loosely drawn about her large cheekbones. He understood now why she looked so well from the front.

She was so, so glad to meet him, she said; she hoped to know him much better; he was so young to have written so remarkable a play; he would have such a great future; he must write for her all the time. He found himself almost affectionately drawn before the fire, and presented to a female friend seated in the shadow, whose name he did not catch, but who shook his hand with the same unexpected enthusiasm. He discovered, before the evening was over, that this friend was permitted to live and travel with the star, and that for the privilege of satelliting celebrity, she answered all Miss Fox's letters, attended to many unpleasant interviews, ran little personal errands, and, in intervals, supplied a cementing amount of flattery, or the necessary moral and verbal support on occasions such as that in which Avery Tabb soon found himself floundering.

Avery was not to be outdone in superlatives and exclamations as he nibbled with apparent relish at the proffered chocolate-creams which he cordially hated. He told Miss Fox how very pleased and honored he was to have so great a student and artist do his little piece—and he meant it, too, except the appended modesty.

"Yes," Anita continued, warming her daintily slippered feet, "I see no reason why I should not be the means of bringing forward a great dramatist. Your play will make a big hit, I'm sure."

"Yes, indeed," supplied the obliging friend, leaning forward with an ecstatic clasp of her hands.

Avery was happy; they were making him begin to feel at home.

"With me in the part, it will play to ten thousand a week, and run for two or three years, if only we make a few little changes."

Avery graciously conceded that there might be a few superfluous words here and there; they could easily be omitted.

"It isn't exactly that," Miss Fox said, as she bent her head and looked at him with her wide-open eyes. "You see, we've been running over the part carefully, and we both think it ought to be built up—just a little."

The obliging friend, on the gestured appeal for support, agreed. Avery tried to maintain the same atmosphere of softness.

"Oh, certainly, Miss Fox; but my play is so closely knit, and every scene is so carefully worked out, that—"

"Yes; but your play needs a star to make it go; and people pay to see me, you know." She touched her corsage with her long fingers, and smiled even more charmingly, though Avery, less elated, detected a slight impending impatience. "In the first act, for instance, you haven't even given me an entrance."

He protested mildly, somewhat touched by her injured tone. He wondered how he could have hurt her feelings.

"But you're on at the rise of the curtain," he said.

"That's just the trouble. People are not seated yet; they'd be coming in, and would spoil my scene. Now, don't you think, like a good fellow, you might write a wee little scene before I enter?"

Avery felt unable to resist her entirely; she asked so sweetly.

"But the action begins right away—what is there to talk about?"

"Why, talk about *me*. It's so simple!" She touched him lightly on the arm. "You'll do that much for me?"

He did not know what else to say; besides, it was only a small matter, and she was such a great artist. So he agreed, and she softly murmured, after a pretty sigh, that she always knew he would be reasonable.

"And now there are one or two other matters." She reached for the manuscript, and talked rapidly, as if dismissing discussion, while she turned the dog-eared pages. "I don't feel this part entirely. It isn't always sympathetic."

"But it's true to life," he interrupted with a voice grown suddenly husky.

"My dear Mr. Tabb, we're not playing life on the stage, but art." She spoke the phrase, which he recognized from one of her magazines articles, with a superior air of finality. Avery's heart began to sink. "I tell you she's not sympathetic, and I simply can't do things that would jar the audience. I'm *so* sensitive! I'd know it in a moment, and it would freeze me right up, like stage fright. The audience never wants the star to do anything that isn't sweet and kind. In the first act you've simply got to write me in a nice little scene, right at the start, showing how generous and self-sacrificing I am. Then, at the end of the act, when her husband comes to ask forgiveness, you've made her refuse. Don't you see, you've got to change that? She must forgive him!"

"But," he interjected, scarcely believing

his ears, "she wouldn't, under the circumstances, in life—"

"That's just why she must do it on the stage. The audience will love her all the more. The people out front never want anybody on the stage to do what's right unless it's sympathetic, too; but we can do anything wrong on the stage if it's a sacrifice for somebody else. Remember that for your next play!"

"But—"

She waved him into silence.

"Then you've got to rearrange the final scene of the second act. I'm going to make the leading man sit on a chair all through his big scene, but still he may walk away with it. He has much the best of the argument. You've got to give some of his speeches to me."

Avery gasped.

"But how can *you* say things he would say?"

"I'll say them better; that's why I'm a star. Don't worry about that. You fix them up. And while you're about it, you've got to give me more to do in the last act. We've thought of a splendid idea, haven't we?" she asked between breaths, turning to the obliging friend.

"Oh, yes, indeed, a perfectly splendid idea!" was the ready response.

"It's quite simple, and it can be done without much work. I want you to run the third and fourth acts into one. Yes—make one big scene in it. As it is, it lets down too much when I'm off the stage, and it looks as if the play were over, with the climax you've got. It needs more suspense. My friend will help you. With these few little changes, we'll make every critic sit up, and set the town on fire."

### III

AVERY could scarcely control his disappointment and astonishment. This great artist who preached of dramatic sincerity, who wrote against "book plays" and "cheap trash," proposed to rewrite for her own selfish purposes his great play—his masterpiece which was to reform the very conditions she was now exemplifying! Better soap than such a degradation of his own ideals!

Well, he would have courage. He would show her there were still men who had high aims. He took the manuscript from the sofa, where she had thrown it in her final imperious gesture.

"I am sorry, Miss Fox, but I can't do what you want."

"Can't? Why can't you?" she asked in a harsh voice.

"What about my play if I did all that?"

"They come to see me, I tell you, not your play."

"Yes, that's true," contributed the obliging friend.

Avery felt his courage growing.

"Then why did your last play fail?"

"Because I had no opportunity," she retorted. "I sha'n't make the same mistake twice!"

"I'm sorry, Miss Fox. I've written a play, not a monologue. If I did what you said, there wouldn't be anything left of my original idea."

"Then I won't act it at all!" she burst out melodramatically. "I'll put on 'Carmille'!"

He rose to go. He would tell Ruggleheimer. Ruggleheimer would understand. He had only wanted the title changed.

As Avery was moving toward his hat and coat, Anita leaped to her feet. She would not let him leave so easily. She came toward him with her well-known panther stride, and put both her hands upon his arm, as he had seen her do so effectively upon the stage. Her eyes filled with tears, and her voice choked with emotion. Even the obliging friend seemed impressed.

"Mr. Tabb—my dear Mr. Tabb! It's for your sake I'm doing this, believe me. I want you to get your chance. I'm thinking of your success alone. I know what my public wants. Now, don't be foolish!"

Her voice trailed off tenderly; but Avery was reckless.

"I won't be foolish, Miss Fox—that's why I won't consent to these changes."

She snatched her hands from his arm and walked up and down, lashing herself into a temper.

"Who are you, anyway?" she inquired sarcastically.

"I am the author of this play!"

"That's all," she retorted. "You're *only* the author. People are not interested in you. They don't even know who writes the play. It's *me* they come to see—*me*!"

"Yes, that's true," interpolated the obliging friend.

"You've got the chance of a lifetime, Mr. Tabb—a big star, big Broadway production, and you're making a fool of yourself." She turned to her friend. "Oh,

why, why do we artists have to have playwrights around?"

It was at this moment that the maid let in the expected Ruggleheimer. Here was Avery's chance. He started to explain, when Ruggleheimer, his face aglow, rushed toward him excitedly.

"My boy, my boy, I've a great idea for your play! I knew all the time there was something the matter with it, and now I've saved it—saved it sure!"

Without noticing the situation which his entrance had so abruptly halted, Ruggleheimer paused for a second to gather his breath. Avery dropped into a chair.

"Yes, my boy, it just popped into my head. Listen, and then run home and get busy on it, so we can begin rehearsals at once. It's a great effect—simply great—for the last act!"

"But there isn't a last act now," Avery was bold enough to say.

Ruggleheimer stopped abruptly, his legs apart and his hands clasped behind him, as Anita Fox, in a few well-chosen words, showed how the young man's head was turned—he had abused her insight, and was impossible to handle.

Avery did not attempt to defend himself against Miss Fox and the obliging friend. The air was too full of temperament and stray phrases. Even Ruggleheimer, he feared, had strange ideas. Avery felt a martyr as he sat there—a martyr in a great cause.

"And what's more," he heard Anita Fox conclude, "he refuses to make a few little reasonable changes!"

"He does, does he?" Ruggleheimer turned on Avery. His eyes became beaded again, his head sank deeper upon his flabby neck. "Say, who's risking his money—you or me? Who's going to pay me back—you or the people, eh? I'm putting my long green in this; you've only invested your spare time and a few ideas what need improvement. Don't forget this is your first play. You ain't broke in yet, and I'm doing you a favor to produce it. Did I ask you for it? Didn't you come to me and beg me to read it, and didn't I give you a decent contract, with five hundred advance plunks to keep you pleasant? It's too late to withdraw now. I've spent money on the production, and it's announced. It's my property, and if you don't make the changes yourself, I'll get somebody who will—see?"

"But—"



That was all that Avery seemed able to say by way of argument, as Ruggleheimer began again, his voice growing in volume as his words poured forth.

"There are things in your play even I can't understand; and if I can't, who can? No high-brows for mine! No long-haired men and short-haired women, either! I ain't running a show for stage reformers who always expect to get in as deadheads themselves. This play ain't going to be a flying-machine, I tell you. People don't pay two dollars to get a cramped neck at something over their heads. Get it down to their level; that's what the public wants. They won't take chloroform to get an idea. Do you think I made my pile giving them salmon eggs? No, sir; angel-cake and roast beef is what did the trick, see? Now, you get busy and do as Miss Fox wants. Listen to me, too. I have a great effect for the third act. It's an election scene. Understand? You've got the returns off-stage now. Won't do—won't do at all! Rotten! We'll rig up a telephone right in the house, see? Bring in a crowd of supes at the end, see, and get a chance at a big ensemble; then write a great scene around the husband's defeat. Lots of excitement, see? Don't let the audience know who's going to win. Lift them out of their seats and we'll stand them up, see?"

Avery waited for nothing further. He followed one gathering impulse—to escape. Without a word he grabbed his hat and coat, and slammed the door in their astonished faces; but somehow he purposely forgot to take his manuscript. He left it to their tender mercies.

#### IV

ON the night of the first performance, Avery bought a seat in the last row of the balcony, and waited for the play to begin. He had not been near the theater before; and though he saw the posters going up all about town, and heard that they were rehearsing daily, still they did not send for him. He had come now in a surly humor to watch his play die. It would be his justification, and he was anxious to revenge their treatment of him.

When he saw the house slowly fill up, and heard the orchestra begin the overture, in spite of all the heartaches of the preceding weeks, a strange, uncontrollable thrill swept over him. The curtain rose, and he regretted that he was so pleased to see the

beautiful garden set which Ruggleheimer had provided.

As the act progressed, his heart rose and fell, for he became grimly fascinated in trying to find what was his own work and what was cut or introduced. It was terrible! His masterpiece was being butchered before his eyes! It was not his play, yet his name was on the program, and his alone; he would get all the blame.

Then his heart became a ball of lead, for they were laughing—laughing at his great play! He was sullen when the act finished, in spite of the five curtain-calls, which he suspected had been arranged by Ruggleheimer with the ushers and first-night friends.

As the play advanced, they laughed more; yes, they were guying his play. But he did not blame the audience; what had been done by the lady who wrote about stage art in the magazines was really funny. He even caught himself being amused; and once or twice, off his guard, he actually laughed. His lofty ideas were being twisted and colored, his situations underlined and exaggerated. Nobody but he knew how funny it really was—for it meant soap to him—soap in his uncle's factory. He alone had the right to laugh—and he did laugh savagely.

Then the last act came—two acts telescoped and run together. Still they laughed! Avery could hardly grasp the reason now, especially since they were applauding vociferously at intervals. The final curtain had fallen, and he could scarcely believe his senses; for he saw Anita Fox take the calls—many of them—and then from all parts of the house came the sharp, piercing cry of "Author, author, author!"

They were calling for him—Avery Tabb, author of the play. Before he knew what he was doing, he left his seat, and, fearing lest the applause might die down, he ran madly out through the stage entrance and upon the stage. Still the enthusiastic cries continued, and Anita Fox, standing there, grasped him by the hand, and dragged him before the audience.

The yellow footlights dazed him. He could hear the cries of "Speech, speech!" He noticed that the stage manager had craftily kept the house lights dark, to encourage applause. Then the curtain fell, to rise almost instantly; they had let him take the call alone.



He stood timidly near the wings, breathing hard, not from emotion, but from the rapidity of his rush to the stage. He did not know what else to do but to speak, since the house suddenly quieted.

"Ladies and gentlemen—I can't tell you how—my play—my little play—appreciation—thanks!"

The curtain fell upon laughter and his own astonishment. It was not quite the speech he had elaborately rehearsed weeks before in his rooms, but apparently it made a hit.

Ruggleheimer rushed from the wings and slammed him good-naturedly on the back.

"You see, my boy, it's a great hit, and it all happened *here!*"

He touched his own greasy, perspiring forehead, and smiled broadly.

As Ruggleheimer turned to receive congratulations, Anita Fox came forward with the gracious forgiveness of success.

"You see, dear Mr. Tabb, I knew my few little changes would do it!"

They were such good, kind, impulsive

people to give him so much credit. It was his play, after all—with only a few slight changes.

Late that night, at his hotel, a note was handed him. It was from his uncle:

AVERY:

Your aunt and I came on to see your play. We are leaving on the midnight, and so can't see you till you come out West again to spend the summer with us. It will be a good place to write. Your play is a splendid comedy. Never saw such a satire on these so-called reform plays. Have never laughed so in my life, except when you made up your mind to become a play-writer. The joke is on me. I withdraw my offer about the soap; it's no business for anybody with your sense of humor.

JONATHAN MARSH.

And later, when Avery read the splendid notices of his great play, which "struck a new comedy note," and when he began to figure on the royalties that would be his, he gradually came to the conclusion that perhaps the stage didn't need reforming—just yet.

### TO PHYLLIS, WITH A VANITY BOX

MAIDEN, accept this gift  
Jeweled and rare.  
In it a treasure dwells;  
Guard it with care.

Take but one look within—  
What see'st thou there?  
Eyes like twin stars at night,  
Golden-brown hair;

Lips like two cherries red;  
Cheeks like the dawn;  
Skin like a snowdrop white  
At early morn.

Treasure of mine art thou!  
Feign not surprise;  
Look up, and gaze into  
Thy lover's eyes.

That which thy mirror shows,  
There, too, thou'lt see;  
Through all the coming years  
Unchanged 'twill be.

Love hath the secret art  
Youth to retain;  
Thus in thy true love's heart  
Thou wilt remain.

E. Marriner

# STORIETTES

## The Conquest of Josie

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

STANFIELD looked at his watch. The early train left for Sunway, Massachusetts, in forty minutes. He called for his manager, Berber.

"Everything has been arranged?"

"Everything."

"Plans of village gone over by landscape-gardener? Architect laying out library, town hall, and casino?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll be back"—Stanfield rapidly went over the details in his mind—"at ten o'clock on Wednesday. You can get me over the long-distance at Sunway by calling up this real-estate man—Holloway is his name. I'm off."

"All right, sir. I'll expect you."

Stanfield's car hurried him up to the Grand Central, and three hours later he got off the train at Sunway. There was a village-hack waiting for a chance passenger.

"Drive me to Holloway's."

Holloway, the real-estate dealer, was in. He was always in.

"Hello, Caleb!" he said. "You ain't changed much in thirty years. First time you've been here?"

Stanfield shook hands cordially.

"Nor you, Sam. Been so busy, haven't had time to get here; been meaning to for years. Now, let's get busy. Got a rig?"

"Yep."

"Drive me around the old place."

Holloway ushered him into a tumble-down buggy, and they started off down the street. Stanfield talked as they jogged along.

"Now, Sam," he said, "here's the whole story in a nutshell. I left this place when I was fifteen years of age to seek my fortune, and I've found it. I've come back to do the right thing by Sunway. Going to make you over. Hold up, there! This is the best part of Main Street. What's the matter with that lot for a public library? Who owns it?"

"John Pratt."

"Will he sell?"

"I reckon he will."

"Let's go see him."

They drove down to Pratt's ropewalk. The owner was bending over some coils in the rear.

"Well, John, haven't seen you in some time."

Pratt looked up.

"I'd know you anywhere, Caleb," he replied, without the slightest change in his voice. "Been reading about you. You've done well, eh?"

"Oh, some! I want to buy that lot of yours on Main Street. Going to put up a library there. How much do you want for it?"

By an effort, John Pratt managed to conceal his astonishment under an outward form of indifference.

"It's worth money, Caleb," he said.

"Name your price."

"Two thousand dollars."

"That's too little, John. You're no trader. I'll give you five thousand for it."

Holloway whistled. As a matter of fact, there hadn't been a real-estate deal in Sunway for so long that an excitement of this kind was almost too much for him. If any one had offered Pratt five hundred dollars for his lot the day before, he would have jumped at the chance.

"I'm not trying to get the best of you, Caleb," said John. "Of course, if you think—"

"I don't think. I know. Yesterday your lot wasn't worth powder. To-day it's worth my price. You wait. You won't know this town when I get through with it. Come over and we'll sign."

They went over to Holloway's office, and Stanfield laid down five thousand-dollar bills. The contract was signed.

By four o'clock that afternoon everybody in Sunway knew that Caleb Stanfield, the

millionaire, had come back to reconstruct his native place, after an absence of thirty-five years. Sites for a town hall, a large school, a casino, and a library were all bought at what seemed exorbitant figures; and nearly one hundred thousand dollars lay in the Sunway bank in solid cash.

At four-thirty Stanfield strolled by the old house where he was born. He was recalling memories of his youth. A little beyond, a cottage settled back from the road, with an old-fashioned fence in front.

A woman was sitting in the rear under an old apple-tree. He recognized her at once.

"Josie!"

She looked up and ran forward.

"Caleb Stanfield! To think it's really you!"

"Yes, I have come back to pay you a visit."

"I've heard all about it. You came this morning, and since then—but the whole place is talking about it."

"You beat New York for news!"

"When do you go back?"

"To-morrow morning—after we are married."

"What do you mean?"

She looked at him in amazement.

"All arranged! I loved you as a boy, and for thirty-five years I have looked forward to this. I've seen all the women in the world since then, and you are the one! No time to make love. Parson will marry us in morning. Take noon train back to town. Can't stop to talk. Must get back to Holloway's."

"But I won't do it!"

"Yes, you will!"

Stanfield took her hand again.

"Josie," he said, "here's the point. I am used to doing things—I always think for other people. I have planned this whole thing—landscape-gardeners, architects, macadamized roads, nice park in center of town, winding roads on outskirts—whole thing mapped out, including you."

"But I couldn't possibly do it! What would the King's Daughters do?"

"Struggle. Will do 'em good."

"And the church gild?"

"Elect Abbie Stannard. She's wanted the place for months. Oh, I know all the local gossip!"

"But I've nothing to wear!"

"Yes, you have. You wait."

At nine o'clock the next morning they were

married, and at two o'clock in the afternoon they arrived at the Grand Central. Stanfield drove to a large dressmaker's establishment on Fifth Avenue.

"I want to see your credit-man." That gentleman came forward. "I own this building. My name's Stanfield."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Stanfield—certainly, what can I do for you?"

"Fit this lady out. She's my wife—no time to make things. Get the best you have in the place, and put it on her."

The head of the dressmaking department was sent for. At five o'clock the job was complete. Josie was a new woman.

At ten o'clock the next morning Stanfield entered his office. Berber was there.

"Did you buy that house on Fiftieth Street I telephoned about yesterday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you seen the decorators?"

"Yes, sir. It will take three or four months."

"All right. I expected it. Did you get the rooms on the Lusitania?"

"Yes, sir. Had to pay five hundred premium."

"All right! Now, we'll arrange matters ahead for the next six months."

"Very well, sir." Berber hesitated. A curious expression came over his usually immobile face. "I should like to congratulate you, sir," he said.

"Thank you."

"And also to ask you a question, if you will pardon—"

"Certainly. Go on."

"Your system is to plan everything ahead, so that you will know just where you stand. Now, the other day you arranged to have Sunway made over. We got a landscape-gardener and an architect, the whole matter was gone over in this office, and it will all be carried out just as you planned."

"Well?"

"But there's one thing you didn't mention. I hope you don't think this is an impertinence, sir; but I have a great admiration for your methods, and I don't quite understand. At the time when we arranged all these details, nothing was said about your getting married. What puzzles me is how you could have done this when you didn't know about it beforehand. You see, sir, you never allow a minute for anything extra, and yet here you are back on time."

"I did plan to get married, Berber. That was all in the schedule. When I telephoned

you from Sunway to buy that house I had already seen it, and I wanted it for that very purpose."

"You said nothing about it, sir. You see, sir, the boys in the office feel hurt. We want to do something, but you didn't let us know."

Stanfield switched around in his chair.

"You know the reason why I didn't let you know?" he said.

"No, sir."

"Then I'll tell you. All the other arrangements I made for the reconstruction of Sunway were mere matters of business detail; it only required experience and money enough to carry them out. But love is a different matter, Berber; that is amenable to no law. Now, if I had told you that I was

going to get married, you would have communicated it to others. The landscape-gardener would have heard of it, and the architect. It would have gone out as a part of the scheme, and the lady I married would have been prepared to combat me when I asked her; but I took her so completely by surprise that she didn't have time to collect her senses before the whole affair was over. You see, Berber, it's a great principle I go by. Never let the enemy know your plans. Always take him—or her—by surprise. I had to keep that thing to myself until the psychological moment. Good-by, Berber, for three months, and thank you for your good wishes."

Then he pulled down his desk and went back to Josie.

## Hair Dye

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

"**R**OTTEN town!" observed the man with the valise, as he watched a dust-whirl eddy up the narrow, unpeopled street.

He removed a trim straw hat to mop back his hair. It was black hair, stubborn and thick—the sort that holds its youth just so long, and then ages with the precipitancy of a day-lived May-fly. But despite the hair, the stranger was no youngster. His face was cut by the innumerable wrinkles that mark a man who has lived much under some sort of strain. He might have passed for a lawyer, or an inventor, or a manufacturer with labor troubles.

"Rotten!" he repeated. He glanced down, and, finding his left hand fumbling with his coat-buttons, checked it abruptly. "Have to stop that. Too much tension—that's what's getting me!" Aimlessly his left hand rubbed his chin. As if gripped by an idea, he stared searchingly down the street. "There's one. Somebody to talk to—that's what I need."

Without further hesitation he crossed the road, with its sun-caked wagon-ruts, to enter the door of the tiny "tonsorial parlor." At his coming, the little weazen-faced barber started from the table. The manner of his rising suggested a sudden shock, but there was no surprise in the mildly inquiring:

"Yes, sir?"

Tugging at collar and tie, the stranger seated himself heavily in the plush chair.

"Brother, I've been marooned here between trains. I'm going out on the four thirty, and I need to shave first."

"Shave? Yes, sir." The little barber pulled down the green window-curtain. "This'll keep the sun out of your eyes. I'm going to lock up, too." He turned the catch in the door. "This hot weather's just played me out. I ain't going to work for anybody else to-day."

Leaning back, the stranger shifted uneasily. The little barber smiled.

"Say, if you don't rest comfortable on that gun of yours, I'll put it on the table. That's all right; lots of folks around this country pack a gun."

He smiled so quaintly and moved so deftly that before the customer could decide to resist the impertinence, the gun was lying on the pink sporting paper. The man in the chair grunted, then leaned back with eyes closed.

"Well!" he said. "I'm in your hands now."

The little barber chuckled while the lather foamed in the cup.

"That's right—you're in my hands now."

Strap! Flap! Strap! Flap! The razor twinkled over the strop.

"Close shave?"

"Close as you can get it. Say, what kind of a town is this?"

The little barber examined the edge of the razor with his thumb.

"Oh, fine! Like to settle here—for good?"

"Huh?" Even beneath the lather the customer's expression revealed scorn and surprise.

"It's a great little burg, all right, all right. Splendid cemetery. You'd like it. Don't twist your head so much, please—my hand's liable to slip."

"What in thunder do you think you—"

"Eyes shut, and stop moving! Nobody knows how nervous I get shaving somebody like you."

"Like me! I'm no different from anybody else, am I? I'm a piano salesman, and my name is Bemis."

The barber, with one hand below the black hair, was shaving the lower right cheek with short, deliberate strokes.

"Piano salesman—name, Bemis—yes, that's what they all say. Quiet, now—I don't want any accident."

There was a forced gaiety in the other's voice.

"All right, brother; I think you're crazy, but hurry up, just the same, and get through so that I can catch that train."

"I'll hurry; don't be afraid but what I'll hurry; and when I get through, you can catch any train you got legs for."

"What's the joke, anyhow?"

As the customer spoke he slipped his left hand from the cover into a position where it might move more quickly.

"Put your hand back!"

It was a direct command. The razor's edge pressed above the Adam's apple, and slowly, reluctantly, the hand retreated beneath the cloth.

"Ha, ha! That's a good one, brother; but you can't scare me."

"I'm not trying to scare you, Mr. Detective."

"I'm—I'm a piano salesman, and my name is Bemis," the man in the chair stammered.

He opened his eyes, but the barber's left hand shut off his view.

"I guess you don't remember me, Mr. Detective Beggs!"

"I—you're mistaken—I—"

"It was a long while ago we knew each other. Wait! Arms still—by your sides—

there. Don't move! I'm not going to hurt you—just yet. It's this wire from the massage machine that's going round you. No current—it's disconnected. I want to keep your arms quiet while we have a good talk."

"Do you—do you know what you're doing?"

The answer began with a laugh, but it was of a harder and more sardonic quality than any of the little barber's previous speeches.

"Do I? You bet I do. Barbering's my trade. Fifteen years I spent learning my trade." The razor dabbed and stroked the customer's neck. "Why, it was you that gave me my chance to learn barbering. You haven't forgot me, Mr. Beggs? I look different; I'm old and sick and broken; but you haven't forgot me? You haven't forgot Joe Boyle?"

"Joe Boyle! Why—how are you, Joe? There never was any hard feeling between us, was there? It was tough, Joe, but I only did my duty—"

The barber interrupted.

"That's what you said then, but just the same, you knew I wasn't to blame. You knew, too, that I wouldn't stand a chance in court, innocent as I was. And you knew I was making a safe getaway; but you got me back by swearing that you came as a friend to tell me my mother was dying."

"Joe—I—I may have done wrong, Joe, but I was a young man, and it was a big thing for me—getting you."

"It was a big thing for my mother, too—so big she died from it."

"But, Joe, it's all over now. A man can't hold a grudge all his life."

"He can't!" The voice burned white-hot. "Do you remember what I said when they took me to the pen? I said I'd kill you like a dog, and I'm going to do it. Keep your arms quiet!"

The detective's eyes were open, and showed a clear rim of white around the iris.

"Joe, think what you're doing! There's my wife—"

"And there's my mother."

"You're not giving me a chance."

"Did you give me a chance?"

The man in the chair braced himself and took a long breath.

"Listen, Joe. You've got me dead to rights; now how much do you want?"

"I don't want anything but what I can take without asking—understand? A close



shave, you said. Quiet, now; don't hurry me, or I'll make a quick finish!"

The clock on the wall ticked out slow seconds while the razor plied up and down the skin.

"Bay-rum?"

"Joe, Joe, listen to me! Wait just a minute! I've got money—good money. I'll see that you get it. What good will it do you to kill me? You'll be caught."

The barber smiled pleasantly.

"No, I won't be caught; and suppose I was, wouldn't it be worth it just to get you—*just to get you?*" His voice softened into normal. "Bay-rum?"

"For God's sake, Joe!"

The little barber laughed with all his earlier gleefulness.

"I see; you like my shaving so much you want some more of it. Want me to go over your face again, do you? Keep your hands still! Who's leading the big league now, Mr. Beggs? Don't yell if you like the sound of my voice. How's the political situation? What do you know about football next season?"

The man in the chair became as a little child. He raved; he begged; he even wept. All the while the barber kept up a flow of gossiping pleasantries. For the second time the customer's face was cleared of lather.

"Joe, don't—don't kill me!"

"You're all ready?"

"Let me go—oh, let me go!"

The little weazened barber smiled. Then, laying aside the razor, he walked over to the table and pocketed the gun.

"It's all right, Mr. Beggs. Get loose and climb out of the chair; but before you go let me tell you something. A while back an uncle of mine left me a house and lot. Do you know what I did? Quicker than you could wink I turned it into cash, and with the money I hired private detectives to camp on your trail. And they have. Every bit of graft and crookedness you've done has come out—even your little game against the old U. S. government—the trick you turned in Jacksonville. Uncle Sam'll know all about it to-morrow; and go wherever you please on this little old earth, Uncle Sam will get you!" He paused to smile wickedly through clenched teeth. "Don't be afraid of me, Mr. Beggs, I won't hurt you. We've had our little laugh together—it came by chance, but it was a good one—and now it's all over."

Slow and trembling, the detective unwound the wire and climbed unsteadily from the chair. Great lines contracted his face. His hands shook so that it was with difficulty he fastened his collar.

"I wish you luck, Mr. Beggs. Don't get nabbed. Wait!" The little barber caught the other by the arm. "I haven't got anything that will brace you up, but here's a bottle of something you need just as much. Take it along with you—I'll throw it in with the shave, for nothing."

Confusedly the man read the label, and lifted a clumsy hand to his head. In the mirror he could see that his stubborn black hair had turned to a dirty, white-streaked gray.

## The Square-Head

BY GORDON JOHNSTONE

**S**VENBORG was a big "square-head"—the only one on our job. In the pocket of his jumpers the little green card of Local No. 40, Housesmiths' and Bridgemen's Union, told you that all dues were checked and that he was in "good standing."

Believe me, buddie, this same tow-head was a wonder. No three men on the works could throw a piece of steel around the way he could, and no three wanted any part of him when he was mad. Six feet two of bones and meat is something to be avoided

when it goes on the rampage. Yet he was gentle enough, and could be "kidded" to death, providing you didn't get over the border of his good nature.

We were working in a gang of "rough-necks," he and I, shooting up a new office building on Fifth Avenue. In fact, we were almost ready to throw the doors open to the masons and plasterers. I was on the riveting bunch overhead; Svenborg was "pushing"—sub-bossing—a little crowd on the big, stiff-legged derrick below. From where I sat I could see him throwing his

enormous shoulders against a piece of steel that didn't budge to please him, and the line of profanity he used was worthy of a better cause.

But that square-head had a soft spot—a real eider-down soft spot, with big blue eyes and hair the color of a banana. She was a little German nurse-maid called Freda—I learned her name afterward—and every day about the same time she would pass the job. Then Svenborg would sit up and take a little gruel. She always stopped on the sidewalk opposite, and between you and me it wasn't the great steel-framed building going up in the air that interested her.

And with her was the boy—a shaver whose father was a millionaire. On such occasions the square-head would show off just a bit. Climbing on a heap of girders, he would survey the crowd *à la* Napoleon, and shed orders like a widow squeezing tears from a handkerchief. His English flowed pure as the food laws. No eloquent bursts of profanity for her Teutonic ears! When she had gone, after having had one heroic view of his great hulk, Svenborg would fall back into the even tenor of his five fifty per day.

It went on for weeks, and once in a while the boy would venture over and ask questions—but never Freda. She stayed on her side of the street, looking wistfully across. When the boy returned, she would throw the square-head a smile, and then they'd amble away together.

Svenborg got into the habit of watching for her every morning. When he thought it was time for her to appear, he would pull out his dollar watch and consult it. The gang still continued to kid him; but only one man ever dared to speak to the little nurse-girl, and we carried him around the corner to get his broken wing set.

This is how it happened. Murray, a fresh little riveter, was on the ground floor talking with his "bucker-up"—helper—when the girl came along. Not knowing anything of Svenborg's affairs, he attempted to flirt with her. If she saw him at all, she ignored him.

Then Murray, the unquenchable, hailed the girl.

"Hello, sweetheart!" he said, waving his hat.

Svenborg, swinging the big crane around, stopped dead. The red blood jumped up in his face, and he called Matthews.

"Watch that," he said, pointing at the steel in the air.

Brushing a couple of laborers aside as if they were paper soldiers, he strode over, grabbed Murray by the seat of his trousers and the nape of his neck, and lifted him clean over his head. With a guttural Norwegian oath, he hurled the kicking form twenty feet into a corner, turned on his heel, and walked back to work. The girl threw him a look of thanks, and went away.

After that, when Murray returned from his enforced vacation, he gave Svenborg and the girl all the room they wanted. Murray had changed. We told him how glad we were to have him back, and secretly rejoiced in his chastened spirit. An acrobatic flight through the air and a heavy thump in a corner are a splendid recipe for putting the fear of God in a man's heart.

Svenborg continued to shoot steel to the bunch above, and Freda to pass by on her morning stroll. They had reached the stage where she bowed sweetly, and in return he would make an awkward attempt at lifting his hat. I watched the little love-story unwinding itself as smooth as a ball of silk.

The kid and the square-head had become great friends. Svenborg made it a regular thing to buy a big red apple every morning on his way to work, and to shove it into the lad's pocket. Not that that kid needed apples, being born with a golden pippin in his mouth; but all kids were alike to Svenborg, and all kids were fond of apples.

As I said, Freda never crossed the street. She would stand on the curb and smile, and to Svenborg that smile was the sunrise. Then the day began. The birds woke with selections of grand opera, and the night watchman went home and to bed.

It was a rosy world those days, and from my roost on the Eiffel Tower I noticed that Svenborg was fast losing that beautiful flow of profanity which had made him the envy of Local No. 40. A portentous evolution was going on before my eyes. I felt like Darwin when he first stumbled upon the trail of my long-lost, long-tailed, antediluvian grandfather.

Svenborg now brushed his hair every morning, and wore his hat far back on his head, so that you could see the part. The climax came when he turned up with a new suit of overalls and a clean pair of light yellow gloves. In my surprise I dropped a hot rivet upon my buckler-up, and almost

tumbled into the street a mile below. Believe me, buddie, there was something in the air besides the birds.

Glancing down the avenue, I saw Freda and the boy turn the corner.

"Now," I laughed, "he'll surely make an impression!"

I looked at my watch. They were ahead of time. Svenborg was busy putting the chain around a big angle-iron.

"My," I thought, "he's dirtying those yellow kids! If I wait long enough, I'll find him wiping his hands on those pretty overalls."

The steel swung into the air, and Svenborg jumped on a pile of dirt to watch it. The engine snorted and chugged. I could see the boy running along on our side of the street in the direction of the square-head. I shouted a warning, but the high wind carried my voice away. Svenborg had his eyes on the load, and the boy was almost under it.

Again I shouted. Why couldn't he hear? If anything should give—

*R-r-r-p! R-r-r-r-ip!* The steel slipped through the chain like an eel through your fingers. I clutched the column and yelled. Svenborg saw the boy when the load was just over him. With a cry, he flung himself on the little fellow and bore him to the ground. The steel fell straight across his back, crushing them both to the earth. The crowd lifted it off, and pulled the lad out, more scared than hurt.

Murray, with the tenderness of a woman, raised Svenborg's head and laid it in Freda's lap. Another rough-neck ran around the corner to telephone for an ambulance.

There was no need. Svenborg had taken his "time" and gone on to another job. Murray—fresh Murray—forgetting everything, threw himself on a pile of iron and sobbed like a kid.

The heart of a rough-neck passeth understanding.

## The Sustaining Promise

BY WILLIAM HUGO PABKE

"GOOD-BY, mother, dear! Don't forget to feed Jimsy. Yes, I'll promise to take my tonic every morning. Oh, I'll have a good time, all right. Good-by, good-by!"

So happy, so tender in its inflection, was the voice that came ringing through the Pullman from the vestibule that the occupants of the car unconsciously raised their eyes to view its owner. He came limping in, leaning heavily on the arm of the porter. His progress down the aisle was so slow that his fellow travelers had ample opportunity to observe him. The delicate, ascetic face, with its high forehead and sensitive mouth, held their attention so completely that they were impressed with a feeling of intimacy with the young man long before they became conscious of his twisted, crippled leg.

As he neared his chair he encountered an older man who had entered from the opposite end. With a glad smile of recognition, the cripple held out his hand.

"Mr. Grayson!" he cried. "You don't remember me?"

The older man grasped the proffered

hand, and looked down at the other from his great height. The vague smile on his handsome, good-natured face proclaimed his inability to place the youngster.

"I must plead guilty," he said genially; "but pray don't be offended; my memory is none too good."

There was a decided element of pathos in the contrast between the two as they stood for a moment with clasped hands. The cripple, slight, weak, only half a man, owing to the handicap of his deformity, presented a pitiful antithesis to the superb figure of manhood towering above him, straight, broad, powerful, an exponent of material success.

"I'm not a bit offended," said the lad, with his winning smile. "My name is Herbert Jennings, although that doesn't mean anything to you." He sank into a chair beside that of the big man, and dismissed the porter with a cheery nod. "I will tell you of the only time we ever met," he continued brightly. "It will explain why I'm so glad to see you again."

Grayson looked at the boy with interest.

"It was on this same train, eight, nine—

no, ten years ago," explained Herbert, leaning eagerly toward his companion. "I haven't seen you since, except when you glared out at me from the sporting page of a newspaper, and gave me the shivers in your football togs."

"Ten years ago," mused Grayson. "That must have been when I came on for my first class dinner after graduating."

"Don't you remember the little lame chap who got on the train here that day?" asked Herbert wistfully. "Let me bring it back to you," he said, as Grayson puckered his brows in a futile attempt to recall the incident. "A little mite of a boy, with his leg in an iron brace, climbed into the car ahead of his mother. He didn't wait for her to help him, because he was so dreadfully ashamed of his need for help. As he walked through the car the train started, and he fell sprawling on the floor, right beside the biggest, strongest man that he had ever seen in his short life. The boy tried hard to pick himself up again before any one could help him, but the cruel brace was in the way."

"The big fellow leaned over and caught the boy up in his arms. The boy began to cry bitterly, not from any physical hurt, but because he was ashamed. He felt, in his weakness, the wonderful, wonderful strength of the athlete. Then the big chap began to talk to the weakling, and the weakling has never forgotten. Do you remember now?" ended Herbert breathlessly.

He scanned the other's face for an awakening of memory. A tender little smile played about the big man's mouth.

"Yes, I remember now, vaguely," he said softly.

He was turning his mind back to the time, years ago, when he was reaping the reward of his prowess as an athlete. On the day of the first class reunion after his graduation he had realized, perhaps for the first time, how big a man he was in the eyes of the college world. It all came back to him now—the exaltation following the success of his speech at the dinner, the sense of gratified vanity as he was escorted in triumph to the station, his sensation of general well-being and content as he settled himself in his chair in the car, his complacency at the material richness and fullness of his life. Also, there came to him a vision, indistinct and vague, of the boy who had fallen at his feet, and who had cried as if his heart would break from mortification

and the longing for the strength that he would never have.

"Yes, I remember now," he said.

"And do you remember what you told the boy? Do you remember your promise?" asked Herbert, leaning forward and clasping his slender hands tightly, as if to hold his eagerness in check.

Suddenly, a flash of memory brought the whole scene before Grayson's mental vision. He remembered each word, each movement, with painful clearness. A dark flush flowed upward from his heavy throat, dyeing first his cheeks, and then his brow, a deep red. There was nothing of the coward in his make-up, and he forced himself to meet the boy's eyes unswervingly. After a long interval he lowered his gaze, unconsciously glancing at the cripple's leg.

"I lied to you," he said in a whisper. "I lied to you!"

"I know you did, and that is why I've so much wanted to see you again."

"To upbraid me?"

"To upbraid you? Oh, no!"

The boy's answer came so quickly, and with such intensity of tone, that Grayson construed it as sarcasm.

"I can't blame you," he said. "It was cruel, but it was meant kindly."

"Don't I know it?" cried the boy. "Ever since that day I have wanted to thank you for the promise; and then, when I found out that it was a lie, I wanted to thank you for that."

Grayson looked at him wonderingly.

"Perhaps you don't remember clearly what you promised me?" asked Herbert. "After you had lifted me up with about the same amount of effort that you would have used to take a match out of your pocket, you said—"

"I know," broke in the other hurriedly. "Don't remind me!"

"You said," persisted Herbert, not heeding the interruption, "'Don't feel so badly, old chap. I know what's worrying you; you're not hurt. It's that iron thing on your leg. I had to wear one myself when I was your age, but I got over it. I'm a pretty husky brute now, and I promise that you'll be just like me in a few years.'"

"And you banked on it?" asked Grayson, a growing horror in his voice.

"To be sure I did," said Herbert. "It was the sustaining promise that changed night into day. What did I care, after that, if I couldn't play the other boys' games?"

I would be able to, some time—you had told me so, and I believed you."

"The sustaining promise!" said Grayson, staring straight before him. "What mockery!"

"You don't understand," cried Herbert impatiently. "I'm trying to thank you—trying to tell you what you did for me. The sense of shame that had robbed my childhood of all its joy melted away before the sun of that promise. One day I was looking over some old newspapers, and I found you again. There you were, stern, forbidding, powerful, a very type of strength. It was then that I first learned your name. It seemed too good to be true that I should become like Grayson—Grayson, the great football captain!"

"But when you found out?"

"That came later—years later. Some one told me that my hero had always been—well, flawless."

"The cruelty of it!" cried Grayson, clenching his hands. "I didn't mean to be—I didn't mean to be cruel." Then, after a pause, he asked: "Didn't you curse me?"

"Curse you? Why, no," said Herbert. "The promise had served its purpose, like a crutch. One discards the crutch when one is cured."

Grayson glanced suspiciously at the boy's face. He still feared a sudden flood of invective and vituperation. He was trying to imagine himself a cripple. He wondered what he would do if he were promised per-

fect health and glorious strength, only to have them denied him after years of waiting.

"Cured?" he breathed at last.

"Yes, cured," said Herbert positively.

"I was hurt more in the spirit than in the flesh. Your promise sustained me through the long, sensitive years of boyhood. When I finally found out that it was a lie—no, I won't call it that—when I found out that the promise was merely the creation of a strong man's compassion, I had developed beyond the need of it."

The light of understanding broke slowly over the athlete's face. He was beginning to realize the boy's meaning. The fear that he had thoughtlessly hurt one much weaker than himself was dying away. Incredible as it was to the thorough-going materialist, here was one who could bear with equanimity a painful physical deformity.

"I am trying to understand," he said, "but it's hard. What could take the place of the strength you had hoped for?"

"My brain!" cried the boy quickly. "It's all the more acute for the very reason that it is not subservient to a strong body. I shall become a greater poet on account of my weakness. I am content!"

"You mean it?" cried Grayson eagerly.

"I wouldn't change places with any one in the world to-day. I am on my way to meet my publishers—it's my first volume," said Herbert with a flush of boyish pride. "I am very happy!"

## Pearl of the Crossroads

BY FREDERICK BRIGGS

SOME one said that a sailorman was good for nothing but to chase about the world and send people presents. Pearl Smith had known this all her life, though perhaps she had never resolved it into just that expression.

She drew the line at having more than one man on the same ship. Still, this was not at all inconvenient, for there were sometimes no less than fourteen men-of-war, besides a score of merchant ships, in the Crossroads of the Pacific at one time.

The girl came by the prosaic name of Smith because her father's name had been something else, in some other country. He

came to Honolulu before the cable was in good working order, and remained. Marrying a half-caste kanaka girl, he had kept a sailor's boarding-house on King's Road since Pearl was a baby. The presents had been coming in since the little girl was big enough to climb on a sailorman's knee, and their volume increased with her size. She was grown up at fourteen.

To see her, then, was like being wakened from a sweet sleep on a balmy afternoon by having great clusters of red, red roses pressed to one's cheeks. Young men, dropping in at the Crossroads, swore that they would never go to sea again—only to



ship with the next tide for the Indian Ocean, in search of a pearl to match her skin.

She was like Honolulu days. The shimmering softness of her skin matched the warm afternoon skies. Rich reds of the island sunsets burned in her full, dimpled mouth. Tropic twilights lay behind her inky eyelashes, deepening to midnight in her long hair.

Men-of-war's men and merchant sailors sent different presents. The navy men leaned toward fancy jewelry and manicure sets, while the traders stuck to bales of silk, uncut rubies, loose pearls, ivory fans, and ostrich plumes. This from the young men. To enumerate the junk that was dumped at the feet of this island goddess by silly old sea-captains, and others, would be to copy the cargo-bills of an East and West India tradesman. There would also be a list of small animals and birds, with a number of arctic treasures appended. Pearl kept what she fancied, and her father sold the rest.

As for a girl accepting presents from a dozen men at the same time, it must be remembered that Pearl lived neither east of 'Frisco, nor west of Suez—which is only another way of saying that the girl was bred in a man's country, where anything a woman gets is so much for her gain, and no less for her honor.

Pearl was a good listener. Therefore, she was a diplomat without ever suspecting it, and a thorough business woman without the dollar-sign being once tacked to her thoughts.

New admirers invariably meant more presents; but when a sailorman can jolly his superior officer and get anything he wants, just for the asking, women had better beware of him. When he stands six feet in his socks, laughs out of big, blue eyes, and conceals a 'cello note in a drawling voice, so much the worse for the women. Heine—that was as far as they got with his name aboard ship, and it will suffice here—Heine was all of this, and more. He was an American bluejacket, boatswain's mate of the destroyer Shark.

He met Pearl at Waikiki Beach. She was shooting the surf when Heine saw her first. Standing upright, with outflung arms, she balanced on her polished board of kamani wood as it raced ahead of a giant breaker. Swift as the wave, she flashed past the swimming sailor, but as the waters broke over his head he remembered every

line of her beautiful body. The grace of her attitude struck him harder than the wave. Turning, he swam strongly toward the beach, where the spent roller had landed the fairy surf-rider.

Half a dozen men were begging Pearl to be allowed to take her board out to the reef again, but she laughed them away with a flash of milk-white teeth, and struggled out alone. Heine met her a hundred fathoms from the beach, where the water came almost to his shoulders as he stood on the sand.

"I'll carry your board for you!" he cried, as the girl broke through a wave almost upon him.

Startled, she turned her head, and the board slipped, striking on her flower mouth. As the blood came, Heine caught her in his arms. The wave, receding, shut the other bathers from view, and for ten seconds the sailorman held the girl close to his heart.

"My lip will swell!" she panted, struggling to free herself.

But Heine jollied her, just as he jollied the commanding officer of the Shark, and within half an hour she had checked her surf-board and bathing costume at the bath-house, and was riding back to town with him, holding her handkerchief to the swelling lip.

Three days later the fleet was ready to sail. Dusky singers with their tiny guitars strummed the sad "*Aloha Oe*"—"Farewell"—in every street. Pearl managed her other admirers so that Heine might have the last evening. When the time came for a final good-by, Heine told her that he was coming back to Honolulu—some day.

Pearl studied his face; then she pouted.

"That's what they all say!"

The sailor's eyes danced as he kissed her bruised mouth. Then he was gone.

This time Pearl did not look for a present. She would have preferred the sailor back again; but the gift came. It was a brooch, set with a genuine ruby. Heine bought the uncut stone from a Lascar mess-attendant. It cost him sixty-five dollars to have it cut and polished, and the ruby was valuable.

"To match your lips—from Heine," was the word that came with the jewel.

Pearl's heart was filled with fear. Sailormen who sent presents never came back. Did she not have cream and rose pearls from the remittance-man in Ceylon, and a black diamond to rival her eyes? There

was only one other man whom she had longed to see again—an English mate who sent her a perfect pair of pigeon-blood rubies from Bombay. The jewels were torn from the eyes of a Hindu god, and the Hindus tore the mate's eyes from his head in revenge. But Pearl did not know this. She fastened Heine's gift on her bosom, and put the other jewels away.

Heine was discharged from the naval service shortly after his visit to Hawaii; and, without informing Pearl, he returned to Honolulu. He had served a jeweler's apprenticeship before entering the navy, and soon found employment in a local store as an engraver. He purchased a little bungalow in Kalihi with the savings of his naval cruise, and kept out of sight in Honolulu as much as possible, wishing to avoid meeting his sweetheart until he could surprise her with a complete arrangement for housekeeping.

One day, as he bent over his engraving-tools, his heart gave a great bound as Pearl's voice floated through the lattice partition. She was talking with the jeweler in the front of the store. Peering through the slats, Heine saw a number of jewel-boxes spread out on the counter between them. The jeweler was speaking:

"Do you get all these as presents, Miss Smith?"

"Oh, of course. The sailors—they are so good to me," she laughed. "But what are they worth—pins, brooches, rings, watches, and all?"

The ex-sailor sank back, stunned. A look crept into his face that his commanding officer had seen when his boatswain's mate reported "both anchors carried away, sir," as the disabled *Shark* wallowed with the wind toward the thundering rocks of Cape Flattery. Heine had trusted his anchors. Now he thought of his early training—of his sisters, and the girls back in the Kansas home—his standards of honor for women.

The jeweler was speaking again.

"I will allow you two hundred and twenty dollars."

"Will that buy a very fine watch, with diamonds?" she asked.

"A very fine watch, but not with many diamonds," he replied.

"Then I'll wait. More will come"; and she walked out.

The jeweler found his engraver sitting listlessly, with idle hands, and eyes that

stared into space. He suspected the vitiating influence of the tropics.

"Go out and get a gin-fizz," he called, cheerily. "Don't let the heat get away with you!"

Heine thanked his employer, and went out. He had a fizz, and was soon back at his bench. The next day he saw a real-estate man and tried to sell his bungalow, as he intended to sail from Hawaii on the *Mongolia*, which was due, homeward bound, in two weeks.

A few days before the China mail came in, Heine was startled again by his sweetheart's voice. He heard every word as she offered the pigeon-blood rubies for sale. The jeweler was in ecstasies. The stones were flawless and perfectly matched. A deal was made for a beautiful diamond-incrusted watch in exchange for a number of jewels, including the rubies.

Heine had never seen the girl more beautiful. Her face, shaded by a wide hat of delicate straw and rich flowers, seemed touched with the brush of melancholy. Her neck was bare, and the point of the low V of her white gown was secured by a ruby brooch—his ruby.

"I'll take this one," she was saying, "and you must cut these words in the heart."

She stood there, gazing wistfully at the watch, for a long time. When she had left the store, the jeweler brought it back to his engraver.

"Get this out as soon as possible," he said, depositing the watch, with the slip of words to be engraved.

Heine glanced at the slip. It read:

To Heine—from Pearl.

Pushing back his stool, he sprang to his feet, and faced the jeweler.

"I've been judging that little kanaka girl all this time from a Kansas standpoint!" he shouted; then, hatless and coatless, he dashed from the building.

"Heat's getting in its work," the jeweler mumbled to himself. "That's the trouble with these newcomers; can't stand the heat;" and he shook his head sadly, for the newcomer was an excellent engraver, and he let the gin alone.

Heine overtook the girl in front of the Young Hotel, and there, utterly oblivious of the staring public, he caught her again in his arms, kissing her perfect mouth, no longer bruised, but soft as a red hibiscus blossom.